THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOV. 11, 1911

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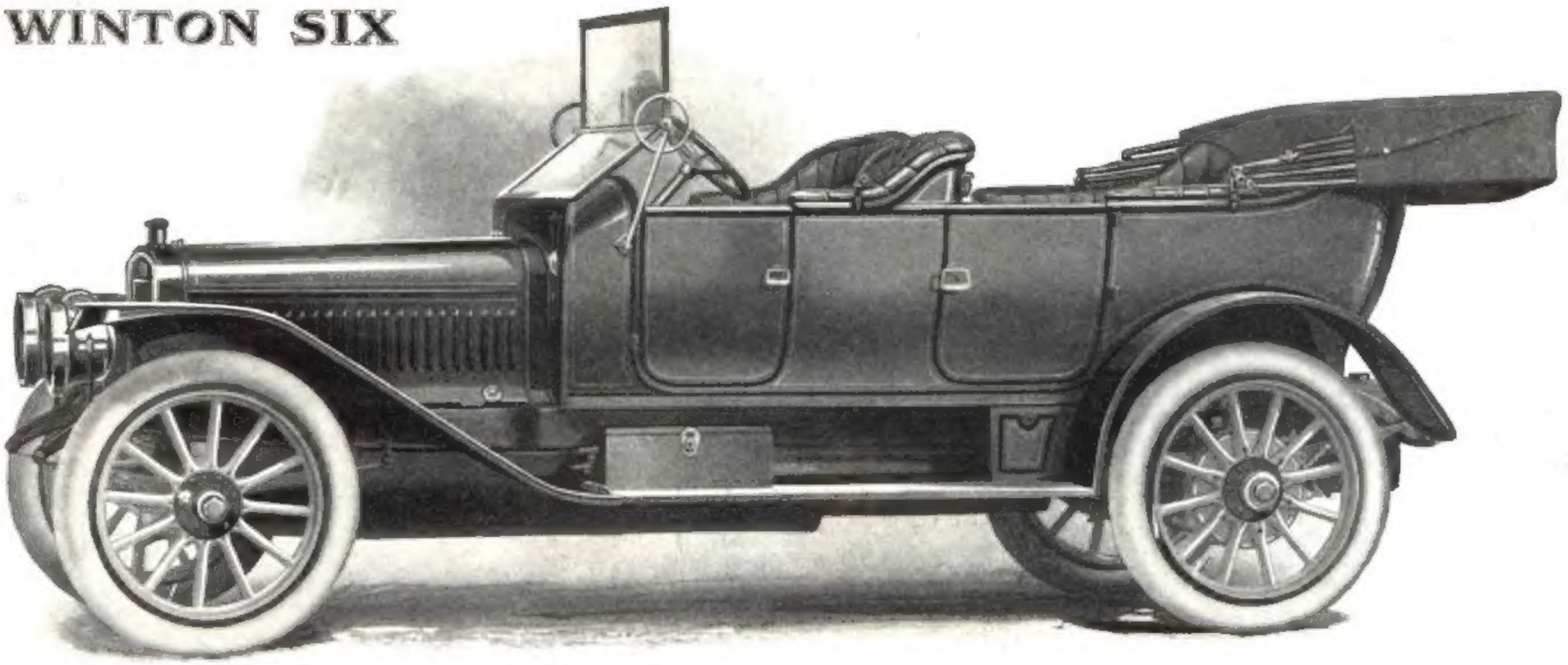
MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

WINTON SIX



Three Great Obstacles Overcome

IN COMING from obscurity to first place among high-grade cars, the Six-cylinder car overcame three great obstacles:—

1—Lack of demand. Car buyers knew little or nothing about Six superiority, and had to be first informed and then convinced.

2—Makers of fours vigorously opposed Sixes, and worked strenuously to disprove and defeat the Six in the minds of buyers.

3—Makers who produced both fours and sixes, side by side, created the impression that one type was as good as the other, and this wet blanket influence proved a detriment to Six progress.

That the Six has triumphed over these obstacles is the best evidence of its merit and of its right to the leadership it holds.

HOWEVER, Six leadership does *not* mean the leadership of sixes indiscriminately.

Each make and model of sixes needs to be proved, individually.

Accordingly, it is worth knowing that the Winton Six established its individual right to leadership by winning the fight for Six supremacy absolutely single-handed.

It was the Winton Six that *proved* that Sixes could be superior to all other types, thereby converting many makers of fours into makers of sixes, and changing the trend of high-grade demand into the Six channel.

The Winton Six alone overcame the three big obstacles and exhaustively demonstrated its individual superiority.

This Car is Free From Experimental Risks

THE Winton Six of today is the *same* car we have been making for four years, in which time it has not required a single radical change in design or construction. The Winton Six holds the world's lowest sworn repair expense record of 43 cents per 1000 miles, and it is as beautiful and delightful as it is economical.

The Winton Six sells at $3000. That's a big money advantage in your favor, just as its proved dependability and its total freedom from experimental features are an assurance of your satisfaction in its use.

The Winton Six has a 48 H. P. *self-cranking* motor, electric dash and tail lights, multiple-disc clutch and four-speed transmission running on ball bearings, 130 inch wheel base, Booth Demountable rims, 36 x 4½ inch tires all around, and a luxuriously comfortable body having *four* doors with operating levers *inside*.

Shall we send you a catalog?

Send catalog mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

Fifth Year of Sixes Exclusively

CLEVELAND—Sixth City

Winton Branch Houses

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th Street
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th Street
BOSTON	674 Commonwealth Avenue
PHILADELPHIA	246-248 N. Broad Street
BALTIMORE	Mt. Royal at North Avenue
PITTSBURGH	Baum at Beatty Street
CLEVELAND	1228 Huron Road
DETROIT	908 Woodward Avenue
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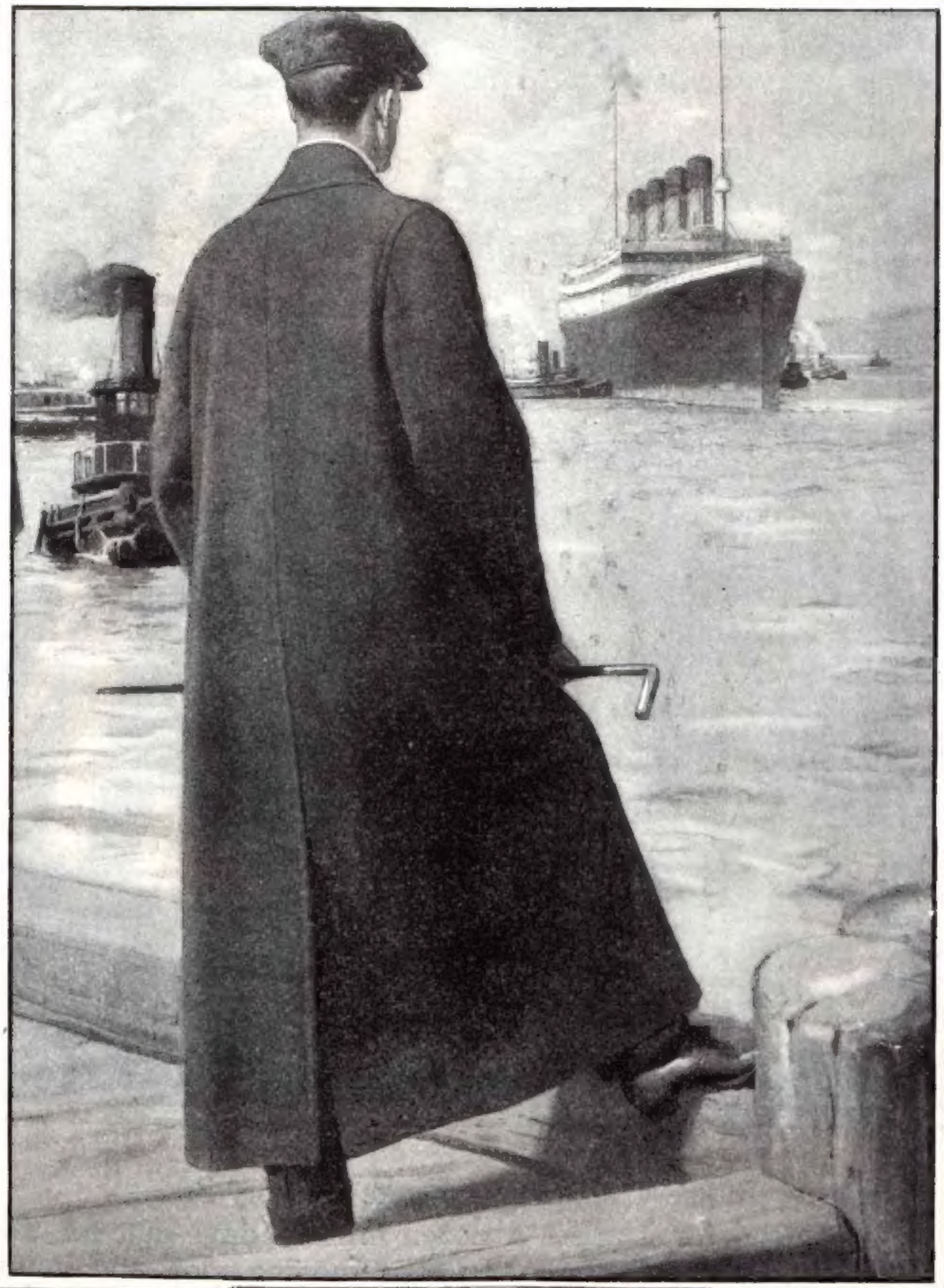
SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Avenue
SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike Street



The Olympic, arriving at New York

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ONE of the best overcoats ever made is our ulsterette with adjustable collar; ask some good clothier to show it to you.

Look for our name in buying; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

In every nursery, should be a cake of Ivory Soap.

The need for it arises a dozen times a day—not for the bath only, but for shampooing; for removing spots and stains from baby's dresses and underwear; and for cleaning bottles and other receptacles for food.

For these purposes, and for many others that might be named, a pure soap is absolutely necessary.

Ivory Soap is pure.

There is no "free" alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most sensitive skin.

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KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

ON A CERTAIN June evening, not so far in the past, the clocks in a certain Ohio city suddenly struck five. Not too suddenly however. Each clock, as is the nature of clocks, took its time about it. Quite a time, in fact. At any rate, six or seven minutes before the hour the first prematurely sprang its news, while the last, a lazy, deliberate affair, stolidly waited till all the rest had finished and then clanged sulkily.

Very human of the clocks—I say, rather a bit like men. Some beat it to their jobs, others get on them promptly to the dot, while a third sort, forever tardy, need oil in their works and constant regulation.

Boom!—count one, then add four. F-i-v-e by the town clocks—yes! and I have yet to mention the whistles!

They were a thousand and some more. No industry was without its pipe. One was on each and every mill and machine shop, on each and every foundry, factory, power house and pumping plant. On the big blast furnaces down by the lake there were several, a dozen, half a hundred maybe. Moreover, each was of a size proportionate to the size of the particular industry that supported it. Over among the tanks and pots of the Standard Oil Works they turned loose a brass Pan-pipe as big and fat as a nail-keg, a thing with the voice of a dragon of Wantley. For a full minute this screamer whooped and blatted stridently, tearing into tatters what remained of the vesper silence.

"You Want More Money, Don't You—Another Raise?"

Noise? You may make up your mind it was noise! Not even by italics and exclamation points can I ever emphasize the fact. Because noise means bustle, and this was a busy, bustling town!

Among these clocks and whistles there was one timepiece that far and away led all the others in impulsiveness. It was an office clock, an eight-day clock that for years had looked down upon the desks, the inkwells and the ledgers from the wall space above the door of the fireproof vault. A staid, orderly clock you'd have called it—a respectable, sober affair. Truth spoke roundly out of that round, bland face; there was a strict sobriety even in the way it ticked—or, let us say, it clucked. Tick tock! tick tock!—never hasty, never eager; in no case ever impulsive. Each tick it tocked was, in fact, exactly as if some benevolent old gentleman uttered something mild—"Hmph! bless my soul!" or "Well, well, now I never!" How long it had hung there none in the office knew, not even Mr. Driggs, the head bookkeeper, and he himself had been with the office since Heaven only knows when.

Coal—soft coal—made up the firm's business; they dealt in it by the carload, in trains and in steamer cargoes. However, as Mr. Driggs could have told you, it was a trade far from being as soft as its name implies. Instead, toil, often drudgery, was involved—a continuous grueling grind. The bookkeeper looked tired and wan. Frost had touched his hair whitely at the temples, there were deep lines about his eyes, and his shoulders stooped unhealthily. All his life Mr. Driggs had worked—no, slaved! and now, past middle age, he had arrived only at that point reached by some millions of other tired fellows when they arrive at middle age. However, it was through no fault of his, for day in and day out, every day for years, Mr. Driggs had devoted to his employers all his loyalty, nearly all his strength, and with these a very great deal of patience. Nevertheless, in a few more years now—say, eight or so—or five, perhaps—for that matter, maybe less—well, pretty soon, anyway—a new man, one just verging on middle age and not too wan and overworked, too mussed and tired and listless, this new fellow, I say, would quietly shove aside Mr. Driggs from his place at the slanting ledger desk and fittingly would step into Mr. Driggs' shoes. Then the worn-out, lemon-squeezed, silenced Mr. Driggs would retire to a little farm somewhere out on the lake shore, there to grow beans and spinach, and there to try and forget how long and how hard a man may moil and sweat and labor in this world without drawing a prize in any package. Beans and spinach—garden truck! Yes, and no doubt in his past, buried youth Mr. Driggs had confidently looked forward to a finale of blooming orchids. *Vale! Te salutamus*, old sport! Out on your farm, I dare say you wonder whether it has all been worth it, and whether, if you had your life to live over again, you would ever . . .

"Why, God bless my soul!" suddenly exclaimed the bookkeeper.

It was not without a cause. Over his head the clock, giving first a preliminary creak and rattle, now whirred a bit, then after a moment's impressive pause ponderously struck the hour.

"Well, well, who'd have thought it!" chirped Mr. Driggs in surprise.

The remark involved nothing against the clock. For years each and every day at five Mr. Driggs had uttered the selfsame observation, likewise always in astonishment. It was a habit, nothing more. Indeed, he would as soon have thought to catch himself misstating facts and figures as he would to nab the clock in a fib. Together they were equally ancient and honorable; each, like Cæsar's wife, would not have lied even for Cæsar.

However, in this case the clock had not only fibbed, but had fibbed outrageously. In brief, at the moment it struck almost a half-hour—twenty-eight minutes, to be exact—was still wanting to five.

A good reason though! Indirectly the clock's momentary fall from grace lay in the fact that it was a Saturday; more directly it was attributable to the shameless activity of one of the younger clerks.

A fact! Quite surprising, of course; nevertheless, as true! Two hours before, or at a moment when Mr. Driggs was immerged temporarily inside the office vault, this clerk had first climbed nimbly upon a chair, then as dextrously had turned the hands ahead. By this means, and blandly indifferent to the business morals involved, the youth in question had gained for himself a little extra precious liberty. This he would spend happily, guiltlessly, out at Lakeside Park, there to wander in the gloaming, his head filled with thoughts of nothing at all in particular, while at the same time he sipped nut sundaes, took a whirl in the roller-coaster or the bump-the-bumps, or, more delicious than all, while he and a "sutt'n party" with whom he was "keepin' comp'ny" sat upon a secluded bench and held hands in sweet distraction. But now exit!—for outside this brief episode of the office clock the clerk and his lady friend have no place within these pages.

After all, all work and no play is no sort of a whetstone for the wits of any Jack. Elsewhere the day was a half-holiday—not here however; and over in another corner of the office sat a second young man, also a clerk, who too had ideas upon the subject. In age thirty-two or thereabouts, his appearance included the successive items of medium good looks, medium stature, blue eyes, brown hair and an expression of fair-to-middling intelligence. A highly average, ordinary, entirely medium young person you would have called him, and so he was without doubt. Just now the blue eyes, framed behind a pair of spectacles, were fixed intently on a sheaf of yellow tissue sheets stacked before him on his desk. On the top sheet one read the legend, "Str. Winnie Grousmuller, Escanaba, Mich.," under which there ran off into seeming infinity a succession of cabalistic letters and numerals, as for example: "P.R.R. 153956—100,000," "P.R.R. 233802—80,000," "P.L. 736859—110,000," "P.R.R. 257684—70,000," and so forth.

In brief, each sign and numeral, the integrals of this involved abracadabra, stood for a railroad car and its contents of Pittsburgh bituminous coal. In the aggregate some one hundred and eighty-odd cars, they formed the cargo of the aforesaid Winnie Grousmuller. To check each carload in turn, then to add up the sum total of their tons was the work that engrossed the brown-haired, blue-eyed clerk. It was a highly intellectual pursuit. In its stimulus an inspiriting mental recreation, the task compared

favorably with other well-known brain indulgences: picking hemp, for instance, or cracking refractory roadrock. However, one must not overlook its variety—certainly not! After the cars—the cargo—of the Winnie Grousmuller came the cars—the cargoes—of the whaleback Sampson, the barge Lucy Halloran, steamer Osceola, schooner Hiram Bloodgood, and so on, and so on. Variety, eh? Oh, yes, indeed! Each sheet in that sheaf of yellow tissue sheets stood for a ship; bunched together they represented a regular Homeric catalog of ships. It had been a busy day at the coal docks—there were steamers and barges, whalebacks and schooners to burn. The young man looked at the clock, then he looked at the yellow tissue manifests. Afterward he grunted a grunt that was a toss-up between a grumble and a groan. Pushing back his chair, he slung down his pencil, ran a moist hand through his hair and now treated himself to the indulgence of a sigh.

Not only do I know all this expressly, particularly, I know also the reason why. A good reason too.

I myself was that young man.

Mr. Driggs was paring an apple. Why bookkeepers always have an apple on their desks or in the drawer I cannot say. Possibly it gives them something to think about. Anyway, always at the hour of five Mr. Driggs first put his ledger and journal in the vault, locked the black japanned-tin petty cash-box in the safe, then with his sharp-edged ink-eraser attacked the daily pippin. It was a task that required care and skill together. This was owing to the fact that often during the day in moments of abstraction Mr. Driggs dipped his pen into the apple rather than into the inkwell. Accordingly he must now excavate and tunnel to remove these several blemishes. Leaning over the waste-paper basket he pared and probed deliberately. Presently he spoke:

"Finished yet?"

Obviously the remark was meant for me, though it as well might have been for the scrap-basket, since it was into this that Mr. Driggs had directed it. However, he and I were alone now, the other clerk having, so to speak, seized time by the forelock and skipped. Out in the hallway he could already be heard hallooing to the elevator boy: "Hi, there! Buck up, you sleepyhead!"

I said "No." Somewhat ironically I referred him to my desk—to the fact that there Ossa still remained piled on Pelion.

As before Mr. Driggs again spoke hollowly into the scrap-basket.

"Five o'clock, Agnew—time to quit!"

So far as it concerned me it was neither five nor yet the hour to quit. I, in fact, remarked so impressively with bitterness. "Eh, what?" popped out Mr. Driggs. Thereat wonder dawned in his eye, and swinging hastily to the clock he at the same time snatched out his watch. Upon this a second exclamation left him, one that now was almost startling.

"Why, God bless my soul!" cried Mr. Driggs, dismayed.

I dare say it all sounds farcical enough. There was, however, in Mr. Driggs' manner no hint either of farce or any other sort of merriment. He looked ruffled and worried—downright guilty, you'd say, as if indeed he had been caught red-handed in something really shameful. Plainly, had Mr. Driggs been trapped dead in the act of dipping into his employers' cash-box he could not have seemed more conscious, more shamed and overwrought.

And why?

Why, because carelessly, unwarrantably, Mr. Driggs had for the first time in many years quit—knocked off—slid his job before the whistle blew! He had stolen, or he was innocently about to steal, close to a full half-hour of his employers' precious time!

Ye gods and little fishes!

They say that the devil finds work for idle hands—sure he does! I had mine shoved in my pockets just then, but that's no matter. Not only was I idle, but inside me a devil was at work. It was the devil of discontent. It had been there now for many days.

Poor old Driggs! Dropping his apple, he scuffled—or I should say rather he scrambled—back inside the vault. Emerging presently, I saw that he bore with him one of his fat canvas-covered tomes, the day-book, which he flopped down upon his desk, then flung open with a hurried hand. Across the ground-glass front of a door to the inner offices the shadow of a man's figure moved momentarily; it was Mr. Bloodgood, the senior partner, making ready to depart; and with one eye upon the door the bookkeeper fumbled for a pencil. Till he had found it he still watched, silently covert and furtive; and then, with shoulders by habit drooping awkwardly into their old familiar posture of weakness and weariedness—the telltale of his nearing decrepitude—Mr. Driggs sprawled himself upon the journal's pages. He worked! Again—now red to the ears, as I could see—again Mr. Driggs plunged back into the midst of his lifelong task. Guiltily and with shame, in penance and with pain, he set forth to scourge himself with an extra hour's labor of casting out the nines!

Ye gods again! Once more the little fishes! I stared at Driggs agape. I, too, was a hired man; like him, was I doomed likewise to become in my old age a drudge, a slave, Atlas and Sisyphus in one? Well, if that was the case . . . But just then something snapped inside me.

I don't know what it was. All I do know is that at this precise, particular moment the something in me snapped, cracked, flew apart in flinders. Possibly it may have been hope. It may as well have been my loyalty—that, or, to put it in another way, the doglike fealty of the clerk class that had led me, along with all the rest, to go on striving not for myself, but for others. I hated the hot, stuffy office. Especially I hated the office clock, it and its bland, smug, round and shiny face—its lazy, complacent clucking, that and the swing of its heavy, deliberate pendulum. It was like a wagging finger warning and admonishing. "Tick tock! work hard! that's the way to get there! Tick tock! hard work—be patient, loyal, earnest!"

It wasn't only the beastly clock that had said it. There were others—my employers, in brief. "Ahem! Rome was not built in a day, my boy—no, of course not!—Certainly not!" After this pet speech of his Mr. Bloodgood, the head partner, would puff out his cheeks, purse his lips and try hard to look as important as he felt. "Rewards come slowly in commercial life—yes, yes, to be sure! Why, I myself—ahem!" Mr. Bloodgood would add as he again pompously cleared his throat. "Now I myself was forty-five before I ——"

If you've ever had a fussy, bombastic, self-important old boy for an employer you can well imagine the rest of it. Yet for all his egotism old Bloodgood meant to be kindly. About him in his dealing with the office staff there was something paternal, patriarchal. An Abraham without either whiskers or wisdom, I'd call him—a well-meaning old party who in his speech ever affected the benevolent: "Be patient, my lad, loyal and patient—that's the way to get on. Now I—I myself now ——"

Ousley, the junior, somewhat differently expressed it. "You do your work," said Mr. Ousley in his curt, crisp tones, "and if you show yourself able and alert you'll have a chance here. If you don't though —— Well, that's all there is to it," added Ousley bluntly, not to say grimly, chopping off his words.

Frankly I'd heard him say it only once—on the day I took the place. Afterward the junior partner rarely addressed me except to give an order. Nor was he more loquacious with any of the dozen other clerks.

Sometimes, though, I thought I noted a difference in his dealings with the superannuated Driggs. Then, or as I fancied anyway, a hint of mildness crept into his tone—a manner of soft and quiet, dignified, friendly deference. It was as if some high captain of a corps paused on the battlefield to salute a warworn, wearied veteran. For this I respected Ousley, yet even so I doubt if at any stage I was ready to rub up for him the bright jewel of my liking, the gem of manly liking.

She Was Not Overdressed Like One or Two of Those About Her

To the moment, indeed, I recall how instead—and with what a vigor of hearty, youthful cocksuredness it was too!—I disdained the junior partner. He, too, was young, in age not above ten years my senior, and it was, I dare say, his youthfulness coupled to his authority that first irked and fretted me. It rankled that I must take my wage from him; that I was, in fact, the paid servitor of a man who, in years at any rate, was so little my superior. Again, the reality that I must take my wage from any one was in itself bad enough; to take it from one that in many ways I held to be my inferior was galling. Exactly! I looked down on Mr. Ousley. I was a college man; he was not—and I begin to suspect, too, that more than one clerk out of the college class has so regarded his superiors. Besides, I had antecedents—a name, traditions—family traditions—all that sort of thing—as, for instance, a grandfather safely and reputably filed for reference. In brief, my grandfather had once almost become governor of our state. And had Ousley such traditions? If he had I was sure I'd never heard him brag of them. He was, instead, entirely self-made, a man who by the bootstraps of his own wit and effort had raised himself out of the most humble of ordinary beginnings.

However, about Ousley was one thing I somehow never seemed able to remember, while about myself was another thing I never seemed able to forget. The first was that if Ousley had started life as chore-boy in a Cincinnati gift-and-premium tea store, now both Dun's and Bradstreet's were unanimous in declaring him AA1. This, as I say, I always overlooked; the other fact, one that I never forgot, was that if I was today a clerk, a hired man, once my family had been wealthy.

In America, so you hear, a family's fortunes run three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves; and I—I was a living exemplar of the rule. It was the chief, the most vivid of my traditions. Constantly my wits mulled upon the remembrance. I was a clerk, you know; and as a clerk, of course, it was only natural that my wits should go gathering shoddy wool like this.

Let me be brief now. It was my grandfather's money I dreamed about; he had made it and my father had lost it—or, at any rate, he had somehow let slip through his fingers the share handed down to him. Of course, not all of my ancestor's fabled wealth had been lost. A part remained. Little good it had done me though; for this was my Uncle Jessup's share, and between us ——

I omit this for the present. That is, I prefer to say nothing at the moment of my uncle and his wealth. Later on, though, you'll hear some echo of my Uncle Jessup's dealings—something concerning himself and his activities, his wealth and his ways of life and living.

As for myself, the story is this, this only: I, of the third generation, had indeed fallen into the predestined shirtsleeve class. For eight years hand-running here now I'd been toiling at the treadmill, a hired man slaving with his coat off.

"Five o'Clock, Agnew—Time to Quit!"

Eight years of toil, of drudgery!—or so I thought—of menially trotting here and there at the beck and call of others. This was my life, I told myself—oh, yes! and what had I got to show for it?

Well, I knew—or, that is, I thought I knew. And to tot up the sum total, moreover, of what I thought it had brought me seemed an effort as easy as it was unflattering.

Item, my wages—viz.: thirty-five dollars a week.

Ditto ——

I couldn't think of any ditto. I had my wages only—only my wages, I said. Other items, of course, existed; but to my jaundiced eye they belonged on the debit rather than on the credit side. However, life is all bookkeeping anyway. You can cook up your books to make whatever showing you wish. Somehow, though, it never dawned on me to cook the books to my advantage. No, I should say not—because had I done so I might perhaps have struck a different trial balance!

Item, one home. Post this, if you please, over on the ledger's credit side. It was a five-room, thirty-dollar flat out at the end of the West Side trolley line. Post also on the ledger's same side its plain but comfortable, substantial furnishings. One more item now. It is an item that even was foremost in my mind; though, to be sure, I had yet to learn its actual rather than its mere book value. This, if you please also, I will post where it shows out prominently, the most prominent of my possessions either then or now.

Item, one—only—wife.

A wife? Oh, yes; I had a wife! Like any other clerk, for that matter, I, too, had given a hostage to fortune!

Boom!

At last now it was five—veritably five o'clock. Outside the city bells clanged authority for the fact; the whistles, too, had begun to blat and screech. Shrugged down in my chair I sat with outsprawled heels, both hands thrust deep in my pockets, and let my eyes once more cruise back to Driggs.

He still hung there, his shoulders hunched over the pages of the day-book. Once, at the noise, the bustling clamor of the whistles and the bells, I saw him glance briefly at the clock. Then again Driggs' weary eyes drifted back to the journal's columned figures, to them and his endless labor of totting up their totals. Lord! Well, I at any rate was no bond slave, a shackled drudge, what though indeed I might be one of Bloodgood & Ousley's hired men. Driggs, if he saw fit, might plug away forever, or till he was turned out to pasture, let's say, to his predestined beans and spinach. As for myself——

A telephone stood upon my desk. Its presence there, I might say, was a little mark of importance—my importance. Whenever one of us clerks arrived at the dignity of thirty-five dollars a week Bloodgood & Ousley at once saw to it that his desk was so equipped. Usually the clerk was highly flattered. He was, in fact, as puffed up about it as some underpaid man stenographer might be puffed up when, in lieu of a raise in pay, he gets his name on the firm's letterheads as "secretary." However, it's only just to say that Bloodgood & Ousley had no intent either to flatter or to cozen us. The telephone was there to save time—Bloodgood & Ousley's time. Ousley, I may add, kept always a strict eye on every penny.

Never mind about that now. Just at this moment the telephone rang, and halfway in the act of slamming down the roll-top of my desk I stopped and snatched up the receiver.

"Well?"

A woman's voice came trilling over the wire. It was in its tone soft and self-contained, a cultivated voice. Jennie, my wife, was speaking. "Is that you, Jimmy? Coming, aren't you?"

Jennie never came to the office; rarely, too, she telephoned. Once, three years before—it was in the first year of our marriage—she had come to the office on a Saturday afternoon and Mr. Bloodgood had seen her. "Ahem!—ah—Mr. Agnew, any distractions—yes, to be sure! especially in business hours. Ahem! you, of course, understand ——" I understood perfectly.

Waiting till he had finished his hemming and hawing I told him so; so after that Jennie kept clear of the office. Nor would she even telephone unless she thought the matter of importance.

Now what stirred her I well knew. "Look here, Jennie," I began slowly—dubiously, besides, let me add, "if you don't mind ——"

She let me get no farther. "Oh, but, Jimmy!"

"Yes; I know," I listlessly returned; "only I wish you wouldn't insist. I've been at it all day"—what it represented would, of course, be clear to her—"and really now a party ——"

Again she broke in on me.

"But, Jimmy, you promised! Besides, it's the biggest sort of an affair. Every one will be there—then, you know—you know I'm asked to pour tea!"

This clincher settled it—I might say, also, it almost settled me. If the thoughts in my head were hardly of a sort that add hilarity to an occasion—least of all to the gayety of a daylight lawn party—Jennie, at any rate, must not be disappointed. For Jennie had a new dress to wear and with it a new bonnet; in fine, it would be a shame to deny her the simple pleasure of displaying them, especially since each was the creation of her own hands, made by herself, hat and gown together! Oh, yes! And out at the garden party there would be matched against my wife's modest small display all the high-priced art of the professional—creations stamped with the hallmark of the best and the very most expensive dressmakers and bonnet shops. These other women would, in fact, wear hats that had been boxed to them from nowhere else than New York, or perhaps Paris. A few even would be decked out in headgear that hailed even from Vienna, which, if I am credibly informed, in all that has to do with gowns and bonnets voices the *dernier cri*. Yes; and the least of these hats, if their value be now considered, would have cost its wearer's husband as much as the sum of my weekly wage, if not more. Or, were I likewise to price the gowns shown off, there would be more than one effect—the art of Fifth Avenue, or, say, the Rue de la Paix, even the Koenigstrasse as well—gowns, let me remark, that in cost would make my month's pay look like small change.

They were not overdressed, these women—that is, not remarkably so. They wore their rich trappings as if they were used to them—and so they were. They were, in brief, as used to them as they were used to the money that bought them. It was their husbands' money. Their clothes were its evidence. Hats and gowns, gloves, shoes, hosiery and parasols each of itself and in the *tout ensemble* advertised by its costliness, its own particular richness, the wealth of the wearer's good man.

This was a business community, a society of business people. As such they made few other pretenses. Money talks, you're told; here it shouted! Really money was the one, the only impulse of their lives—mine, too, you understand, what though I hadn't any worth talking about. I am not scornful now. I merely state the facts. They—and I—being in business but for money, it is only natural we should rate both ourselves and others by the standard of dollars and cents. But, as I say, it was as much by their wives' get-up as by any other means that these men placarded their wealth, their worth, their place in life. Plumes for themselves they scorned; ordinarily a pepper-and-salt sack suit was good enough for the best, the richest in the lot. For their women, though, nothing costly was stinted. Gems and gewgaws, fine feathers, big—if not fine—homes, plenty of pocket-money, horses, motor cars, so on and so forth—these were the caste-marks of class, the handbill evidences these men put forth to show their class, their caste.

And now to mix in among these birds of paradise would come a bird of quieter, more sober plumage—a little gray dove, in fact. It would be my wife, she in her four-dollar hat and the ten-dollar dimity gown hemmed and stitched and tucked by herself. In these she would show herself, my advertisement—that I was a clerk, a clerk only, and in the eyes of these other men—well, to take a phrase out of the usual business jargon—"not getting on!"

What's the use? I had a grouch on, a good grouch, there's no disguising the fact. I was not only sore on myself, but I was sore on the world in general. Only, like a good many others in need of a general mental poulticing, I neglected to remember that if I was sore at what I was—that I was a hireling, nothing else—I had only myself to blame. In point, a remark I once heard Ousley make still sticks in my head: "You can't hold down a good man!"

What Ousley said, though, I pooh-poohed generally. Had it been otherwise this story never would have been written.

"—— and, Jimmy," remonstrated the voice which through all this had been steadily haranguing me over the wire, "unless you hurry you won't get to the party till every one else has left."

"All right, Jennie. You get on a car and I'll meet you out there."

Hanging up the receiver I put on my hat and shut the desk with a bang. Driggs started at the noise. Turning slowly, he stared at me with his dull, solemn eyes.

"Finished?" murmured Driggs.

"You can make up your mind I'm finished!" I retorted grimly. He was still gaping when I stamped out. At Bloodgood's door I paused, gave my collar an emphatic jerk, then rapped smartly on the glass.

No answer. I rapped again; afterward I turned the knob and walked in. Bloodgood was gone, but in the room adjoining I could hear Ousley stirring; now he raised his voice.

"Yes, who's there?" he called.

It was almost disconcerting. The fact is, that while I was ready enough to say to Bloodgood what I had to say, to say it to Ousley was quite a different matter. But what were the odds? I knew Bloodgood's timidity, his habit of hedging. Even with me he would dodge and twist, hemming and hawing excuses till he'd had a chance to get an opinion from the junior. So, taking the bull by the horns, I opened Ousley's door.

He sat at his desk, signing the night's letters—a man of medium stature, no larger and no heavier than myself. Somehow, though, his figure gave one the impression of bulk, of bigness and strength. Even his face seemed large and strong, perhaps because of his heavy chin—it, his deep-set eyes and the stiff, bristly, close-cropped mustache that only half hid the straight firmness of his narrow lips. These—the lips—looked like the jaws of a trap, so I fancied. They showed force only, no hint of softness or of sympathy.

At my entrance he had not even raised his eyes. "Well?" he inquired briefly—bruskly, in fact.

I waited. What I had to say demanded attention. Least of all would I say it to any one that seemed more interested in something else. Presently Ousley spoke again.

"Yes, what is it?" he remarked.

"When you're finished, Mr. Ousley," I retorted.

He looked up then. In the glance he shot at me I think he must have read my mission. At any rate, without removing his eyes from mine, Ousley laid down his pen.

"Well?" he again rapped out tersely.

It is no easy matter to unburden one's self to a figure of stone—that is, unless perchance the stone image happens to be your worshiped idol. Ousley was not mine certainly! After a bit, though, I managed to beat up to what I had in mind. Out it popped, and having said it I stood and waited, watching the man's inscrutable face.

Quite a pause followed. Through it he sat still with his eyes on mine. Then quietly he echoed what I'd said.

(Continued on Page 15)

"Put This in Your Pipe and Smoke It: Oglebay's Paying Me Five Thousand Dollars a Year!"

Will Panama Revive the Merchant Marine?—By Agnes C. Laut

WILL Panama Canal revive America's merchant marine?

Or will "the water route be rendered innocuous," as the Interstate Commerce Commission expressed it in the decision on the Reno rate case?

Or will the United States be raising a fine crop of lily-pads and watercress for seasoning political salads on the three-hundred-million-dollar ditch inside of ten years, as the foremost railroad man of America has openly predicted?

Or will other nations get the cream while the United States has left only skimmed milk on this three-hundred-million-dollar investment?

Or should a flat tonnage toll of one dollar and fifty cents be levied against all shipments through the canal to pay interest on the investment?

. . . . . .

These are the questions uppermost on the Pacific Coast today. They are the questions that Congress has to answer very soon; and it does not require the illumination of X-rays to discern who is behind the campaign just now being launched for a flat tonnage of one dollar and fifty cents against the water route. One can guess a chance shot without hitting all over the barndoor as to why the steel sections of Pittsburgh and Cleveland boom a ship subsidy, though you don't hear much about a ship subsidy in shipping sections and the seaboard country.

Part of the Water-Front at San Pedro Harbor. Steamships Yale and Harvard at Docks

Lily-Pads or Gold and Silver

THERE is not the slightest doubt, when Panama opens, things are going to happen—happen quick and happen thick. Ask your broker. He tells you: "Be careful! Panama is going to bedevil things and force a readjustment for a year or two." Ask your railroad man; and he smiles with pity over that "lily-pad business." If he chances to be President Hays, of the Grand Trunk Pacific, he declares: "We will ship a hundred million bushels of wheat annually from Prince Rupert to Europe by way of Panama. We are going to have our terminals ready for the opening of the canal." Your steamship man does not deal in futures at all. He is down to brass tacks right now, and quotes you a rate by Panama for eight thousand miles by water cheaper than the rail rate for five hundred miles. For instance, for grocery imports you pay from Antwerp to Los Angeles six dollars plus a ton. The rail rate from Los Angeles to San Francisco for those same grocery imports is seven dollars plus a ton.

If you want detailed lists of these rates write to the president of the Jobbers' Union, Los Angeles; or the traffic manager of the Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco; or the president of the California-Atlantic Steamship Line, San Francisco; or the manager of the Balfour-Guthrie Shippers from Liverpool and Antwerp to the Pacific.

At the mere mention of Panama the Western shipper goes clean through the roof! He is so sure of what is going to happen! He is paying ninety cents a box now to ship oranges to New York. Plus refrigeration it comes close on the dollar. When Panama opens he has been quoted rates of from forty to fifty cents a box, always supposing and presupposing—and please put a peg or a handspike through the fact to fix it in your mind, for that is the crux of the whole matter—always supposing and presupposing there are ships!

Ask a traffic lawyer like J. B. Teal, of Portland, or a traffic expert like William H. Wheeler, manager of the Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, "What about Panama?" and to a man they will declare in the very words of W. A. Mears, transportation manager of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce: "There is no question but that the Reno decision will force westbound shipments to the water"—always supposing—again, please note—the existence of boats! Why the Reno decision? If you want to know what the Reno decision has to do with Panama write to Mr. Wheeler for his report to the Merchants' Exchange, or to Mr. Bates, of the California-Atlantic Line, for the paper he read before a group of Pacific Coast shippers.

In a word, the decision compels an equalizing of rates—that is, the railroads can no longer charge inland points seaboard rates plus the rate back inland. There must be either a lowering of the rates to the inland points or a raising of the rates to seaboard points, in order that there shall not be such unjust discrimination between the two; and, as the inland rates represent eighty per cent of the total traffic, and the seaboard rates twenty per cent of the total traffic, there is not much doubt that the equalizing will take the form of raising seaboard rates. In the words of the interstate decision: "The coast cities are rendered secure so long as they choose to avail themselves of the advantages of the ocean."

There isn't the slightest doubt that things are going to happen when Panama opens. Even the army engineers, who cannot be quoted owing to their position, acknowledge: "There's going to be tremendous traffic; but whether the United States gets it or not depends on whether we develop a merchant marine for this carrying trade. We pay the cost; but other nations may reap the profits!"

Take a brief survey of preparations for Panama.

Every harbor on the Pacific Coast, from San Diego to Prince Rupert—Canadian as well as American, in spite of the defeat of reciprocity—is busy dredging, building breakwaters, replacing old wood with steel and concrete, extending dockage facilities, lessening pilotage and stevedoring charges, and dispatching commercial agents to ransack foreign countries for markets. If you add up Federal work on harbors; civic bonds to improve harbors; canal work—like the Celilo, above Portland—to give water access to four hundred miles of inland territory; new dockage, such as is planned for Seattle and Oakland; elevator capacity, such as the Grand Trunk is building at Prince Rupert—you will find the sum total of preparing Pacific harbors for traffic through Panama nearly a hundred million dollars.

In all my six months in the West I met only one pessimist on the subject of the Panama Canal—a man who denied all the facts set down above as to harbors; and I want to set his denial down so that any other pessimist can write for the facts to the merchants' exchange and chamber of commerce of each city. This man was a sorehead because the chamber of commerce in his city had organized a non-profit-sharing stevedoring civic company in preparation for Panama—and the pessimist was partner of a private stevedoring company.

Prince Rupert Harbor

Preparations for Prosperity

SO MUCH for harbors, which presuppose ships. What about the ships? I would be safely within the mark to say there is not a big ocean line in the world that has not had representatives on the Pacific Coast this last summer, planning to catch a share of the new Panama traffic. English, Scotch, German, Japanese, Norwegian, French and Spanish lines—all have had their agents on the coast spying out possibilities. Other companies, like the American California-Atlantic, with twelve ships, and the Scotch Balfour-Guthrie, already have their liners on the route—for the present the former utilizing the Panama Railroad, the latter sending its liners round the Horn.

In addition to the old liners a new company, financed chiefly in Baltimore, plans to put on fifteen new ships for mail, passengers and freight. One Hawaiian line is to increase its nineteen steamers to a fleet of forty-five, with service from New York to Seattle and Hawaii. Eight new coal and lumber freighters are planned to carry coal from the East to the Pacific fleet, which now utilizes fourteen British bottoms—think of it, the American Navy dependent for its coal supply on foreign carriers! Seattle and San Francisco have had applications for wharfage for five other freight and passenger lines to run on a weekly schedule after the opening of Panama. Chicago is pushing forward the Lakes-to-the-Gulf route as a feeder to Panama. St. Louis has established the Mississippi Valley Transportation Company for freight barges down the old waterway. Kansas City capitalists have subscribed stock for a new Missouri line, and the city of Portland is already operating a Columbia River line which—when the Celilo Canal is finished—will tap inland shipping for four hundred miles.

Yet more—and these are practical plans for which surveys are now being made—little inland towns back from the coastal railroads are planning independent civic spur lines down to the ocean front. Any one wanting details of these should write the Board of Trade at a town like Medford, Oregon.

Yet, in spite of the railroads' predictions and the brokers' fears and the army engineers' hopes; in spite of the shippers' calculations and the steamships' cheaper rates; in spite of the three hundred millions spent on the ditch and a hundred millions spent on harbors; in spite of the inland towns planning spur lines to the sea and the big Mississippi cities subscribing for the revival of river freighters; in spite of an old line putting on forty-five new ships and a new line planning fifteen steamers of ten thousand tons each, all these things may not lead to the increase

of America's merchant marine by one flag, by one ship, by one ton! In spite of all these factors, "The water route"—in the words of the Interstate Commerce Commission—"may be rendered innocuous." As far as America is concerned, in the words of Mr. Hill, Panama may grow lily-pads. Other nations may reap the profit, while we pay the bill.

How?

Why?

"How?" repeated Mr. Freedlander, secretary of the Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco. "By many of these new lines buying their ships abroad and flying a foreign flag. Why? Because we are up against two difficulties in the case of the American merchant marine which a foreign flag has not to contend against: First—It costs from sixty to two hundred per cent more to build and operate a United States ship than to build and operate a British or a Norwegian or a Japanese line. Second—Because the navigation laws of the United States are obsolete and impossible, and have killed our merchant marine. These laws were an attempt to apply protection to the sea. Now the ocean is free. It cannot be chained or fenced by any man-made laws; and our navigation laws have simply thrown our commerce into the hands of foreign nations. The laws of the United States prohibit the registry of foreign-built ships under the American flag. Now you can build ships at just half-cost abroad. What is the result? Ships used in American commerce, owned by American capital, register under a foreign flag."

"If the laws of the United States also prohibit vessels under a foreign flag trading between ports of the United States, how do these vessels under foreign flags ply here?" I asked the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Portland.

"That is easy," he answered. "Take the case of these Norwegian freighters carrying lumber down from British Columbia; or the English colliers bringing coal from Virginia for the Pacific fleet. They come down here and unload, say, the coal at Seattle or San Francisco; the lumber at San Pedro. Then they load up with wheat or lumber and carry that to Europe. They are practically plying from port to port with us under a foreign flag; but, by calling at foreign ports also, they evade our navigation laws which are so obsolete they cannot be enforced against foreigners and only hurt our own shipping."

Looking Toward Portland Canal From Prince Rupert

Our Obsolete Navigation Laws

"THE first thing necessary to enable us to profit from Panama," declared Mr. Freedlander, "is to wipe out these old navigation laws. They have killed our merchant marine. The big ironworks here in San Francisco do not object to ships being built abroad. As it is now, these ironworks have very little ship-repairing to do. If we had a big merchant marine they would have more than they could do attending to ships putting in for repairs. Look out on this harbor!" He waved toward the blue waters of the Golden Gate. "Scarcely a ship moving—and our harbors should be busier than railroad freight yards! Not only should the old navigation laws be abolished—unless we are to lose the benefit of Panama—but no tolls should be charged United States ships between United States ports. High tolls for the canal are not needed and will only throw the traffic into the hands of foreigners. You will notice that the people howling loudest for a subsidy are not the coast crowd. They are the steel crowd. All the shippers want is to have their hands untied so they can compete on equal terms with the ships of Germany and England and Norway. And no hostility should come from the railroads; for with a flat immigrant rate of forty dollars from Europe to the Pacific Coast the railroads will have the traffic of twenty million people to look after instead of the traffic of two millions. In fact," declared Mr. Freedlander, "abolish the old navigation laws and Panama will make the Pacific Coast a front door to America instead of a back door."

"The navigation laws are not only obsolete on general principles," declared Mr. Wheeler, formerly Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, "but they are impossible in detail. For instance, as you know, the railroads and steamships in the West are now using oil as fuel. It is cheaper and lighter and cleaner than coal; but for American ships to carry both oil and passengers is against our old navigation laws; and that is only one example of the unworkable character of these laws. A subsidy? If the old navigation laws are abolished we shall not need a subsidy to stimulate a merchant marine. The great traffic available will be stimulant enough. If you average up the freight rate a ton from San Francisco to New York now it will run from about sixteen to twenty-five dollars. By water this rate will not exceed five dollars a ton. The traffic will be enormous. One way a subsidy might be worked would be in free tolls or mail contracts to United States ships."

As a matter of fact, the Canadian passenger steamship lines are now using oil as a fuel, but the American ships cannot do this.

When I repeated San Francisco's advocacy of free tolls to the pessimist of Portland he declared that such discrimination would be contrary to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. "Very well, then," said the secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and reiterated Mr. T. E. Gibbon, the harbor commissioner, "if discrimination in tolls is contrary to treaty then give United States ships port advantages or some countervailing duty, or some reduction in tariff."

Though the Seattle Chamber of Commerce has put itself on record in favor of a subsidy, it has put itself more emphatically on record in favor of rebated tolls. "As it is now, how are we situated?" asked Secretary Hadley, of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. "Alaska coal is suitable for the navy and equal to that of West Virginia. Yet, up to 1910, nine hundred thousand tons of West Virginia coal had been brought round to the Pacific in British colliers for our Pacific fleet. The old navigation laws must be abolished and some kind of aid given our merchant marine, either in a straight subsidy or rebated toll that will not conflict with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty."

And now, when you repeat the questions: Will Panama revive America's merchant marine? Will "the water route be rendered innocuous"? Will Panama grow lily-pads and watercress for grafter salad? Will other nations reap the benefit while the United States pays the bill? Should a flat tonnage be levied to pay interest on the investment? What should the United States do to reap the greatest benefit from Panama?—it will be noticed that the answers of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle are practically unanimous on three points:

First—All agree to abolish the old navigation laws.

Second—All advocate the granting of free tolls to United States ships.

Third—If free tolls are contrary to treaty, as against a rate for foreign ships, then give a rebate, or tariff concession, or port favor to United States ships.

A ship subsidy is advocated by only one of these cities.

So much for the views of shippers and transportation experts; but, when all is said as to theory, it is the man who has already launched his ships via Panama whose argument should weigh most.

American Steel Cheaper Abroad

"YOU see," declared Mr. Bates, of the California-Atlantic line, "we are up against more than navigation laws. Labor costs just half as much abroad as here. English captains get twenty pounds a month. We pay our captains two hundred dollars. Japanese boathands live well on seven dollars a month, while Americans, to live well, need twenty-five and thirty and fifty dollars. In addition, consider the cost of material. I know a foreign shipowner who is building ships for American trade. He called me out one day and showed me a steel girder going into his new ship. 'See that?' he said. 'That is from Pittsburgh; yet I can buy it abroad forty per cent cheaper than you can buy the same girder for your ships in the United States. It is the same with the timber we use.' Now the ocean is a free highway. You can't jack prices up on the ocean with a protective tariff.

"The object of a subsidy is to create a merchant marine for carriers in case of war. Now ninety per cent of a subsidy would go to the existing big liners and not increase coast-to-coast carriers by one ship; but, if coast-to-coast United States ships were given free tolls through the canal as against foreign carriers—so long as the discrimination did not apply to United States ships plying to foreign ports, that would not violate the treaty—such free toll would so stimulate a domestic merchant marine that thousands of vessels would be built.

"Another point, please notice—it is most important: The railroads say, and the campaign now launched by the railroads is now saying, that this loss through free tolls of ten million dollars a year would pay interest on the money invested in the canal. Notice, and have the public get it

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The Water-Front of San Francisco

FIND X

By RILEY ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

LOVE is the *x* of life's algebra. An unknown quantity, it defies the mathematician, laughing at logarithms and locksmiths. It bloweth whither it listeth. The Eskimo dreams his blubbery dreams of fat and fair maidens shining with grease and amorously rubbing noses. His brother in Italy twangs a guitar and soliloquizes in three octaves and a passionate crescendo of one with dark eyes and a 3B foot. The descendant of a hundred earls has wayward longings for the goosegirl; Antony had his Cleopatra; and there have been many lesser and easier marks for Cupid's rapid-firing gun.

So much for a sympathetic contemplation of the abstract. For the concrete, turn to Col. Hiram H. Fiskett and the North American Matrimonial Agency, Limited, Chicago, United States of America.

Colonel Fiskett sat in his office at ease. It was on the seventeenth floor of the Products Building, and the roar from the great surging tide of men and affairs in the Loop came faintly up from the streets, where early twilight was already giving way to the glare of gas and electricity that civilized man throws against a late November afternoon. A pile of letters lay in front of the Colonel. He opened them one by one. From some fell checks, from others money orders, from others bills and occasionally coins that clinked excellently. The Colonel's fat white hands worked industriously—slitting the envelopes with a little ivory paper-knife, putting the letters on one side and the fast-growing heap of coins, bills and checks on the other. He swept the letters into a wire basket, the heap into a drawer of the desk, and, leaning forward, pressed a button.

Before the genie comes that answers the call of the button, the Colonel deserves more extended notice. No poet laureate has yet arisen to strike a harp attuned to the featful doings of the Wire Trust or to blow the B♭ horn in celebration of the Railroad Merger, or I should turn over to him the prose story of the rise of Colonel Fiskett, founder, organizer, manager, president and sole owner of the North American Matrimonial Agency, Limited, assured that there would presently be heard strophes worthy of the theme. In other fields the Colonel would have headed a timber steal—deal, I mean—gone to the coronation, or been called before a Congressional committee to lay bare the secret of the panic of 1907. Or he would have spoken on a wool-revision platform in the spring and a Chautauqua platform in the summer. He would have worn more medals and fewer diamonds; and his correspondence system would have dealt in Dick-to-Dick letters.

In his more modest circle of endeavor the Colonel had displayed qualities that might well gain the attention of the bard of business. Nature had cast him for some mighty part in public affairs. Circumstances had foiled the original playwright. He had started carrying a spear and had now risen to a speaking part, albeit only an aside.

The Colonel owned to thirty-five years of age and was probably forty-seven. The first forty years of this his light had been hidden under one bushel after another. Newsboy, peanut-butcher, circus-hand—he had attended the school of adversity twenty-four hours a day, always with his eyes open, both of them, to the main chance. Ten years ago you might have seen him standing on some vacant city lot handing out bottles of hair-restorer that would lift the armor off a dreadnaught, and ten years before that he was proving to the dissatisfaction of honest agriculturists that the hand is quicker than the eye. In that school of adversity he had taken most of the courses that lead to master of arts, and had come out with a *summa cum laude;* but once, in Elgin, where he had gone to see the wheels go round and incidentally to attend the county fair in the way of business, his hand had not been quicker than the eye of a stout yeoman with a tempting wallet—and the Colonel had gone to Joliet for a year as a "dip." From contemplation of the past he emerged with a firm resolve to do right as long as it paid, and also with the ideas of the dip forever behind him. It was at this stage that he turned to the gray Quaker hat and the ten-cent bottle of capillary anodyne that the street crowds scrambled for at fifty cents. In a week the Colonel had found himself. Four years later he had established the North American Matrimonial Agency, Limited.

Sing, O bard of business, of the rise of the Colonel, then! He Morganized matrimony; he Harrimanized Hymen; he capitalized Cupid. He incorporated, floated, bonded and, with the care of a financial conservationist, watered the stock of Venus & Co., and made that firm pay twenty per cent dividends.

He went through the successive sartorial changes of brown derby, gray fedora and shiny tile, and along with the tile came a frock coat and gray spats, side-whiskers, a deprecating wave of the hand—a smile professional and unctuous. You would have picked him out for a prosperous, respected personage.

Colonel Fiskett revolutionized the industry. Into the methods of the get-hitched-quick promoters he introduced system. He bought up mailing lists from patent-medicine kings, seed firms and mail-order houses. If you were divorced today, tomorrow morning the postman would bring you a letter from the Colonel, offering you helpmeets in assorted lots. He established the Matrimonial Register and sent it broadcast through the country. His agents were scattered over the land, not overlooking Utah, and paying particular attention to Vermont and Massachusetts. In the Colonel's dictionary there were no such words as single blessedness; he would have persuaded Solomon to try his luck again on the little-down-and-little-at-a-time plan.

The Colonel's correspondence school had no college yell, but he graduated his pupils by hundreds, each with a marriage certificate for a diploma. He brought hearts together, soothed the elderly maiden in her spinster loneliness, cheered the bachelor with a promise of spousely comforts, stimulated the disappointed to try again, healed the aches of alimony, and gave guaranteed osteopathic treatment for any case of cold shoulder. He harvested the crop for many a grass widow and sowed new seeds for her, and picked peaches instead of lemons in the garden of love with the unerring eye of your true horticulturist.

At the end of three years of growing but still modest success Miss Marie St. Claire Vandemeer blew in on her old pal. Let me introduce you. Some years before, while the Colonel was distributing his liquid tomahawk from the street corners, Miss Vandemeer had been Mary Crawford, waitress, Green River Hotel, Green River, Indiana. The Colonel stopped at the Green River, and the waitress, blonde, already daring—perhaps one should have said already blonde too—had caught his eye.

"Don't Worry About Me. Go and Spend the Money"

"I'll show you a way to make some easy money," he had said to her; and she answered: "Any easier than you're making it now?"

That settled it. When the Colonel left Green River Mary Crawford left too; and thereafter in many a town, as the Colonel, aloft on his box, chanted the virtues of the hair-restorer, a stylishly dressed woman slipped through the crowd, bought two bottles, smiled, murmured her thanks—and after that no chanting was necessary. Or perhaps she sat beside the Colonel, handing out change. There was her own blonde hair to attest the efficacy of the mixture; it was hers, and she could prove it.

Mary Crawford and the Colonel continued their hirsute hike for nearly a year. Each day she grew prettier; and as she learned the ways of the world outside Green River she picked up pointers on dress and manners that made the Colonel gasp. After a while he made his peregrinations alone, for Mary gravitated to New York and adopted the stage for her career. You may have seen her in The Fairies—that statuesque one on the right, you know.

The stage career palled, and Miss Marie St. Claire Vandemeer looked up the Colonel in Chicago. Then he carried out a plan that had long been growing in his mind. It was his master stroke of business. He took Miss Vandemeer into his confidence and his profits. One day a wealthy sheepman, or copper king or something, from Montana, yearning for home life, wrote to the Colonel: "Will pay you one thousand dollars cash if you can fix this up for me right"; and the Colonel, considering himself a first-class fixer, telegraphed the Montana man to come to Chicago. He came—and met Miss Vandemeer. She was no longer the somewhat forward waitress of Green River. A good dinner, several bottles of—well, not hair-restorer—and many glances from Miss Vandemeer's big brown eyes, and the cattleman, or copper king or whatever he was, offered his ranches and ore and a solitaire to Miss Vandemeer, and to Colonel Fiskett the check for a thousand, which that farseeing man promptly cashed.

Miss Vandemeer was to become Mrs. Something-or-Other next day. At luncheon there was a quarrel. The cattleman never knew how it happened. He found himself out on the sidewalk, swearing Montana oaths as a taxicab whirled up the street. Next day he hunted up the Colonel for his thousand.

"But, my dear sir, you broke this off yourself! After I had it fixed for you, you insulted the lady!" explained the Colonel gently but firmly; and the cattleman, in the end, went back to Montana minus his thousand, minus a wife, plus experience.

Mars Hath His Victories as Well as Cupid

That simple transaction opened a new line of business for the North American Matrimonial Agency. Henceforth the Colonel carried the agency merely to facilitate the ventures upon which he and Miss Vandemeer now embarked. It was surprisingly easy. Sometimes the Colonel made unexpected visits out of town; sometimes he had to shrug his shoulders and refund. There was a sad experience with a rude Southerner who insisted on pulling the Colonel's nose. A lumberman from Wisconsin sat in the outer office all one afternoon full of rage and Swede dialect, waiting for an opportunity to pour them forth; but Colonel Fiskett devised cunningly and reaped bountifully. His lines extended. He rented the big suite in the Products Building, with his general offices and multitudinous stenographers elsewhere, furnished it in mahogany—and grew his side-whiskers and a stomach. He landed a Klondike millionaire for ten thousand—and added an office boy resplendent in bright buttons and uniform. Miss Vandemeer invested in Paris gowns and an accent that Green River, Indiana, would have accepted as English. You could see her at the opera or the horse show for nothing.

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The Colonel pressed the button and said to the uniformed office boy: "Tell Miss Graham to come here."

The Colonel and Miss Vandemeer have occupied many paragraphs. Let one suffice for Miss Graham. She came from the North Side, had an invalid mother and two small brothers. Stenographers with an invalid mother and two brothers, especially if they live on the North Side, usually draw down six dollars a week. Miss Graham was paid twenty-five. The Colonel could have had a stenographer for six, but not a Miss Graham. On this she supported the mother and brothers, dressed neatly and saved fifteen a week. If I were writing articles for ladies' magazines on How to Live on Nothing a Year, I should follow Miss Graham's tips and play them on the nose, as they used to say while they were still allowed to improve the breed in New York. And Miss Graham did not look underfed. She was small and fair. If the dramatic unities require a stenographer to chew gum, wear a pencil in her back hair and a rat under her pompadour, she transgressed the unities. She had the deepest of blue eyes, a sunny smile, and no rodential aid was needed to fluff her shining hair. For the rest, she wore a shirtwaist, a blue serge skirt and a businesslike expression.

The Colonel waved at the pile of letters. "Look after those, Miss Graham," he directed, "and check them up—mostly subscriptions to the Register. Now take this."

He dictated several letters. One was to a miner in Northern California. One went to New York—a big hotel too; a third to Wyoming; a fourth to Washington. With each went a photograph of Miss Vandemeer. "I guess that will bring some of them!" the Colonel observed.

The office boy knocked and entered with a telegram. Colonel Fiskett tore it open. "Ah!" he said; "that Oregon man is coming next week. Get out the Barnett correspondence, Miss Graham."

Miss Graham returned in a moment with a bulky envelope. It contained several letters from a post-office in Oregon and a typewritten sheet. The Colonel's eye ran over the sheet. "Barnett, William J.," it began, and ended with a signature—"Lavin."

Between the heading and the signature were such items as "Wheat lands. Steady, but not a dead one. Age, twenty-nine. Mixes some in politics. Ready to spend money. Looks like good prospect."

As the stenographer withdrew, she heard the Colonel calling Miss Vandemeer's apartments at the Hotel Bergau. She looked at the letters from Oregon and for a moment her expression was not exactly sunny.

"Hello, Mary!" said the Colonel over the telephone. "I've got a man coming in next week. All the way from Oregon, and ought to be good for two or three thousand. Dead crazy to get married."

"I hope he's a live one," said Miss Vandemeer at her end of the line. "Say, if he's another rube like that last one you'll have to count me out. I can't stand for any more sword-swallowers, Fisky."

The Colonel shuddered at "Fisky," a relic of other days; but he answered hastily:

"Sure! Sure, I know. I saw you across the café and he did look like a freak. But listen, Mary! This one is all right. Lavin says so."

"All right," she assented. "Hope he keeps his feet out of the fingerbowls. See you tomorrow——So-long."

The Colonel hung up the telephone instrument a trifle savagely. "Gettin' too fresh!" he said. "Just because she's in business with me and draws a bankroll, she's tryin' to pull that temperament thing now!"

The Colonel owned an automobile and at five o'clock it appeared. Simultaneously he disappeared for the day. At half past five Miss Graham closed the office and fought her way through the daily rush on the Elevated. A young man, with clothes a little too extreme, heels a little too high, face a little too flushed, stared at her impertinently. She looked at him wearily, but steadily and coldly; and the young man, after an uneasy attempt to look her out of countenance, pushed farther down the aisle. She retired behind a paper.

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At five minutes to eleven the following Tuesday, William J. Barnett, of Malheur County, Oregon, locally known as Bill Barnett, stepped into the elevator in the Products Building and went hurtling up toward the seventeenth story. If Miss Graham transgressed the dramatic unities Bill broke them; he shattered them, he smashed them. He did not wear a sombrero or a gun loose-hung over his thigh; no spurs jingled on high-heeled boots, nor did he walk with the graceful roll of one spending his life in the saddle. You would not have looked at Bill's clothes twice on either Broadway or State Street; but you would have noticed his six feet of height, the deep, clean tan of his face, the clear gray of his eyes, the squareness of his jaws and the width of his shoulders. For the rest, he might have been a lawyer, a doctor—a stockbroker instead of a stockbreaker. He got his clothes in Portland, Oregon, that purveys tailor-made togs as well as crawfish and referendums.

Mr. Barnett's conduct in the elevator did not distinguish him as a product of the Wild West, unless, indeed, the removal of his hat at the entrance of a lady be accounted an eccentricity of the plainsman. Nor did he enter the outer office of the North American Matrimonial Agency rolling his gun. He walked in quietly, lifted his hat to Miss Graham and asked for Colonel Fiskett.

"Not in yet," said Miss Graham. "Any message, please?"

"My name's Barnett. I was to see the Colonel at eleven. I'll wait, I guess," he answered.

Miss Graham flashed him an interested look for the hundredth of a second. She had seen many types of men in that office—rich and poor, old and young—all bent on the one purpose of assisted conquest. Heavy-eyed roués, bankrupt in purse and health, seeking to ease the former and recuperate the latter; uncouth laborers, risen to fortune at a lucky turn of the pick or the market; pasty-faced youths in search of a meal-ticket and idleness—they had drifted in and out. In that hundredth of a second Miss Graham put Mr. Barnett down as a type that was new to her.

Half an hour went by. Colonel Fiskett did not appear. As a matter of fact, that captain of industry had been attending a late supper the evening before, not strictly in the line of business, and was even then rising in his luxurious apartments and trying to remember his engagements for the day.

The Colonel was long in coming and Mr. Barnett moved uneasily.

"Would you mind my asking you a question?" he inquired mildly.

"Not at all."

"I suppose you know who I am from the letters I wrote," said Mr. Barnett. "So long as Colonel Fiskett doesn't show up, I'd like to know more about this. He wrote me to come here and he'd see"—the color came under his tan—"that I met some nice girl. I'd sort of like to find out who she is."

"Sorry," said Miss Graham briefly. "You'd better talk that over with the Colonel."

"I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Barnett; "I didn't know." The color came higher in his somewhat boyish face.

Miss Graham had decided by this time that he wasn't fresh. She liked the way in which he said "nice girl." Most of the men who talked—or tried to talk—to her on the one subject that brought them all to the Colonel's office mentioned "Nice little auto rides" and "Nice little suppers." When the carriage on her typewriter ran to the end and the little bell rang its periodic alarm she glanced at the Westerner and was sorry she had snubbed him.

"I believe the Colonel's not coming down this morning," she said. "Perhaps you'd better come back this afternoon."

"All right," answered Mr. Barnett, and got up to go. He walked to the door and then turned.

"I've got a notion not to come back," he said.

"Why not?" asked Miss Graham.

"I guess it's a fool chase, coming here like this. I've been sitting there thinking it over. You might tell the Colonel I've changed my mind," and he opened the door.

If the Colonel had been a minute longer putting the gardenia in his buttonhole that morning; or if his big touring car had been held up a minute more at Sixteenth Street; or if the elevator had stopped at the twelfth, thirteenth and sixteenth stories instead of the twelfth, thirteenth and seventeenth—the North American Matrimonial Agency would have lost a patron and Mr. Bill Barnett would not have lost the four-o'clock Express home. But none of these things happened; and, as Mr. Barnett opened the door, Colonel Fiskett, immaculate and beneficent, entered.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Barnett!" said the Colonel immediately. He had the eye of a boss barber. "Just step into my private office. Miss Graham, if any one calls I am out, y'understand?"

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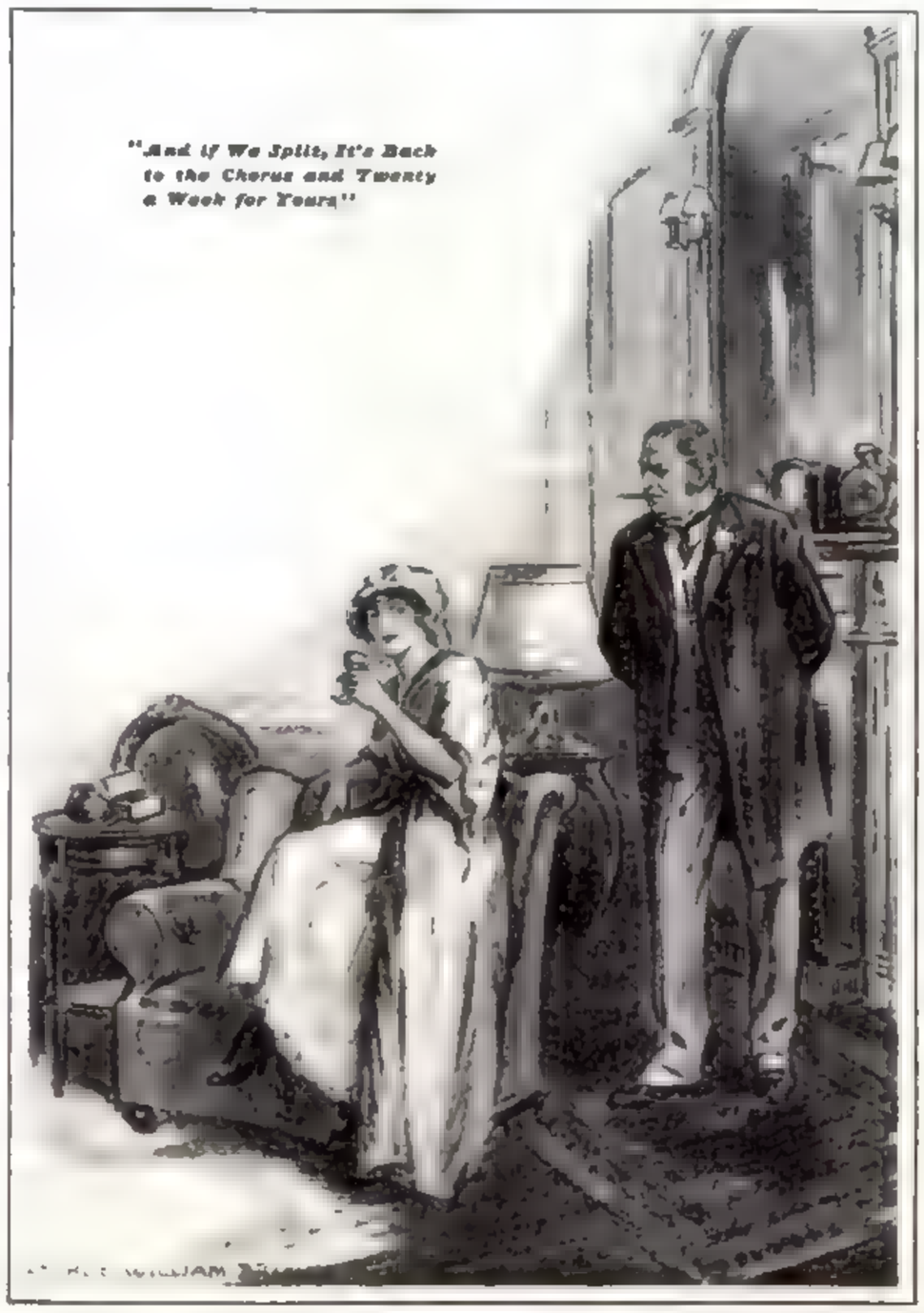
"We meet him at six, Mary," said the Colonel. "Then a little dinner, y'understand—and it's up to you. Leave the dinner to me. The same place. An' what you want to do is to get into some clothes that would go for Portland, Oregon. Cut the Broadway stuff. Rich but subdued's the idea. He'll shy on the cheap actress line. Genteel—that's the word."

"Say, Fisky," protested Miss Vandemeer, "what's this goin' to be—a sewing-circle? Didn't I hear you say he was a live one?"

"He's live enough for a thousand if this goes through," answered the Colonel. "That fellow's got a roll big enough to choke a horse. I reckon he uses it for a pillow. All he needs is some one to talk about leaving the great city with its cares and heartaches behind and going into a new country to make a happy home for some good, true man. About the time he gets that into his system, along with some of the grape, he'll be wondering whether the parson keeps open nights and trying to bribe the waiter to leave long enough for him to hold your hand and ask you how you'd like to have your post-office address changed to Cow City, Oregon."

"All right, Fisky," said Miss Vandemeer. "I get you. Run along now. Bring round your fair-haired boy at six o'clock. I'd just as soon rob a cradle as a grave anyway."

At six o'clock the motor stopped in front of the hotel and the Colonel and the Westerner ascended to a first-floor parlor, swept and garnished, and varnished and



"And if We Split, It's Back to the Chorus and Twenty a Week for Yours"

gas-logged. Miss Vandemeer kept them waiting eleven minutes by the marble clock on the near-oak mantelpiece. She knew the value of those few moments of suspense before the star's entrance on the stage.

Then the grilled-work elevator came down and Miss Vandemeer made her entrance. Even the Colonel, censorious critic of the art of making a hit, found her début flawless. Her plume was not too long, her hat too large or her complexion too perfect.

She hesitated perceptibly as the Colonel introduced them in his handsomest manner; the color came into her cheeks; her eyes dropped a moment, and then she looked straight into Barnett's eyes for the fraction of a second and gave him her hand with just the right degree of cordiality and just the right degree of reserve.

"Bernhardt's got nothing on her," said the Colonel to himself as they went out to the motor.

The Colonel had selected a quiet place for the dinner. The excellence of the cuisine suggested a restaurant; but, by the token that no prices appeared on the hand-painted menu card, one gathered that it was a café. Louis, the waiter, deft of hand, soft of foot, deferential of voice, served them faultlessly. The orchestra, faithless to tradition, ignored the wornout airs of popular operas; and the Colonel, sensitive to the harmonious in stage setting, felt a glow of satisfaction as his roving eye failed to pick out a single jarring element in the groups of well-dressed, well-bred people at the tables. "Genteel—that's the word!" he murmured to himself.

. . . . . .

"Life in a city is not always so gay as it seems, Mr. Barnett. Sometimes one gets tired of the rush and wants to get away from it. . . .

"Now you're a man who has seen life as it really is among real men. I'd love the West, the mountains and the big plains and—and the other things!

"Society!—I don't care for society. One has to worry over dinners and teas and receptions and clothes—you simply have to do it. I don't do it because I want to. I'd rather be a poor country girl than to have to keep up this pace."

At the Colonel's slight sign Louis brought another bottle, wrapped lovingly in a towel.

"Thanks," said Mr. Bill Barnett. "I'm not much on this anyhow."

"It's some of a special old vintage they keep for me here," said the Colonel urbanely. "I propose a toast to the Great West, Mr. Barnett—the Great West, where men are men!"

Miss Vandemeer sipped daintily.

"I'm drinking the toast just the same; but, really, I never touch liquor to any extent," said she.

. . . . . .

The Colonel came into the office next morning smiling, his step light; and by that Miss Graham knew the business in hand was prospering. She did not see Mr. Bill Barnett. In the afternoon the man from Oregon and the Colonel went motoring, and that evening they called again at Miss Vandemeer's hotel. This time it was dinner and the theater.

The next morning, however, the Colonel did not smile and his step and eyes were heavy. He looked over his correspondence, snapped out a few orders and went out. Half an hour thereafter he was in Miss Vandemeer's sitting room, and Miss Vandemeer, suave and serene, ordered her morning cocktail, sat on the arm of a chair and drank it while the Colonel strode up and down the room.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Mary?" demanded the Colonel angrily. "You had him going the first night; but last night you fell down. Looks to me as if you were trying to throw the game!"

"Did it, Fisky?" murmured Miss Vandemeer. "Well, what ought I to have done?"

"Done!" cried the Colonel. "Just kept up that play you started the first night—that's all. Hand that soft-music stuff to him strong. He'll fall for it. Pass it out about wanting to quit the bright lights—and be a real woman. You ain't losing your grip, are you?"

"That's it, I guess, Fisky," answered Miss Vandemeer. "Say, do you think I couldn't get him if I wanted to? I don't want to—that's the size of it."

The Colonel stared and then ripped out some distinctly naughty words.

"Go on—swear!" said Miss Vandemeer. "I'm going to renig on Bill Barnett, Fisky."

Colonel Fiskett's face began to look dangerous.

"Why?"

"I'll tell you why. Because he's on the level with me. Because he's a boy and a good one too; and I haven't got the nerve to keep it up. The others—they've been different. They were all looking for the best of it and putting up the coin to marry me. Talk about stealing pennies from a blind man! That'd look like handing out Carnegie libraries compared to us trimming this boy. That's why, Fisky."

(Continued on Page 60)

Miss Marie St. Claire Vandemeer Looked Up the Colonel in Chicago

On Main Street—I is for Ibex

IN THE alphabetical rhyme that we used to study in our childhood, the same being decorated with woodcut engravings that looked as if they might have been done with a knife and fork, it was set forth among other things that U was for Unicorn and Z was for Zany—but I was for Ibex. Pursuing the last-named topic to its proper conclusion, one learns from Webster's Unabridged Dictionary that the Ibex is a large goat, with curved horns, found in the Alps and the Apenines. No doubt Webster meant well; but naturally, when wrestling with so many different words, he was bound to let a few mistakes creep into his well-known work, and it would appear to be the duty of the present writer to set the world right in the matter of the Ibex.

The true Ibex has a horn all right, and there is often something about him suggestive of the goat; but his favorite haunt is not the Alps or the Apenines. It may have been so once, but not any more. His favorite haunt at this time is Broadway—city, county and state of New York. He is to be found there in countless numbers—blowing his horn—and with the accent always prominently on the I; in fact, if you left the I off there would be no occasion really for the bex part.

Everywhere on Broadway you encounter him—leaping from crag to crag, and from crag to café and back again, uttering the characteristic flutelike note of his kind, consisting of the sounds I-I-I-me-my-mine-I-I-I, followed by a long, rapid and continuous roll of the I's. You find him singly, in pairs, in flocks and in dense herds. You find him on the stage and in the audience, on the sidewalk and between the cartracks, on his uppers and on your toes, on velvet and on the hog. And wherever you find him he's working at the trade.

It seems that the first Ibex—old Mr. Isadore Bex, I think his full name was, or possibly it may have been Isaiah—was one of the first settlers of Broadway. He moved there when it was only a post road to Yonkers and the block where the Metropolitan Opera House stands could have been bought for nine dollars and seventy-five cents cash—only nobody had that much cash. Dying, he left behind him a large family.

Let's see now—there were Ignatz and Israel and Ike and Ichabod, and Ivan the Terrible Bex, who were sons; and Irene and Isabel and Iolanthe and Iuka and Iodine, who were daughters—and several others, all with the initial and the emphasis in the right place. And to this good day their descendants and namesakes populate the thoroughfare from Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth to the exclusion of almost all others. Distant relatives and adopted members of the family are constantly moving in from other sections, but as soon as they become thoroughly acclimated they throw off all pretense and come forth as true Ibexes, remembering always that I is for Ibex and the Ibex is for I—first person I, pronoun I, objective case I, capital I, upper-case I, world-without-end I, forever and ever I, amen I.

On Broadway the I's have it by acclamation. The man who talks about himself most is the man who is most talked about by others. That would appear to be the set rule. What is the Flatiron Building but a large I standing on end? What are the slanted city blocks but italicized I's—and the straight blocks but Roman I's? What is Broadway itself, as some one has already pointed out, but a very large, exhausted I, lying down flat on its side to rest?

Moving to Boston, you learn to use the broad A. Moving to Chicago, you learn to insert into your conversation the Lake Michigan or rolling R. Moving down South, you learn to drop it. Moving to New York, you learn to feature the large and upstanding I—and the trick is done. You belong then. You may prefer to tootle on it like a flute, producing shrill, piercing notes, with the I for their motif; or you may pull the stops all the way out and play on it like a slide trombone. You may have it tattooed on your chest as a mural decoration, or you may use it as a fountain pen to write things about yourself upon the available blank spaces; but never must you forget and leave the I at home. If you did you'd catch your death of cold from the exposure.

Assuming that a typical Broadwayite is a typical New Yorker—which of course he isn't—but assuming for the sake of argument that he is, there is at once visible a striking difference between a typical New Yorker and a typical resident of any other American city that is growing rapidly, such as Chicago, to take a fair example of the North, or Atlanta of the South, or Los Angeles of the West, say. Catch a Chicago man or an Atlanta, Georgia, man at a banquet board or on a sleeping car, at a funeral or at a wedding, or anywhere, and barely mention—just barely whisper the name of his town. That's his cue; he's off then, telling you how much it increased in population in the last ten years and how much more it is going to increase during the next ten, and how many new factories have started up during the past six months, and how many miles of new sidewalks are being built this fall, and how many loaded freight cars a minute or a second are leaving its railroad yards on an average. He has all the available figures right where he can put his fingers on them. His pockets are loaded with statistics and he hauls them out by the handful and sprinkles them over you like confetti at a carnival.

You may begin to wish, after an hour or two, that he would change the subject and talk about the Russian Dancers or the newest White Hope or something; but, in any event, you are impressed with the facts that the place he comes from is quite some place, and that Heaven, with a few modern improvements, would be something like it—only, of course, Heaven hasn't anything like the number of trunklines running in. He is organized to boost his town first, last and all the time. Speak slightingly of him and possibly you may get away with it; but raise your voice

against his town and it would exceedingly behoove you to be good at one of two things—fighting or running.

In regard to the Broadway person we were speaking of a minute ago, however, it is different. He has all the sense of local pride that an angleworm has. Mention to him the large and no doubt gratifying growth in New York's population as shown by the recent census, and he says, stifling a yawn, that figures never interested him particularly; but if it is true, then something ought to be done right away to keep these rubes from swarming in and taking all the good jobs. Direct his attention to the figures of New York's gross business in a year, and he remarks wearily: "Yes, it has been a fair season for the musical shows." Complain to him of some crying municipal evil and ask him what he thinks ought to be done about it, and he thinks probably you'd better call a policeman. Aim a bitter jeer at New York and he shows no heat whatsoever. Either he doesn't care a hang whether it's true or not, or else he goes on the broad Broadway principle that New York is the only finished and complete thing in the world and anybody who criticises it must be either a liar or an ass, or both; but hand him one little short-arm personal jolt—just one—and you certainly will get his goat—pardon me, his Ibex.

Once there was a cyclone that hit a town in Arkansas and turned it inside out. It wasn't one of those little one-ring cyclones that are here today and gone tomorrow. It was a three-ring-and-elevated-stage cyclone, with a hippodrome track and a street parade three miles long, traveling with its own private besom of destruction. It did all the things that one of those orthodox old-line Southwestern cyclones naturally would do. It was immediately preceded by a swallow-tailed bolt of lightning, which completely undressed a prominent citizen, hung his clothes, neatly pressed, over the top limb of an adjacent tree, branded him on the stomach with William Jennings Bryan's initials, and passed into the earth with a loud roaring sound and a smell like somebody frying ham. Then the main attraction proper came along and proceeded to act up something scandalous. It blew julep straws through the three-foot brick side of a distillery; it removed the paper from the walls and left the pictures hanging there; it spared the hovel and smote the palace, and it fell upon that well-known Arkansas Democrat who swore never to shave until Samuel J. Tilden was President and mowed all the everglades off one side of his face, but left the rest of his boscage comparatively untouched. And then it moved on to the next stand, leaving that town looking as though it ought to be reshuffled and dealt over again.

In the course of a few hours the editor of the leading home newspaper—there was but one—dug himself out from under several tons of plastering and laths and unpaid subscriptions and suchlike flotsam and jetsam; and, after he had excavated a lone printer and a crippled press and a stickful of type, and one thing and another, he got out an extra, giving the main details. As extras go, this wasn't such an extra extra, but across the front page, in the biggest font of type the editor could resurrect, run the lines so satisfying to local pride:

HICKSVILLE DEVASTATED BY THE BIGGEST STORM THAT EVER HIT A TOWN THIS SIZE!

Twelve Dead, and the Wind Blew Eight Miles an Hour Faster Here Than it Did in the St. Louis Cyclone!

Now there was an editor who was wasted on Hicksville, Arkansas. He belonged by rights in Chicago or Seattle or Portland or Atlanta or Birmingham—but he wouldn't have done for New York—not for a minute! The appropriate treatment for such an affair in New York would have been a headline reading something like this:

COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR PROVIDENTIALLY SAVED!

By Being in Newport at the Time He Escapes Death in a Storm That Kills a Number of Practically Unknown Persons!

On Broadway, as elsewhere, modesty is even as the shrinking violet; but on Broadway it keeps right on shrinking, until after a while it has vanished altogether. Besides which, the national flower of Broadway is not the violet, anyhow, and never will be; it's that quaint French floweret known as the Camembert cheese, which catches your attention from afar and holds it when you're close up. And its national emblem is the Ibex—the star-eyed, double-eyed Ibex. And the ego in its cosmos is visible to the naked eye in a thousand ways. It's egoing all over the place constantly. A stranger strolling on Broadway, and listening as he goes, gets the idea that Broadway is a street lined on both sides with double rows of extra large-size Gothic I's, like triumphant columns, with smaller I's running along continuously like picket fences, and millions of little i's scrambling round underfoot like red ants.

Contrary to a somewhat common belief, the Broadway Ibex is not much given to hammering the achievements of others. To begin with, he hasn't time. He's too busy slipping in a few kind and earnest words touching on his own unique and peculiar qualifications for doing whatever he may happen to be doing at the moment. And in the second place, what is the use of wasting figures of speech on somebody else when there is ever a more interesting and timely subject right at hand? Ibexing must pay—it has to pay or so many bright people wouldn't follow it as a trade. Judged by the yardstick of dear old Broadway, the man who seeks to do something for the community at large is a butt-in or a bogus reformer, and the best thing he can do for himself is to take his foot in his hand and hurry right on downtown and join one of those antisomething societies that are so common in that district; but the person who is constantly uttering a few enthusiastic remarks in behalf of himself—now there's a person you want to watch! He has taken the third degree and ridden the Ibex. First thing you know, he will be the biggest I in the lodge!

You may watch the procession drifting by—the playwrights and the play-brokers, the first-nighters and the second gravediggers, the various kinds of agents—press, wine and road—the brokers and the broke, the actors and the actresses, the models and the misfits; and each one is for himself strictly and the Tom show take the hindmost! It is conceded that a good many women dress to attract attention. They may do it in a perfectly modest, proper, ladylike way; but, nevertheless, that is the purpose and the intent—to attract the roving eye.

The Power of the Press Agent

ON BROADWAY the men do it too. Certain tricks of dress have come to be the badge for certain callings. For the playwright, the manager and the successful actor, there is the fur-trimmed overcoat; for the literary personage, the extra large nose-glasses, like cold frames over a forced growth, with the extra-heavy black rubber rims round 'em and the extra-wide black silk ribbon to tie 'em on by; for the successful pugilist, the yellow gloves and the diamond horseshoe looming up in his necktie like an illuminated subway entrance. And in each and any event the conversation is restricted to two general topics—namely—first and foremost—the individual Ibex, who is doing the talking; second and last—the lives and doings of such lesser Ibexes as are then ranging the official Ibex preserve, which, as already stated, is Broadway from Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth Street inclusive. When these two subjects are exhausted it is time to retire and get a night's rest before starting in fresh all over again tomorrow morning.

Personalities are capitalized on Broadway, deliberately and premeditatedly. There is one man in New York who advertises himself to the madding throng by wearing about all the portable jewelry there is. Seeing him decked out in his official regalia of gems, metals and precious stones at a horseshow or on a first night at the opera, you would get the impression that the reigning houses of Europe were now entirely out of crown jewels and had been reduced to using moss agate and aluminum wear for decorations on state occasions. He is one of New York's property celebrities, of whom there are several hundreds. He is megaphoned by the orators on the sightseeing wagons; he is pointed out in the theater lobbies, where he blazes between acts, all red and green like an all-night drug store; he is mentioned in every regular and orthodox story of Broadway that is printed in a New York newspaper. What a great many people do not know however, is that, on the side, he is a successful business man, who has made a fortune out of perfectly commonplace commodities which have nothing whatever to do with jewelry. Merely mounting his personality in an emerald and ruby setting has helped him to make his money.

There was once a young New York dramatic critic who hit on the happy and original idea of attending first-night performances attired as though for a walking tour through the Ozark Mountains. First, all the other critics would enter in a solid phalanx—whatever a phalanx is—lofty-browed, swallow-tailed and white-tied, each minding his p's and q's to a serious and painful degree. Then this young critic would stroll in—blithely minding his I's only—in a flannel shirt and a pair of trousers that hadn't been pressed in so long they were accordion-plaited. There were other critics who wrote criticisms as good as his and maybe better, though he was rated among the best; but, as the critic who did first nights in a sweater and a pair of gum boots, he won a Broadway fame that lasted long after some of his contemporaries were gone and forgotten.

Broadway in the season is fairly gummed up with press agents—each an expert of publicity retained by some member in good standing of the Ancient Order of Ibexes, to advance the fair name and reputation of the employer when he isn't engaged in doing a little something of the sort for himself. Let us suppose, as sometimes happens, that one firm owns a theater and another firm has the theater leased and a third firm is renting it to put a play on. The owner will have a press agent, the lessee will have a press agent, and the producers, who rent from week to week, will have their press agent.

An outsider who didn't know the Ibex industry might think this would be almost enough press agents; but the star must have his own specially retained private press agent to do his boosting for him and see that he is properly featured in the first line of every press story that goes out, and the first deputy star will have his press agent to see that he is not overlooked in the betting either. And the same, likely enough, will be true of the prima donna and the ingénue and the principal comedian and the chief showgirl, and, for all I know, of the electrician and the man who plays the snare drum in the orchestra.

Sometimes there will be a whole elephant quadrille of ponderous pachyderm press agents, all performing round one small theater at the same time. Nor is the press agenting confined to the theatrical and kindred professions. Capers the agile Ibex by day and by night, and the zeal with which all sorts of people fight to get their names into print when they haven't done anything to deserve it is only equaled by the zeal with which they fight to keep them out when they have.

There must be something about the climate that brings on Ibexitis in its virulent form within a few months' time. A young and struggling playwright—I believe young and struggling is the term customarily used—a young and struggling playwright, I repeat, puts across his first play. From the outset it is impressed upon him that he is but a poor dub of an amateur who has had the marvelous good fortune to secure the coöperation of an unparalleled manager and a splendid stage director and an unapproachable cast and a perfect gem of a stage carpenter, all of them uniting to give his feeble and futile little brain-child a chance for its gasping young life. It would seem that this treatment should make him sufficiently humble and wormlike. And it does—until his play goes over. Then, if he is still able to wear his old hat and doesn't have to go to a tent and awning maker to get a new one, he is the exception.

There are some young playwrights who are not spoiled by their first success or their second, or their twentieth, for the matter of that; but the other variety of playwright is the commoner variety. He is the one who, in his second summer, forgetting that second summers are almost as hard on new playwrights as on new babies, is observed toting an upper-case I up and down the street like a banner. You draw near and listen to what he has to say. He has just had a violent quarrel with his old firm of producers because the boneheads cannot grasp the subtle significance of his lines, and is now looking for another firm of managers who are not boneheads—only there aren't any. Pausing only to tell you how and when he first felt this strange power stealing over him—it was in the nighttime, and he instantly rose and dashed off a first act, which has since been pronounced a masterpiece by press, pulpit and public—pausing only to tell you such details, he mentions casually a stinging rebuke that he was giving only yesterday to

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THE NEXT BIG ITEM—LOOKS

When the Factory Force Meets the Artistic Temperament

By

James H. Collins

AT A RECENT trade exhibition two shoes were shown side by side in contrast, to emphasize the advance in American shoemaking during half a century.

The first shoe was made about 1860. Its material was a coarse, stiff, bark-tanned leather. The lasting had been done by hand and the sole put on with wooden pegs that stuck up inside. The men who made that shoe probably regarded it as a marvel, because the pegging was done on one of the earliest machines developed for the purpose. The shape of that shoe was clumsy. It was rough, uncomfortable and unattractive inside and out.

The other shoe, a product of 1910, was of our beautiful chrome-tanned leather, an American material that has almost displaced morocco and French kid in our markets. It was soft, silky, tough, waterproof and nearly fireproof. It was a welt shoe with the sole sewed on by a method unknown when the first shoe was made. It was a machine-made shoe from start to finish.

By far the greatest improvements revealed in this second shoe were matters of design—good looks. Manufacturing methods had been cheapened and quickened, quality bettered, comfort enhanced; but all these contributed to looks. In fifty years of shoemaking progress the United States has perfected many ingenious machines and built up large factory organizations, but her best asset in this industry is a shoe-designing ability—a definite sense of what looks good in a shoe and an instinct for putting it into her footwear. That sense of design puts her beyond aggressive competition all over the world. Other countries can buy the machinery and materials but not the knowledge of design.

Within the next five to ten years this item of good looks will unquestionably become vital in many American industries. For ten years past our manufacturers have been working out from under the narrow limitations of price competition. Quality, convenience and individuality have been developed in goods. The manufacturer's name has been identified with his product, giving a basis upon which to build more lasting trade. Quicker and straighter ways have been found to get goods to the consumer and to find out what the consumer wants. Methods of selling and distributing have been improved. On every hand manufacturers are working toward broader opportunities.

The Secret of the Crooked Chimney

BETTER design is part of this general advance. Public taste is growing to such a degree that when a practical article is given beauty of design and finish there is a decided gain in marketing.

Good looks are a matter of atmosphere and feeling. To secure them in most of our industries, a new man must be added to the factory organization—the artist.

Years ago, when Andrew Carnegie hired the first chemist ever attached to a steel mill's staff, his action was looked upon as a foolhardy concession to mere theory. Today every steel mill has a staff of chemists, and there are practically no industries that do not profit by the chemist's services, either directly or indirectly.

The time is coming when the steel mill will have a designing department to impart beauty of line and ornament to tons of structural material that is now as ugly as it is useful; and in many other industries the artist seems destined to follow the chemist. The business world today, however, regards the artist with even more distrust than was shown the chemist a generation ago. For where the chemist was looked upon as only a harmless theorist made in Germany, the business world's slight experience with the artist thus far has given the impression that, besides theories, it has to deal with a baffling quality called "temperament."

Some years ago an American foundry company brought over from France an expert capable of installing a plant for casting bronze figures by the wax process. When Monsieur found himself in a New England factory, separated from compatriots, obliged to talk largely to himself and confronted with a steady diet of fried steak and pie, he became gloomy, irritable, mysterious.

By the wax process of casting bronze the sculptor's original model, made in wax instead of clay, is cased in plaster and baked in a special oven. This process melts the wax and leaves a hollow plaster mold into which the bronze is poured. Monsieur made no end of trouble while this oven was being built. Other operations throughout the foundry had to be arranged with respect to his grand undertaking. Only a chosen few were allowed to approach, and countless small details had to be carried out exactly as Monsieur directed, with no reasons given. Monsieur was full of secrets, whims, artistic aloofness. On the day of his first melting he keyed himself up to high tension; and when a mold was finally ready for the first pouring he put a razor edge on the whole foundry for several days. By the time his contract had been completed and he had left for France, that foundry was glad to be rid of him and thankful that it dealt with the artistic temperament only about once in a generation.

An interesting temperamental memento of Monsieur exists to this day.

His melting oven needed a chimney to carry off gases. He had one made of sheet iron, carried up through the roof and then suddenly tapered off to a small opening and brought downward in an eccentric curve. Nobody could figure out this chimney. It looked like a cow's horn. Ingenious theories of draft were propounded to account for that shape, but none seemed to clear it up; and, no matter how diplomatically Monsieur was sounded in his happier moments, he refused to give explanations. His secret was kept till the day of his departure. Then he confided it to a compatriot.

The Americans, said Monsieur, were clearly an inartistic people. In France, where every one understood such things, he would have felt safe in carrying his chimney up normally; but in America precautions were necessary. He had bent that chimney into its distorted shape—for why? My faith! So that when he had an exceptionally fine piece of sculpture in his oven no barbarous American could endanger it by climbing on the foundry roof and throwing bricks down the chimney!

To take the raw materials available in the United States at the present time and to create for them an atmosphere that will produce good design for a manufacturing establishment, is an interesting problem in management.

A certain factory superintendent had accomplished this. Bound in by competitors at various sides of his product, he set out to get the advantage of beauty in goods that had long been uniformly tasteless and ugly. Designing had been so neglected that there were no capable men to be had, so he went round among illustrators and painters, formed friendships, got them interested in his work by the simple means of taking an interest in theirs. Several artists of reputation were eventually persuaded to make him some original designs for goods. It was not easy to bring them round. They had plenty of profitable commissions; and as far as glory or interest went, making designs for a factory seemed a joke. They worked for this superintendent, however, because he was a good fellow—sympathetic, appreciative—a business man who seemed almost human enough to have been an artist, they said. Their first productions were excellent from an artist's standpoint—original and beautiful; but there were manufacturing shortcomings.

The details could not be executed by the factory's processes. Many of them were too novel for public taste. By working with his artists tactfully and not too seriously the superintendent got what he wanted, and they grew into a better understanding of manufacturing conditions. Finally the day came when his concern put on the market a new line of goods so original and beautiful that merchants and the public wanted them at sight, and all competition was swept aside. The superintendent had a staff of designers and an atmosphere that would produce more novelties whenever they were wanted.

A Call for Craftsmen

WHEN competitors saw the point they went in for beauty, too, but made little headway. Their first resource was to turn out clumsy copies and adaptations of the originator's designs. Coming from the factory, however, these lacked life. After a while artists were engaged; but the men they hired were not first-rate craftsmen, and there was no bond of sympathy and understanding. Sketches were picked to pieces in directors' meetings, petty details criticised and revamped without appreciation, and in the end all feeling and spontaneity disappeared.

"By ginger!" said the superintendent of a competing factory one day, "if I could get such artists as you have I'd show you something in design."

The first superintendent was a farseeing man.

"Which man would you like?" he asked.

A certain artist was chosen and the competitor got a note to this designer, asking him to undertake a commission. That artist worked faithfully for this new client, but the outcome was utterly disappointing. There was no personal bond between artist and client, and the design revealed exactly what had been put into it and no more.

American industry and American art are today widely separated at many points where they must eventually come together. In developing his goods practically and commercially the manufacturer has often overlooked the possibilities of good design. The artist, too, is at fault; for he has been manipulating beauty with false ideas about its practical and commercial uses.

A youngster going to school in some small American town is found to have some facility in drawing pictures. He copies the comics in the Sunday supplements and caricatures the teacher. It has always come easy to him, and he likes nothing better.

If that boy lived in Paris, Munich, London or New York, where picture-making is a business at which men

work ten hours a day, nobody would make a fuss over him and he might have a chance to develop his ability along natural lines, making some definite kind of pictures for use and the market; but in his small town maybe he is the only boy who has ever done that sort of thing. Well-meaning persons single him out as a budding Michelangelo. The local woman's club raises a fund or maybe his widowed mother mortgages her home to send him abroad for study. He joins the vast colony of American students in European centers—American art students who paint French peasants—American music students who wear their hair like Rubinstein and all the rest of them. Before the mortgage money is gone foreign teachers switch this talent out of its own nationality, fill it full of false ideas of art and set it painting useless pictures after bygone traditions. Maybe it was only a small talent anyway. If the youngster had stayed home and the superintendent of the local tinware factory could have got hold of him and understood him there might have been the making of an excellent designer, who could put lines into tinware and ornament it with something better than the dim artistic gropings of the die-cutting shop. If the boy were, indeed, another Michelangelo he would work out his destiny, and his tinshop experience would be useful to him in his career; for the great painter must be as capable a workman as the great surgeon.

One of the most profitable industries in this country is that of making calendars. Several large concerns turn these out by the million in lithography and color process. The chief feature of a calendar is its picture and the companies producing these goods are important picture buyers; but the calendar men say that pictures suitable for their purpose are extremely scarce and hard to obtain. Hundreds of American artists paint pictures every year for the art exhibitions in our leading cities; but it is exceptional to find an appropriate calendar picture among them. The requirements of a good calendar picture are not in the least foreign to art. It ought to tell a plain story and deal with American scenes or characters if possible. After that it may be as wonderful a work of art as the painter can make it. He has all our history and contemporary life to draw upon for subjects. The calendar publisher will give it the finest reproduction and a circulation far exceeding the cliques and cabals of the art shows. Yet most of the calendar pictures are painted by a few men who have taken the pains to study the requirements.

Manufacturers are now reaching after design in a number of ways. Some of them go to the artists and, by patience and tact, bring a staff of men to some realization of their requirements. The artistic temperament, on the whole, is as susceptible of management as the sales temperament. Others find designers in allied industries and still others buy designs abroad. In certain industries, such as those producing silverware and jewelry, where factory processes and the splitting up of work have destroyed the old-fashioned craftsman, good results are being secured by training bright lads by means of apprenticeship courses, which ground them in the elements of the business as the old-fashioned workman understood them and at the same time give them a grasp on the latest technical knowledge. If these apprentices show designing ability it is developed in keeping with the requirements of trade.

The remarkable expansion of our publishing and advertising industries the past five or ten years has also brought the artist and designer in closer touch with business and is working interesting changes.

Our big department stores are another important influence in the improvement of looks in goods. The department-store buyer is more closely in touch with the consuming public than the average manufacturer; for where the manufacturer's attention is centered on one sort of goods the department-store man is part of an organization that keeps track in an entire community of demand and taste in many different lines. Styles and tendencies that appear in one line may be applicable to others. He buys, too, all over the world, seeking original and beautiful merchandise, and most of his foreign buying centers on superior design.

To such a buyer comes the American manufacturer's salesman, showing samples of goods for the new season. The concern he represents may have accomplished notable things in turning out honest quality at reasonable prices, and yet be weak in design. The buyer, with his knowledge of public taste and the world's markets, makes a few suggestions and places an order. When the goods arrive they have been improved and refined in the matter of looks at practically no additional cost.

A furniture manufacturer, for instance, brought some samples to the buyer of a big store in the Middle West. He knew materials and processes thoroughly, and had got hold of some new stuff from the Orient that made summer furniture more durable and cheaper than anything known up to that time. Skillfully handled, his product would greatly broaden the demand; but his designs were atrocious. There was no line, no proportion, no grace in anything. The buyer has a decorating department, with his own designers. Two of these artists were set at work drawing up specifications, and those goods eventually were wholly transformed in scheme and color.

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A Judgment Come to Daniel

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

Mr. Irons Hit Him Just Once More, a Straight Jabbing Center-Blow

THE sidewheel packet, Belle of Memphis, landed at the wharf, and the personal manager of Daniel the Mystic came up the gravel levee with a darky behind him toting his valises. That afternoon all of the regular town hacks were in use for a Masonic funeral, or he could have ridden up in solitary pomp. You felt on first seeing him that he was the kind of person who would naturally prefer to ride.

He was a large man and, to look at, very impressive. On either lapel of his coat he wore a splendid glittering golden emblem. One was a design of a gold ax and the other was an Indian's head. His watch-charm was made of two animal claws a tiger's claws I know now they must have been—jointed together at their butts by a broad gold band to form a downward-dropping crescent. On the middle finger of his right hand was a large solitaire ring, the stone being supported by golden eagles with their wings interwoven. His vest was the most magnificent as to colors and pattern that I ever saw. The only other vest that to my mind would in any way compare with it I saw years later, worn by the advance agent of a trained dog and pony show.

From our perch on the whittled railings of the boat-store porch we viewed his advent into our town. Steamboats always brought us to the river front if there was no business more pressing on hand, and particularly the Belle of Memphis brought us, because she was a regular side-wheeler with a double texas, and rising suns painted on her paddle boxes, and a pair of enormous gilded buckhorns nailed over her pilot house to show she held the speed record of the White Collar Line. A big, red, sheet-iron spread-eagle was swung between her stacks, and the tops of the stacks were painted red and cut into sharp points like spearheads. She had a string band aboard that came out on the guards and played Suwannee River when she was landing and Goodby, My Lover, Goodby when she pulled out, and her head mate had the loudest swearing voice on the river and, as everybody knew, would as soon kill you as look at you, and maybe sooner.

The Belle was not to be compared with any of our little sternwheel local packets. Even her two mud clerks, let alone her captain and her pilots, wore uniforms; and she came all the way from Cincinnati and ran clean through to New Orleans, clearing our wharf of the cotton and tobacco and the sacked ginseng and peanuts, and such commonplace things, and leaving behind in their stead all manner of interesting objects in crates and barrels. Once she brought a whole gipsy caravan, the Stanley family it was called—men, women and children, dogs, horses, wagons and all, a regular circus procession of them.

She was due Tuesdays, but generally didn't get in until Wednesdays, and old Captain Rawlings would be the first to see her smoke coiling in a hazy smudge over Livingston's Point and say the Belle was coming. Captain Rawlings had an uncanny knack of knowing all the boats by their smokes. The news would spread, and by the time she passed the Lower Towhead and was quartering across and running down past town, so she could turn and land upstream, there would be a lot of pleasurable excitement on the wharf. The black draymen standing erect on their two-wheeled craft, like Roman chariot racers, would whirl their mules down the levee at a perilous gallop, scattering the gravel every which way, and our leisure class—boys and darkies—and a good many of the business men, would come down to the foot of Main Street to see her land and watch the rousters swarm off ahead of the bellowing mates and eat up the freight piles. One trip she even had white rousters, which was an event to be remembered and talked about afterward. They were grimy foreigners, who chattered in an outlandish tongue instead of chanting at their work as regular rousters did.

This time when the Belle of Memphis came and the personal manager of Daniel the Mystic came up the levee, half a dozen of us were there and saw him coming. We ran down the porch steps and trailed him at a respectful distance, opinion being acutely divided among us as to what he might be. He was associated with the great outer world of amusement and entertainment; we knew that by the circumstances of his apparel and his jewels and high hat and all, even if his whole bearing had not advertised his calling as with banners. Therefore, we speculated freely as we trailed him. He couldn't be the man who owned the Eugene Robinson Floating Palace, because the Floating Palace had paid its annual visit months before and by now must be away down past the Lower Bends in the bayou country. Likewise, the man who came in advance of the circus always arrived by rail with a yellow car full of circus bills and many talented artists in white overalls. I remember I decided that he must have something to do with a minstrel show—Beach & Bowers' maybe, or Thatcher, Primrose & West's.

He turned into the Richland House, with the darky following him with his valises and us following the darky; and after he had registered, old Mr. Dudley Dunn, the clerk, let us look at the register. But two or three grown men looked first; the coming of one who was so plainly a

personage had made some stir among the adult population. None there present, though, could read the name the stranger had left upon the book. Old Mr. Dunn, who was an expert at that sort of thing, couldn't decide himself whether it was O. O. Driscoll or A. A. Davent. The man must have spent years practicing to be able to produce a signature that would bother any hotel clerk. I have subsequently ascertained that there are many abroad gifted as he was—mainly traveling salesmen. But if you couldn't read his name, all who ran might read the nature of his calling, for 'twas there set forth in two colors—he had borrowed the red-ink bottle from Mr. Dunn to help out the customary violet—and done in heavy shaded letters—"Representing Daniel the Mystic"—with an ornamental flourish of scrolls and feathery beaded lines following after. The whole took up a good fourth of one of Mr. Dudley Dunn's blue-ruled pages.

Inside of an hour we were to know, too, who Daniel the Mystic might be, for in the hotel office and in sundry store windows were big bills showing a likeness of a man of magnificent mien, with long hair and his face in his hand, or rather in the thumb and forefinger of his hand, with the thumb under the chin and the finger running up alongside the cheek. Underneath were lines to the effect that Daniel the Mystic, Prince of Mesmerism and Seer of the Unseen, was Coming, Coming! Also that night the Daily Evening News had a piece about him. He had rented St. Clair Hall for two nights hand-running and would give a mysterious, edifying and educational entertainment dealing with the wonders of science and baffling human description. The preliminaries, one learned, had been arranged by his affable and courteous personal representative now in our midst, Mr. D. C. Davello—so old Mr. Dudley Dunn was wrong in both of his guesses.

Next morning Daniel the Mystic was on hand, looking enough like his pictured likeness to be recognized almost immediately. True, his features were not quite so massive and majestic as we had been led to expect, and he rather disappointed us by not carrying his face in his hand, but he was tall and slim enough for all purposes and wore his hair long and was dressed all in black. He had long, slender hands, and eyes that, we agreed, could seem to look right through you and tell what you were thinking about.

For one versed in the mysteries of the unseen he was fairly democratic in his minglings with the people; and as for D. C. Davello, no one, not even a candidate, could excel him in cordiality. Together they visited the office of the Daily Evening News and also the office of our other paper, the Weekly Argus-Eye, which was upstairs over Leuken's job-printing shop. They walked through the market house and went to the city hall to call on the mayor and the city marshal and invite them to come to St. Clair Hall that night and bring their families with them, free of charge. Skinny Collins, who was of their lagging juvenile escort, at once began to put on airs before the rest. The city marshal was his father.

About the middle of the afternoon they went into Thurston Brothers Oak Hall Clothing Emporium, steered by Van Wallace, who seemed to be showing them round. We followed in behind, half a dozen or more of us, scuffling our dusty bare feet on the splintery floor between the aisles of racked-up coats. In the rear was Willie Richey, limping along on one toe and one heel. Willie Richey always had at least one stone bruise left over from the stone-bruise season, and sometimes two.

They went clear back to the end of the store where the office was and the stove, but we, holding our distance, halted by the counter where they kept the gift suspenders and neckties—Thurston Brothers gave a pair of suspenders or a necktie with every suit, the choice being left to the customer and depending on whether in his nature the utilitarian or the decorative instinct was in the ascendency. We halted there, all eyes and ears and wriggling young bodies. The proprietors advanced and some of the clerks, and Van Wallace introduced the visitors to Mr. Howard Thurston and to Mr. Ike Thurston, his brother. Mr. Howard said, "Pleased to meetcher," with professional warmth, while Mr. Ike murmured, "Didn't catch the name?" inquiringly, such being the invariable formula of these two on meeting strangers. Cigars were passed round freely by D. C. Davello. He must have carried a pocketful of cigars, for he had more of them for some of the business men who came dropping in as if by chance. All of a sudden Van Wallace, noting how the group had grown, said it would be nice if the professor would show us what he could do. D. C. Davello said it wasn't customary for Daniel the Mystic to vulgarize his art by giving impromptu demonstrations, but perhaps he would make an exception just for this once. He spoke to Daniel the Mystic who was sitting silently in the Messrs. Thurston's swivel office-chair with his face in his hands—the poster likeness was vindicated at last—and after a little arguing he got up and looked all about him slowly and in silence. His eye fell on the little huddle of small boys by the necktie counter and he said sharp and quick to Jack Irons: "Come here, boy!"

Inside of an Hour We Were to Know, Too, Who Daniel the Mystic Might Be

I don't know yet how Jack Irons came to be of our company on that day; mostly Jack didn't run with us. He was sickly. He had spells and was laid up at home a good deal. He couldn't even go barefooted in summer, because if he did his legs would be broken out all over with dew poison in no time.

Jack Irons didn't belong to one of the prominent families either. He lived in a little brown house on the street that went down by the old Enders place. His mother was dead, and his sister worked in the county clerk's office and always wore black alpaca sleeves buttoned up on her forearms. His father was old Mr. Gid Irons that stayed in Scotter's hardware store. He didn't own the store, he just clerked there. Winter and summer he passed by our house four times a day, going to work in the morning and coming back at night, coming to dinner at twelve o'clock and going back at one. He was so regular that people used to say if the whistle on Langstock's planing mill ever broke down they could still set the clocks by old Mr. Gid Irons. Perhaps you have known men who were universally called old while they were yet on the up-side of middle life? Mr. Gid Irons was such a one as that.

I used to like to slip into Scotter's just to see him scooping tenpenny nails and iron bolts out of open bins and kegs with his bare hands. Digging his hands down into those rusty, scratchy things never seemed to bother him, and it was fascinating to watch him and gave you little flesh-crawling sensations. He was a silent, small man, short but very erect, and when he walked he brought his heels down very hard first. The skin of his face and of his hands and his hair and mustache were all a sort of faded pinkish red, and he nearly always had iron rust on his fingers, as though to advertise that his name was Irons.

By some boy intuition of my own I knew that he cut no wide swath in the lazy field of town life. When the veterans met at the city hall and organized their veterans' camp and named it the Gideon K. Irons Camp, it never occurred to me that they could be offering that honor to our old Mr. Gid Irons. I took it as a thing granted that there were some other Gideon Irons somewhere, one with a K in his name, a general probably, and no doubt a grand-looking man on a white horse with a plume in his hat and a sword dangling, like the steel engraving of Robert E. Lee in our parlor. Whereas our Mr. Irons was shabby and poor; he didn't even own the house he lived in.

This Jack Irons who was with us that day was his only son, and when Daniel the Mystic looked at him and called him Jack stepped out from our midst and went toward him, his feet dragging a little and moving as if some one had him by the shoulders leading him forward. His thin arms dangled at his sides. He went on until he was close up to Daniel the Mystic. The man threw up one hand and snapped out "Stop," as though he were teaching tricks to a dog, and Jack flinched and dodged. He stopped though, with red spots coming and going in the cheeks as though under the stoking of a blowpipe, and he breathed in sharp puffs that pulled his nostrils almost shut. Standing so, he looked as poor and weak and futile as a sprig of bleached celery, as a tow string, as a limp rag, as anything helpless and spineless that you had a mind to think of. The picture of him has hung in my mind ever since. Even now I recall how his meager frame quivered as Daniel the Mystic stooped until his eyes were on a level with Jack's eyes, and said something to Jack over and over again in a half-whisper.

Suddenly his hands shot out and he began making slow stroking motions downward before Jack's face, with his fingers outstretched as though he were combing apart hanks of invisible yarn. Next with a quick motion he rubbed Jack's eyelids closed, and massaged his temples with his thumbs, and then stepped back.

There stood Jack Irons with his eyes shut, fast asleep. He was still on his feet, bolt upright, but fast asleep—that was the marvel of it—with his hands at his side and the flushed color all gone from his cheeks. It scared us pretty badly, us boys. I think some of the grown men were a little bit scared too. We were glad that none of us had been singled out for this, and yet envious of Jack and his sudden elevation to prominence and the center of things.

Daniel the Mystic seemed satisfied. He mopped drops of sweat off his face. He forked two fingers and darted them like a snake's tongue at Jack, and Jack, still asleep, obeyed them, as if he had been steel and they the two horns of a magnetic horseshoe. He swayed back and forth, and then Daniel the Mystic gave a sharp shove at the air with the palms of both hands—and Jack fell backward as though he had been hit.

But he didn't fall as a boy would, doubling up and giving in. He fell stiff, like a board, without a bend in him anywhere. Daniel the Mystic leaped forward and caught him before he struck, and eased him down flat on his back and folded his arms up across his breast, and that made him look like dead.

More wonders were coming. Daniel the Mystic and D. C. Davello hauled two wooden chairs up close together and placed them facing each other; then lifting Jack, still rigid and frozen, they put his head on the seat of one chair and his heels on the seat of the other and stepped back and left him suspended there in a bridge. We voiced our astonishment in an anthem of gasps and overlapping exclamations. Not one of us in that town, boy or man, had ever seen a person in hypnotic catalepsy.

Before we had had time enough to take this marvel all in, Daniel the Mystic put his foot on Jack and stepped right up on his stomach, balancing himself and teetering gently above all our heads. He was tall and must have been heavy; for Jack's body bent and swayed under the weight, yet held it up in the fashion of a hickory springboard. Some of the men jumped up then and seemed about to interfere. Old Mr. Howard Thurston's face was red and he sputtered, but before he could get the words out Daniel the Mystic was saying soothingly:

"Be not alarmed, friends. The subject is in no danger. The subject feels no pain and will suffer no injury."

"Just the same, Meester, you get down off that little boy," ordered Mr. Thurston. "And you please wake him up right away. I don't care much to see things done like that."

"As you say," said Daniel the Mystic easily, smiling all round him at the ring of our startled faces. "I merely wished to give you a small demonstration of my powers. And, believe me, the subject feels no pain whatsoever."

He stepped off of him, though, and Jack's body came up straight and flat again. They lifted him off the chairs and straightened him up, and Daniel the Mystic made one or two rapid passes in front of his face. Jack opened his eyes and began to cry weakly. One of the clerks brought him a drink, but he couldn't swallow it for sobbing, and only blubbered up the water when Mr. Thurston held the glass to his lips. Van Wallace, who looked a little frightened and uneasy himself, gave two of the boys a nickel apiece and told us we had better get Jack home.

Jack could walk all right, with one of us upon either side of him, but he was crying too hard to answer the questions we put to him, we desiring exceedingly to know how he felt and if he knew anything while he was asleep. Just as we got him to his own gate he gasped out, "Oh, fellows, I'm sick!" and collapsed bodily at our feet, hiccoughing and moaning. His sister met us at the door as we lugged Jack in by his arms and legs. Even at home she had her black alpaca sleeves buttoned up to her elbows. I think she must have slept in them. We told her what had happened or tried to tell her, all of us talking at once, and she made us lay Jack on a little rickety sofa in their parlor—there was a sewing machine in there, too, I noticed—and as we were coming away we saw a negro girl who worked for them running across the street to Tillman & Son's grocery where there was a telephone that the whole neighborhood used.

When I got home it was suppertime and the family were at the table. My sister said somebody must be sick down past the old Enders place, because she had seen Doctor Lake driving out that way as fast as his horse would take him. But I listened with only half an ear, being mentally engaged elsewhere. I was wondering how I was going to

get my berry-picking money out of a nailed-up cigar-box savings bank without attracting too much attention on the part of other members of the family. I had been saving up that money hoping to amass seventy-five cents, which was the lowest cash price for Tom Birch's tame flying squirrel, a pet thing that would stay in your pocket all day and not bite you unless you tried to drag him out; but now I had a better purpose in view for my accumulated funds. If it took the last cent I meant to be in St. Clair Hall that night.

There was no balcony in St. Clair Hall, but only a sort of little hanging coop up above where the darkies sat, and the fifteen-cent seats were the two back rows of seats on the main floor. These were very handy to the door but likely to be overly warm on cold nights, when the two big, pear-shaped stoves would be red hot, with the live coals showing through the cracks in their bases like broad grins on the faces of apoplectic twins. The varnish on the back of the seats would boil and bubble visibly then and the scorching wood grow so hot you couldn't touch your bare hand to it, and a fine, rich, turpentiny smell would fill the air.

Being the first of the boys to arrive I secured the coveted corner seat from which you had a splendid view of the stage, only slightly obscured by one large wooden post painted a pale sick blue. D. C. Davello was at the door taking tickets, along with Sid Farrell, who ran St. Clair Hall. It kept both of them pretty busy, because there were men paying their way in whom I had never seen there at all except when the Democrats had their rally just before election, or when the ladies were holding memorial services on President Jefferson Davis' birthday—men like old Judge Priest, the circuit-court judge, and Major Joe Sam Covington, who owned the big tan yard, and Captain Howell, the bookdealer, and Mr. Howard Thurston, and Doctor Lake, and a lot of others. Most of them took seats well down in front, I supposing that the educational and scientific features of the promised entertainment had drawn them together.

The curtain was cracked through in places and had a peephole in the middle, with black smudges round it like a bruised eye. It had a painting on it showing a street full of back-water clean up to the houses, and some elegant ladies and gentlemen in fancy-dress costumes coming down the stone steps of a large building like a county courthouse and getting into a couple of funny-looking skiffs. I seem to have heard somewhere that this represented a street scene in Venice, but up until the time St. Clair Hall burned down I know that I considered it to be a picture of some other, larger town than ours during a spring rise in the river, the same as we had it every March. All round the inundated district were dirty white squares containing the lettered cards of business houses—Doctor Cupps, the dentist, and Anspach, the Old-Established Hatter—which never varied from year to year, even when an advertiser died or went out of business. We boys knew these signs by heart.

But to pass the time of waiting we read them over and over again, until the curtain rolled up disclosing the palace scene, with a double row of chairs across the stage in half-moon formation, and down in front, where the villains died at regular shows, a table with a water pitcher on it. Daniel the Mystic came out of the wings and bowed, and there was a thin splashing of hand-clapping, mostly from the rear seats, with Sid Farrell and D. C. Davello furnishing lustier sounds of applause. First off Daniel the Mystic made a short speech full of large, difficult words. We boys wriggled during it, being anxious for action. We had it soon. D. C. Davello mounted the stage and he and Daniel the Mystic brought into view a thing they called a cabinet, but which looked to us like a box frame with black calico curtains nailed on it. When they got this placed to their satisfaction, Daniel the Mystic, smiling in a friendly way, asked that a committee of local citizens kindly step up and see that no fraud or deception was practiced in what was about to follow. I was surprised to see Doctor Lake and Mr. Howard Thurston rise promptly at the invitation and go up on the stage, where they watched closely while D. C. Davello tied Daniel the Mystic's hands behind him with white ropes, and then meshed him to a chair inside the cabinet with so many knottings and snarlings of the twisted bonds that he looked like some long, black creature helplessly caught in a net. This done, the two watchers slipped into chairs at opposite ends of the half-moon formation. D. C. Davello laid a tambourine, a banjo and a dinner bell on the bound man's knees and whipped the calico draperies to. Instantly the bell rang, the banjo was thrummed and the tambourine rattled giddily, and white hands flashed above the shielding draperies. But when the manager cried out and jerked the curtains back, there sat the Mystic one still a prisoner, tied up all hard and fast. We applauded then like everything.

The manager unroped him and went back to his place by the door, and after Daniel the Mystic had chafed his wrists where the red marks of the cords showed he came down a sort of little wooden runway into the audience, and standing in the aisle said something about now giving a demonstration of something. I caught the words occultism and spiritualism, both strangers to my understanding up to that time. He put his hands across his eyes for a moment, with his head thrown back, and then he walked up the aisle four or five steps hesitating and faltering, and finally halted right alongside of Mr. Morton Harrison, the market master.

"I seem," he said slowly, in a deep, solemn voice, "to see a dim shape of a young man hovering here. I get the name of Claude—no, no, it is Clyde. Clyde would tell you," his voice sank lower and quavered effectively—"Clyde says to tell you that he is very happy over there—he says you must not worry about a certain matter that is now worrying you for it will all turn out for the best—and you will be happy. And now Clyde seems to be fading away. Clyde is gone!"

We didn't clap our hands at that—it would have been too much like clapping hands at a funeral—because we knew it must be Clyde Harrison, who had got drowned not two months before trying to save a little girl that fell overboard off the wharfboat. Just a day or two before there had been a piece in the paper telling about the public fund that was being raised to put a monument over Clyde's grave.

So we couldn't applaud that, wonderful as it was, and we shivered in a fearsome, wholly delightful anticipation and sat back and waited for more spirits to come. But seemingly there weren't any more spirits about just then, and after a little Daniel the Mystic returned to the stage and announced that we would now have the crowning achievement of the evening's entertainment—a scientific exhibition of the new and awe-inspiring art of mesmerism in all its various branches.

"For this," he stated impressively, "I desire the aid of volunteers from the audience, promising them that I will do them no harm, but on the contrary will do them much good. I want fellow townspeople of yours for this—gentlemen in whom you all have confidence and respect. I insist only upon one thing—that they shall be one and all total strangers to me."

He advanced to the tin trough of the flickering gas footlights and smiled out over them at us.

"Who among you will come forward now? Come!"

Before any one else could move, two young fellows got up from seats in different parts of the hall and went up the little runway. We had never seen either of them before, which seemed a strange thing, for we boys kept a sharp eye upon those who came and went. They were both of them tall and terribly thin, with lank hair and listless eyes, and they moved as though their hip joints were rusty and hurt them. But I have seen the likes of them often since then—lying in a trance in a show window, with the covers puckered close up under the drawn face. I have peered down a wooden chute to see such a one slumbering in his coffin underground for a twenty-four or forty-eight-hour test. But these were the first of the tribe our town had encountered.

On their lagging heels followed two that I did know. One was the lumpish youth who helped Riley Putnam put up showbills and the other was Buddy Grogan, who worked in Sid Farrell's livery stable. Both of them were grinning sheepishly and falling over their own feet. And following right behind them in turn came a shabby little man who had iron rust on his clothes, and walked all reared back, bringing his heels down hard with thumps at every step. It was old Mr. Gid Irons. We gaped at him.

I had never seen Mr. Gid Irons at St. Clair Hall before, none of us had; and in our limited capacities we were by way of being consistent patrons of the drama. In a flash it came over me that Jack must have told his father what a wonderful sensation it was to be put to sleep standing up on your feet, and that his father had come to see for himself how it felt. I judged that others besides us were surprised. There was a burring little stir, and some of the audience got up and edged down closer to the front.

Mr. Gid Irons went on up the little runway and took a seat near one end of the half-moon of chairs. Where he sat the blowy glare of one of the gas footlights flickered up in his face and we could see that it seemed redder than common, and his eyes were drawn together so close that only little slits of them showed under his sandy, red-gray, bushy eyebrows. But that might have been the effect of the gaslight at his feet. You could tell though that Daniel the Mystic was puzzled and perplexed, startled almost, by the appearance of this middle-aged person among his volunteers. He kept eying him furtively with a worried line between his eyes as he made a round of the other four, shaking hands elaborately with each and bending to find out the names. He came to Mr. Irons last.

"And what is the name of this friend?" he asked in his grand, deep voice.

Mr. Irons didn't answer a word. He stood up, just so, and hauled off and hit Daniel the Mystic in the face. Daniel the Mystic said "Ouch!" in a loud, pained tone of voice, and fell backward over a chair and sat down hard right in the middle of the stage. George Muller, the town wit, declared afterward that he was looking right at Daniel the Mystic, and that Daniel the Mystic sat down so hard it parted his hair in the middle.

I heard somebody behind me make a choking outcry and turned to see D. C. Davello just bursting in upon us, with shock and surprise spreading all over his face. But just at that precise moment Fatty McManus, who was the biggest man in town, jumped up with an awkward clatter of his feet and stumbled and fell right into D. C. Davello, throwing his mighty arms about him as he did so. Locked together they rolled backward out of the door, and with a subconscious sense located somewhere in the back part of

(Concluded on Page 50)

"Be Not Alarmed, Friends. The Subject is in No Danger"

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

Fabricated Defenses—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

The Man Had Been Dragged Upon the Ground for Some Distance

For with the true all things that exist are in harmony; but with the false the true at once disagrees.—ARISTOTLE.

STARKIE said that it was impossible to construct a false consistency of circumstances beyond a very limited extent. Nevertheless, this is one of the truths that criminals, in spite of all human experience, have never learned.

Given a certain fixed series of physical events, it seems to the average man comparatively easy to construct an explanation that will fit into and be supported by these events. The fact is that nothing is more difficult.

Every natural event is so dovetailed into other events that precede and follow—it is so delicately fitted into the intricate machinery of human affairs—that no human intelligence can, in fact, make that exquisite adjustment. If one carefully examines any natural event he will presently realize that if an intelligence placed it there then that intelligence must necessarily have known everything that preceded and everything that followed this event with an infinite sweep of comprehension.

On the other hand, if one examines an event arbitrarily created by a human agent or an explanation or a theory arbitrarily created to explain a certain sequence of events, he will presently realize a certain limitation and he will presently see that there were certain things that the author of this event knew and certain other things that he did not know.

The Way It Really Happened

NOW in spite of our egotism it is certain that the human mind has only a feeble conception of all the intricate relations of one event to another, and no intelligence has so far arisen of a sufficient capacity to create a false piece of so perfect a contour that it will perfectly fit along all of its lines into the natural order of events.

One has only to examine the cases in which persons have undertaken to exculpate themselves by fabricated defenses, in order to see how quickly the average man fails to make his story coincide with physical evidence.

In the case of the State vs. Anderson (1 S. E. R. 335) the prisoner declared that he had killed the decedent in self-defense. There had been a fight in a room; the decedent attacked him, firing on him with a pistol, and as he could not escape and to defend his life the prisoner said that he had finally succeeded in killing the decedent with a shot-gun. But the story was immediately shown to be false, because an examination of the room showed no bullet-hole anywhere in it and as there were no wounds on the prisoner, the bullets said to have been fired from the decedent's pistol could not have vanished into the air.

In the case of the State vs. Turlington (15 S. E. R. 141) John S. Turlington, alias William E. West, was indicted for the killing of Thomas C. Cramer. Turlington said that he did not intend to shoot Cramer. His story ran as follows:

"On the evening that Cramer was shot the dishes were being taken out, the door was open, and I stepped outside the door with my pistol under my coat. . . . I said: 'I am going away from here,' and when I said that he pulled his gun and fired, and when his gun flashed in my face I turned to run and fell. I stumbled and fell down, and when I fell my pistol went off. I was so excited I did not know whether I was looking at him or not when my pistol went off; and he fired again. I really do not know whether he fired more than once after that or not. I was so excited . . . I did not fire off my pistol intentionally."

On his examination he was asked: "What position were you in when you fired?"

He answered: "I was down on my hands and knees. I fell down, my gun went off accidentally."

It was shown in the post-mortem examination that the ball that had been fired went through the decedent's body in nearly a horizontal direction, ranging a little downward.

The Court said: "It would have been a physical impossibility for the defendant, while on his hands and knees, to have inflicted the wound described by the physicians. The hand that held the pistol must have been at least as high as the wound inflicted; he must have fired before he fell. Defendant cannot be believed when contradicted by the physical facts. Neither courts nor juries should be required to base their actions or beliefs on physical impossibilities."

In the case of the State vs. Detmer (27 S. E. R. 1117) the prisoner testified that, while playing pool in Dick Porter's saloon in the city of St. Joseph, Missouri, one Frank Breeze was about to throw a pool ball at him and to defend himself he shot Breeze. The Court said:

"The prisoner is contradicted by the physical facts in the case—to wit, . . . that no man was ever known to attempt to throw at another while looking at him over his left shoulder, or by turning away his head from him at the very instant he was attempting to throw at him. When witnesses attempt to establish certain theories by their testimony they must first look to it well that their testimony must not go counter to the physical facts in the case, for, if it does, neither courts nor juries are required to stultify themselves by disbelieving the immutable physical facts in the case."

Sometimes the ingenuity of the criminal is so taxed by the intricacy of these physical facts that a story made to fit becomes on its face an absurdity.

A striking instance is that of the State vs. Rainbarger (74 Iowa 197). Here Rainbarger was charged with the killing of Enoch Johnson. The facts were as follows: The decedent was seen driving in a buggy on the night when last known to be living; he was later found dead, his body being some distance from the buggy and showing death as a result of violence. A wheel and other parts of the buggy were broken. The indications showed that the man had been dragged upon the ground for some distance, the lines broken from the harness were fastened to one of his legs and there was blood on the horse.

The theory of Rainbarger's defense was that while Johnson was driving he had met with an accident that had broken the buggy; that in this accident he had sustained some injury causing blood to flow; that he had got out of the buggy, arranged the harness on the horse, unbuckled the lines from the bits, looped them up, using them to assist him in the support of his feet as stirrups, and mounted the horse. The horse subsequently became frightened, ran away and threw him; thereby his leg became entangled and fastened in the lines and by them he was dragged to the place where he was found. According to Rainbarger's theory the injuries on his head, which were the cause of his death, were inflicted by the horse's feet

But the defendant might have spared himself the labor of constructing this involved explanation, as there was found in the buggy a bitters bottle that was afterward identified as being one sold to Rainbarger.

Telltale Wounds

SOMETIMES the thing that discredits the prisoner's story is an unexpected break in a usual routine. In the case of Gay vs. the State (49 S. W. R. 612) the prisoner was charged with having made away with his partner Charles Lindeman. The evidence for the state was that he and Lindeman had formed a partnership for the purpose of dealing in cattle. On the twenty-fifth of August the two men came to Kyle, in Hays County, Texas. Lindeman drew a considerable sum of money out of the bank, and it was said that the intention of the two men was to go to San Marcos and deposit their money in a bank there, which was believed to be safer than the one in Kyle. They were seen together on that evening twelve or fourteen miles from Kyle in a bushy, mountainous region. No one ever saw Lindeman after that. On Friday morning, the twenty-eighth of August, Gay was seen about daylight in Buda, a little station on the International and Great Northern Railway. He was riding one horse and leading another. He said that he had brought Lindeman to Buda to take the train there. But as it was afterward shown, on this morning the train did not stop at Buda!

It Was Shown That This Clock Had Not Been Running For Years

Perhaps the greatest difficulty with which the criminal agent has to contend when he comes to establish a false defense is to explain the cause of the injuries found on himself or the decedent. The medical authorities have pointed out that self inflicted wounds, except in the cases of suicides, are usually trivial and superficial, while the symptoms that the criminal declares accompany these injuries are usually out of all proportion to the cause. Take for illustration the case of the State vs. Tettaton (159 Mo. 354).

About nine o'clock on the twenty-sixth of April, 1899, a house was discovered to be on fire. When the neighbors were able to reach it the fire had gained such headway that no entrance was possible. Tettaton was found lying outside, wounded, bleeding and unconscious. The inmates of the house had been killed.

When Tettaton finally returned to consciousness he said that he had gone to this house in the evening for the purpose of paying a sum of money he owed; that he had made the payment and intended to remain with the family that night. About nine o'clock two men wearing masks entered the room; they demanded money; the inmates of the house attempted to escape and were shot.

Tettaton said that he put his pistol on a bed in one of the rooms; that he had taken the cartridges out of it and put them in his vest pocket, as he feared the children might explode the pistol. He now explained that when the robbers entered he endeavored to jump through the west window of the room to get into the south room where he had left the pistol; that he was struck over the head with a gun by one of the robbers. While he lay outside he heard shooting in the house. He got up and staggered to the east side of the house and fell; he got up and was hit again.

But the physicians who examined him immediately pointed out that the wound on his head had been made with a knife. They declared that it would have been impossible for Tettaton to have been cut in the head by any person other than himself, because the wound commenced at the back part and ran around over the top of his head to the forehead; and that it was certain the knife had entered the back part first as the wound was deeper there than toward the front. In fact, it was exactly the sort of wound that one would inflict on himself.

Right-Handed Evidence

A FURTHER fact confirmed the theory that Tettaton had gone to the place and murdered the inmates, after having compelled them to give him a receipt for his debt. No cartridges were found in his vest pockets when he was picked up, and there was found a receipt for the money folded up in his pocket and on the inside of this folded paper was a telltale bloodstain.

It is perhaps worth while to remember some things that the medical authorities have particularly called attention to: namely, that self-inflicted injuries are usually on the left side of the body, because most people are right-handed. One who cuts his own throat will begin with a strong, heavy incision on the left side, but pain and faintness cause the pressure on the knife to relax and the wound tails off on the right side. Also, one who is attacked by an assassin usually makes some effort to seize the knife and thereby is almost always certain to be cut on the hands, while the man who inflicts wounds on himself is never so injured.

"Fraud may at times be detected by noticing the discrepancy between the injury and the assigned cause. The soldier who says his fingers were blown off by a gun and whose stumps are, nevertheless, evidently severed by some sharp instrument, is open to grave suspicion. In gunshot injuries the presence of powder-stains, burns or scorched clothing would prove the falsehood of the statement that the injury was inflicted by some one at a distance; although individuals have been known to wrap a cloth about the part before shooting themselves. It should be noticed whether the bullet fits the patient's own weapon or not. If the pretender be requested to place himself in the position in which he was when injured he is often unable to do so. It is a curious and confused fact that should be remembered, however, that when the barrel of the firearm, at least of small caliber, is held very close to the body the bullet may not penetrate the skin at all, or at least the damage may be greatly lessened."*

Schuelke destroyed a prisoner's explanation in a case by showing that the hammer of the prisoner's revolver had a certain slight dent and that this defect was imprinted on the exploded shell. The direction in which grains of powder are driven into the skin is sometimes sufficient to prove the direction the weapon was pointing when it was fired. The obliquity of the wound may show from what direction the ball came, or this may be shown by projecting splinters of bone or fiber dragged along the course of the bullet. It has been shown that one may tell by the examination of a hole in a pane of glass whether the bullet was fired from without or from within the room. [Ibid.]

*[Text Book of Legal Medicine.]

Doctor Work reports a case where the decedent was found dead in bed, a bullet having passed directly through the head and entered the floor directly under the place where the bed stood. The prisoner said that the shot had been accidental, from the falling of a revolver from a trunk. But the face of the decedent was thickly tattooed with powder-stains, except over the lower part of it. How could this have happened unless the decedent, when about to be shot, had undertaken to protect the face with the hands? The backs of the hands were tattooed with powder-stains and the prisoner was convicted.

Another very remarkable case is reported by Draper.

There Had Been a Fight in a Room

A person was assassinated; the prisoner was arrested near the place of the homicide. A long knife was found on the prisoner; this knife was examined, but nothing was found except a few small hairs adhering to the handle and scarcely to be seen. When attention was called to these hairs the prisoner said:

"Yes, I dare say there is hair on the knife, for as I came home I found a rabbit caught in a snare and I cut its throat with my knife."

This knife was sent to an expert in microscopy. The expert was not given a history of the case; he was absolutely without any knowledge of the facts, and was required to say what were the origin and identity of the hairs. The expert, after he had made his examination, reported that they were squirrel hairs.

This report seemed to leave the case involved in still greater mystery, until it was presently determined that the person who had been assassinated had worn a garment trimmed with squirrel skin.

In the case of Reg. vs. Watson (cited by Doctor Taylor) the prisoner had killed a man by the name of Ranol, and had placed his body across the railroad track, intending that it should be struck by the train and the case should thereby have the appearance of an accident. But it happened that on this night the train then due was late and the body of the man was found. The house of the prisoner was searched and an iron rake picked up. In the teeth of this rake Doctor Taylor discovered some substance that had been burned; this substance had the smell of burned shellac and upon a careful microscopic examination it showed traces of rabbit hair. Now when the body of the man on the railroad track was discovered all his clothing was intact except that no hat could be found. Doctor Taylor concluded that the thing that had been burned was the decedent's hat. He obtained a hat similar to the one the dead man was known to have worn, burned it and obtained a result similar to that found on the rake.

It is not always by some single striking fact that a fabricated defense is exposed. The criminal's defense frequently shows that he has used a certain care of selection in putting together the essential features of his defense. As, for instance, in the case of the People vs. Larned (7 N. Y. 449).

In this case the Otsego County Bank, in the village of Cooperstown, was entered and robbed of thirty thousand dollars on the twenty-ninth of December, 1850. The prisoner was said to have been seen near the place of the robbery at the time. Burglar tools were found near his mother's house some two hundred miles from the place of the robbery, and he was arrested.

Caught by the Clock

HE ENDEAVORED to prove an alibi. He called three witnesses, and by these witnesses, if their testimony was to be believed, the alibi was established. But when the Court came to inquire into the residence of these witnesses it appeared that they had been selected from over a considerable territory. The first witness, Lamb, lived a mile from the home of the prisoner; the second, Ransom, three miles; and the third, Bacon, twelve miles. The query instantly arose why, if the prisoner, as he said, was at his mother's house, he did not call his mother, the domestics in the house and the immediate neighbors as witnesses, rather than these three particular persons?

The trial judge said:

"It is undoubtedly true the defense of an alibi is not infrequently the felon's plea; when a prisoner finds himself surrounded with facts and circumstances which threaten to overwhelm him and establish his guilt he not infrequently resorts to this defense. . . . An eminent English Judge said that in his opinion more perjury had been committed in defenses of this description than in all other defenses interposed in criminal trials. In defenses of this character time is an important element, and in fabricated defenses which are to be sustained by perjury the witnesses generally have some memorandum, entry or other fact by which they fix with certainty the date."

One recalls the case where the witness, in endeavoring to sustain an alibi, fixed the time by saying that he looked at his watch and was able to see it by the light of the moon, when it was shown that on that particular night there was no moon.

In another case of similar character it was the prisoner who declared that he was in a certain saloon and fixed the time by looking at the clock there, and it was shown that this clock had not been running for years.

So consistent and so intimately related is one event to another, that when the criminal agent undertakes to construct a theory that will move harmoniously with these events and indicate something other than the truth he will inevitably fail.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The fourth will be printed in an early issue.

THE JOKERS OF NEW GIBBON

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ASHLEY

I'M ALMOST afraid to take you in to New Gibbon," David Grief said. "It wasn't until you and the British gave me a free hand and let the place alone that any results were accomplished."

Wallenstein, the German Resident Commissioner from Bougainville, poured himself a long Scotch and soda and smiled.

"We take off our hats to you, Mr. Grief," he said in perfectly good English. "What you have done on the devil island is a miracle. And we shall continue not to interfere. It *is* a devil island, and old Koho is the big chief devil of them all. We never could bring him to terms. He is a liar, and he is no fool. He is a black Napoleon, a head-hunting, man-eating Talleyrand. I remember six years ago, when I landed there in the British cruiser. The niggers cleared out for the bush, of course, but we found several who couldn't get away. One was his latest wife. She had been hung up by one arm in the sun for two days and nights. We cut her down, but she died just the same. And staked out in the fresh running water, up to their necks, were three more women. All their bones were broken and their joints crushed. The process is supposed to make them tender for the eating. They were still alive. Their vitality was remarkable. One woman, the oldest, lingered nearly ten days. Well, that was a sample of Koho's diet. No wonder he's a wild beast. How you ever pacified him is our everlasting puzzlement."

"I wouldn't call him pacified," Grief answered; "though he comes in once in a while and eats out of the hand."

"That's more than we accomplished with our cruisers. Neither the Germans nor the English ever laid eyes on him. You were the first."

"No; McTavish was the first," Grief disclaimed.

"Ah, yes, I remember him—the little dried-up Scotchman." Wallenstein sipped his whisky. "He's called the Trouble-Mender, isn't he?"

Grief nodded.

"And they say the screw you pay him is bigger than mine or the British Resident's?"

"I'm afraid it is," Grief admitted. "You see, and no offense, he's really worth it. He spends his time wherever the trouble is. He is a wizard. He's the one who got me my lodgment on New Gibbon. He's down on Malaita now, starting a plantation for me."

"The first?"

"There's not even a trading station on all Malaita. The recruiters still use covering boats and carry the old barbed wire above their rails. There's the plantation now. We'll be in in half an hour." He handed the binoculars to his guest. "Those are the boat sheds to the left of the bungalow. Beyond are the barracks. And to the right are the copra sheds. We dry quite a bit already. Old Koho's getting civilized enough to make his people bring in the nuts. There's the mouth of the stream where you found the three women."

The Wonder, wing-and-wing, was headed directly in for the anchorage. She rose and fell lazily over a glassy swell flawed here and there by catspaws from astern. It was the tailend of the monsoon season, and the air was heavy and sticky with tropic moisture, the sky a florid, leaden muss of formless clouds. The rugged land was swathed with cloud banks and squall wreaths, through which headlands and interior peaks thrust darkly. On one promontory a slant of sunshine blazed torridly, on another scarcely a mile away a squall was bursting in furious downpour of driving rain.

This was the dank, fat, savage island of New Gibbon, lying fifty miles to leeward of Choiseul. Geographically, it belonged to the Solomon group. Politically, the dividing line of German and British influence cut it in halves, hence the joint control by the two resident commissioners. In the case of New Gibbon this control existed only on paper in the colonial offices of the two countries. There was no real control of the island at all, and never had been.

The *bêche de mer* fishermen of the old days had passed it by. The sandalwood traders, after stern experiences, had given it up. The blackbirders had not succeeded in recruiting one laborer on the island and, after the schooner Dorset had been cut off with all hands, they left the place severely alone. Later a German company had attempted a cocoanut plantation, which was abandoned after several managers and a number of contract laborers had lost their heads. German cruisers and British cruisers had failed to get the savage blacks to listen to reason. Four times the missionary societies had essayed the peaceful conquest of the island, and four times, between sickness and massacre, they had been driven away. More cruisers, more pacifications had followed, and followed fruitlessly. The cannibals had always retreated into the bush and laughed at the screaming shells. When the warships left it was an easy matter to rebuild the burned grass-houses and set up the ovens in the old-fashioned way.

New Gibbon was a large island, fully one hundred and fifty miles long and half as broad. Its windward coast was ironbound, without anchorages or inlets, and it was inhabited by scores of warring tribes—at least it had been until Koho had arisen, like a Kamehameha, and by force of arms and considerable statecraft firmly welded the greater portion of the tribes into a confederation. His policy of permitting no intercourse with white men had been eminently right, as far as survival of his own people was concerned; and after the visit of the last cruiser he had had his way until David Grief and McTavish the Trouble-Mender landed on the deserted beach where once had stood the German bungalow and barracks and the various English mission houses.

There followed wars, false peaces, and more wars. The weazened little Scotchman could make trouble as well as mend it, and, not content with holding the beach, he imported bushmen from Malaita and invaded the wildpig runs of the interior jungle. He burned villages until Koho wearied of rebuilding them, and when he captured Koho's eldest son he compelled a conference with the old chief. It was then that McTavish laid down the rate of head-exchange. For each head of his own people he promised to take ten of Koho's. After Koho had learned that the Scotchman was a man of his word, the first true peace was made. In the meantime McTavish had built the bungalow and barracks, cleared the jungle land along the beach, and laid out the plantation. After that he had gone on his way to mend trouble on the atoll of Tasman, where a plague of black measles had broken out and been ascribed by the devil-devil doctors to Grief's plantation. Once, a year later, he had been called back again to straighten up New Gibbon; and Koho, after paying a forced fine of two hundred thousand cocoanuts, decided it was cheaper to keep the peace and sell the nuts. Also, the fires of his youth had burned down. He was getting old and limped of one leg where a bullet had perforated the calf.

A Fearful, Wheezing, Propulsive, Strangling Cough

II

"I KNEW a chap in Hawaii," Grief said, "superintendent of a sugar plantation, who used a hammer and a ten-penny nail."

They were sitting on the broad bungalow veranda and watching Worth, the manager of New Gibbon, doctoring the sick squad. They were New Georgia boys, a dozen of them, and the one with the aching tooth had been put back to the last. Worth had just failed in his first attempt. He wiped the sweat from his forehead with one hand and waved the forceps with the other.

"And broke more than one jaw," he asserted grimly.

Grief shook his head. Wallenstein smiled and elevated his brows.

"He said not, at any rate," Grief qualified. "He assured me, furthermore, that he always succeeded on the first trial."

"I saw it done when I was second mate on a limejuicer," Captain Ward spoke up. "The old man used a calking mallet and a steel marlinspike. He took the tooth out with the first stroke, too, clean as a whistle."

"Me for the forceps," Worth muttered grimly, inserting his own pair in the mouth of the black. As he pulled the man groaned and rose in the air. "Lend a hand somebody and hold him down," the manager appealed.

Grief and Wallenstein, on either side, gripped the black and held him. And he, in turn, struggled against them and clenched his teeth on the forceps. The group swayed back and forth. Such exertion, in the stagnant heat, brought the sweat out on all of them. The black sweated too, but his was the sweat of excruciating pain. The chair on which he sat was overturned. Captain Ward paused in the act of pouring himself a drink, and called encouragement. Worth pleaded with his assistants to hang on, and hung on himself, twisting the tooth till it crackled and then attempting a straightaway pull.

Nor did any of them notice the little black man who limped up the steps and stood looking on. Koho was a conservative. His fathers before him had worn no clothes, and neither did he, not even a gee-string. The many empty perforations in nose and lips and ears told of decorative passions long since dead. The holes in both ear lobes had been torn out, but their size was attested by the strips of withered flesh that hung down and swept his shoulders. He cared now only for utility, and in one of the half dozen minor holes in his right ear he carried a short clay pipe. Around his waist was buckled a cheap trade belt, and between the imitation leather and the naked skin was thrust the naked blade of a long knife. Suspended from the belt was his bamboo betel-nut and lime box. In his hand was a short-barreled, large-bore rifle. He was indescribably filthy, and here and there marred by scars, the worst being the one left by the bullet which had withered the calf to half the size of its mate. His shrunken mouth showed that few teeth were left to serve him. Face and body were shrunken, but his black, beadlike eyes, small and close together, were very bright, withal they were restless and querulous and more like a monkey's than a man's.

He looked on, grinning like a shrewd little ape. His joy in the torment of the patient was natural, for the world he lived in was a world of pain. He had endured his share of it and inflicted far more than his share on others. When the tooth parted from its locked hold in the jaw and the forceps raked across the other teeth and out of the mouth with a nerve-rasping sound, old Koho's eyes fairly sparkled and he looked with glee at the poor black collapsed on the veranda floor and groaning terribly as he held his head in both his hands.

Grief and Wallenstein, on Either Side, Gripped the Black and Held Him

"I think he's going to faint," Grief said, bending over the victim. "Captain Ward, give him a drink, please. You'd better take one yourself, Worth; you're shaking like a leaf."

"And I think I'll take one," said Wallenstein, wiping the sweat from his face. His eye caught the shadow of Koho on the floor and followed it up to the old chief himself. "Hello, who's this?"

"Hello, Koho," Grief said genially, though he knew better than to offer to shake hands.

It was one of Koho's *tambos*, given him by the devil-devil doctors when he was born, that never was his flesh to come in contact with the flesh of a white man. Worth and Captain Ward, of the Wonder, greeted Koho, but Worth frowned at sight of the rifle, for it was one of his *tambos* that no visiting bushman should carry a weapon on the plantation. Rifles had a nasty way of going off at the hip under such circumstances. The manager clapped his hands, and a black house boy, recruited from San Cristobal, came running. At a sign from Worth he took the rifle from the visitor's hand and carried it inside the bungalow.

"Koho," Grief said, introducing the German Resident, "this big fella marster belong Bougainville—my word, big fella marster too much."

Koho, remembering the visits of the various German cruisers, smiled with a light of unpleasant reminiscence in his eyes.

"Don't shake hands with him, Wallenstein," Grief warned. "*Tambo*, you know." Then to Koho: "My word, you get 'm too much fat stop along you. Bime by you marry along new fella Mary, eh?"

"Too old fella me," Koho answered with a weary shake of the head. "Me no like 'm Mary. Me no like 'm *kai-kai* (food). Close up me die along altogether." He stole a significant glance at Worth, whose head was tilted back to a long glass. "Me like 'm rum." Grief shook his head.

"*Tambo* along black fella."

"He black fella no *tambo*," Koho retorted, nodding toward the groaning laborer.

"He fella sick," Grief explained.

"Me fella sick."

"You fella big liar," Grief laughed. "Rum *tambo*, all the time *tambo*. Now, Koho, we have big fella talk along this big fella marster."

And he and Wallenstein and the old chief sat down on the veranda to confer about affairs of state. Koho was complimented on the peace he had kept, and he, with many protestations of his aged decrepitude, swore peace again and everlasting. Then was discussed the matter of starting a German plantation twenty miles down the coast. The land, of course, was to be bought from Koho, and the price was arranged in terms of tobacco, knives, beads, pipes, hatchets, porpoise teeth and shell-money—in terms of everything except rum. While the talk went on, Koho, glancing through the window, could see Worth mixing medicines and placing bottles back in the medicine cupboard. Also, he saw the manager complete his labors by taking a drink of Scotch. Koho noted the bottle carefully. And, though he hung about for an hour after the conference was over, there was never a moment when some one or another was not in the room. When Grief and Worth sat down to a business talk Koho gave it up.

"Me go along schooner," he announced, then turned and limped out.

"How are the mighty fallen!" Grief laughed. "To think that used to be Koho, the fiercest red-handed murderer in the Solomons, who defied all his life two of the greatest world powers. And now he's going aboard to try and cadge Denby for a drink."

III

FOR the last time in his life the supercargo of the Wonder perpetrated a practical joke on a native. He was in the main cabin, checking off the list of goods being landed in the whaleboats, when Koho limped down the companionway and took a seat opposite him at the table.

"Close up me die along altogether," was the burden of the old chief's plaint. All the delights of this world had forsaken him. "Me no like 'm *kai-kai*. Me too much sick fella. Me close up finish." A long, sad pause, in which his face expressed unutterable concern for his stomach, which he patted gingerly and with an assumption of pain. "Belly belong me too much sick."

Another pause, which was an invitation to Denby to make suggestions. Then followed a long, weary, final sigh, and a "Me like 'm rum."

Denby laughed heartlessly. He had been cadged for drinks before by the old cannibal, and the sternest *tambo* Grief and McTavish had laid down was the one forbidding alcohol to the natives of New Gibbon.

The trouble was that Koho had acquired the taste. In his younger days he had learned the delights of drunkenness when he cut off the schooner Dorset, but unfortunately he had learned it along with all his tribesmen, and the supply had not held out long. Later, when he led his naked warriors down to the destruction of the German plantation, he was wiser, and he appropriated all the liquors for his sole use. The result had been a gorgeous mixed drunk on a dozen different sorts of drink, ranging from beer doctored with quinine to absinthe and apricot brandy. The drunk had lasted for months, and it had left him with a thirst that would remain with him until he died. Predisposed toward alcohol, after the way of savages, all the chemistry of his flesh clamored for it. This craving was to him expressed in terms of tingling and sensation, of maggots crawling warmly and deliciously in his brain, of good feeling and well being and high exaltation. And in his barren old age, when feasting was a weariness and when old hates had smouldered down, he desired more and more the revivifying fire that came liquid out of bottles out of all sorts of bottles, for he remembered them well. He would sit in the sun for hours in mournful contemplation of the great orgy that had been his when the German plantation was cleaned out.

Denby was sympathetic. He sought out the old chief's symptoms and offered him dyspepsia tablets from the medicine chest, pills, and a varied assortment of harmless tabloids and capsules. But Koho steadfastly declined. Once, when he cut the Dorset off, he had bitten through a capsule of quinine; in addition, two of his warriors had partaken of a white powder and laid down and died very violently in a very short time. No; he did not believe in drugs. But the liquids from bottles, the cool flaming youth-givers and warm-glowing dream-makers—no wonder the white men valued them so highly.

"There's the Plantation Now. We'll be In in Half an Hour"

"Rum he good fella," he repeated over and over plaintively and with the weary patience of age.

And then Denby made his mistake and played his joke. Stepping around behind Koho, he unlocked the medicine closet and took out a four-ounce bottle labeled essence of mustard. As he made believe to draw the cork and drink of the contents, in the mirror on the for'ard bulkhead he glimpsed Koho, twisted half around, intently watching him. Denby smacked his lips and cleared his throat appreciatively as he replaced the bottle. Neglecting to relock the medicine closet, he returned to his chair and, after a decent interval, went on deck. He stood beside the companionway and listened. After several moments the silence below was broken by a fearful, wheezing, propulsive, strangling cough. He smiled to himself and returned leisurely down the companionway. The bottle was back on the shelf where it belonged, and the old man sat in the same position. Denby marveled at his iron control. Mouth and lips and tongue, and all sensitive membranes, were a blaze of fire. He gasped and nearly coughed several times, while involuntary tears brimmed in his eyes and ran down his cheeks. An ordinary man would have coughed and strangled for half an hour. But old Koho's face was grimly composed. It dawned on him that a trick had been played, and into his eyes came an expression of hatred and malignancy so primitive, so abysmal, that it sent chills up and down Denby's spine. Koho arose proudly.

"Me go along," he said. "You sing out one fella boat stop along me."

IV

HAVING seen Grief and Worth start for a ride over the plantation, Wallenstein sat down in the big living room and with gun oil and old rags proceeded to take apart and clean his automatic pistol. On the table beside him stood the inevitable bottle of Scotch and numerous soda bottles. Another bottle, part full, chanced to stand there. It was also labeled Scotch, but its content was liniment which Worth had mixed for the horses and neglected to put away.

As Wallenstein worked he glanced through the window and saw Koho coming up the compound path. He was limping very rapidly, but when he came along the veranda and entered the room his gait was slow and dignified. He sat down and watched the gun-cleaning. Though mouth and lips and tongue were afire, he gave no sign. At the end of five minutes he spoke.

"Rum he good fella. Me like 'm rum."

Wallenstein smiled and shook his head, and then it was that his perverse imp suggested what was to be his last joke on a native. The similarity of the two bottles was the real suggestion. He laid his pistol parts on the table and mixed himself a long drink. Standing as he did between Koho and the table, he interchanged the two bottles, drained his glass, made as if to search for something, and left the room. From outside he heard the surprised splutter and cough; but when he returned the old chief sat as before. The liniment in the bottle still oscillated.

Koho stood up, clapped his hands and, when the house boy answered, signed that he desired his rifle. The boy fetched the weapon and according to custom preceded the visitor down the pathway. Not until outside the gate did the boy turn the rifle over to its owner. Wallenstein, chuckling to himself, watched the old chief limp along the beach in the direction of the river.

A few minutes later as he put his pistol together Wallenstein heard the distant report of a gun. For the instant he thought of Koho, then dismissed the conjecture from his mind. Worth and Grief had taken shotguns with them, and it was probably one of their shots at a pigeon. Wallenstein lounged back in his chair, chuckled, twisted his yellow mustache, and dozed. He was aroused by the excited voice of Worth, crying out to a house-boy:

"Ring the big fella bell! Ring plenty too much! Ring plenty!"

Wallenstein gained the veranda in time to see the manager jump his horse over the low fence of the compound and dash down the beach after Grief, who was riding madly ahead. A loud crackling and smoke rising through the cocoanut trees told the story. The boat-houses and the barracks were on fire. The big plantation bell was ringing wildly as the German Resident ran down the beach, and he could see whaleboats hastily putting off from the schooner.

Barracks and boat-houses, grass-thatched and like tinder, were wrapped in flames. Grief emerged from the kitchen, carrying a headless black child by the leg.

"The cook's in there," he told Worth. "Her head's gone too. She was too heavy, and I had to clear out."

"It was my fault," Wallenstein said. "Old Koho did it. But I let him take a drink of Worth's horse liniment."

"I guess he's headed for the bush," Worth said, springing astride his horse and starting. "Oliver is down there by the river. Hope he didn't get *him*."

The manager galloped away through the trees. A few minutes later, as the charred wreck of the barracks crashed in, they heard him calling and followed. On the edge of the river bank they came upon him. He still sat on his horse, very white faced, and gazed at something on the ground. It was the body of Oliver, the young assistant manager, though it was hard to recognize it. The black laborers, breathless from their run in from the fields, were now crowding around, and under Grief's direction they

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Making a Living by Literature

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

I AM thirty-eight years old. For the past fifteen years I have been making a living by literature. I mean by this that I have been writing things and selling them. Practically speaking, I have never had a job. Out of the fifteen years the time covered by pay-checks totals about twenty months and is divided between three different jobs. The rest of the fourteen years and a little more I have been a man without a boss. In all the time I have worked I have never made a really big hit. The most that any book of mine has ever sold is twenty thousand copies in the standard one-dollar-and-fifty-cents edition, and that is twice as many as the next best sold. Leaving out these two, the average sale of my novels has been about five thousand copies.

It is perfectly clear, you see, that I am not a genius, and I probably haven't a highly specialized talent for fiction. I think I may be regarded fairly as an average type of writing man. It is always interesting to read of brilliant successes and of tragic failures. My story hasn't the merit of either, but it has, perhaps, a merit of its own. I believe that anybody with sufficient industry and intelligence and a certain natural aptitude—which, of course, it would be folly to try to start without—can do substantially what I have done. When you have read this I intend you to be in a position to judge whether or not, from the point of view of the doer, it was worth doing.

I meant to be a lawyer, and the college I went to—a little old-fashioned college that still refuses a degree of Bachelor of Arts to every one who hasn't studied Greek—was a professional man's college. The senior classes, when they graduated, split into three parts as certainly as did Ancient Gaul—preaching, teaching and the law. There was almost no literary atmosphere in the place. Belles-Lettres represented something frivolous and purely ornamental—something that serious men could hardly be expected to pay any attention to. All colleges, no matter what their principles, publish a more or less literary annual and a literary monthly magazine. At my college this was a labor of superhuman difficulty. Short stories and verses were at a tremendous premium. The raggedest bundle of rhymes, the feeblest fictional experiment, always found a desperate editor ready to grasp it in. So I took to writing—verses mostly.

Junior year I edited the Annual and wrote most of it, because that was easier than the discouraging quest of contributions. And my senior year I edited the "Lit."

The Climate of College Hill

I CAN'T think now that there was anything very promising about those performances, but the fact that they had no competitors raised them to an eminence that was wholly factitious. I was the only man in the college who could pull a quotation from Matthew Arnold or who read Pope for fun, and the impression got abroad among my classmates, and to some extent among the faculty, that I was literary and that certainly I wouldn't do for a serious profession like the law. I wasn't madly enthusiastic about the law myself, so I acquiesced in the general opinion and decided to go in for literature.

How did one go about it? I wondered. Where did one learn to be a literary man? I often smile over the naïveté of my answer to that question. But after all it was natural enough. If you were going to be a preacher you went to a divinity school and learned how. You went to a law school to learn law. Well and good! I would go to Harvard or Columbia and put in a couple of post-graduate years at literature. That isn't quite such a joke now as it was then because there are, I believe, men in some of the faculties who have made the sapient discovery that the way to learn how to write is to write. But in those days—well, you studied Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, and counted weak endings in Troilus and Cressida to determine whether it was written before or after Timon of Athens. It was Providence and nothing else that saved me from falling into that pit.

And Tell Me Great Ideas for Stories That They Would Write Themselves if They Had Time

Just after I graduated I got an offer of a job as cub instructor in rhetoric in a near-by college at the princely salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. I don't know exactly why I took it, for my father was perfectly willing to give me two years more of education. For one thing, I suppose I was tired of being a schoolboy. The opportunity to begin earning a living was an alluring one. Then the offer was a compliment, and the man who offered it, the professor of rhetoric at the college in question, had a name in letters that I already knew. The chance of associating with him seemed promising.

I taught for a year with moderate success, chiefly, I think, because I hadn't the academic point of view. I was still a student at heart and I knew what to expect of the boys in my classes. Certainly, though, I learned a lot more than I taught, and I got a shadowy notion of one real idea—namely, that the climate of College Hill was not favorable to the growth and production of fresh literary vegetation. When you spent all your time contemplating the bleak glories of antiquity it seemed a piece of impertinent presumption to try to create anything new on your own account. Writing about literature might be all very well, but what man in his senses would try to write an original play after Sophocles had already written seven? Compete with Sophocles! Ridiculous!

Luckily at the end of the first year, before the virus had fairly had time to work, I was fired—no, not fired exactly; they pulled my chair out from under me. At commencement time the affable president assured me that there was no doubt I would be reëngaged; but in July came a letter from the board of trustees to the effect that the college had to retrench and that my chief would have to worry along without an assistant. It was too late to get another teaching job for the next year, and the only way I could see of pursuing a literary career was to wait until fall and then go to counting unstopped lines and deciding which was Beaumont and which was Fletcher, as I had meant to do the year before.

When My Card Had Got Me Into the Private Office of Some Captain of Industry I Didn't Know What to Ask Him

But in the meantime I had a story in my head—a novel, and it suddenly occurred to me to sit down and write it without waiting to pursue researches into the origin of the English language. It was a pretty good story that had been brewing in my head for two or three years. I hadn't any literary technic whatever, any ideas about creating an atmosphere or sustaining a scene. All I knew about telling a story was that you began at the beginning and told it as simply and directly as possible. I didn't do it wholly as an exercise either—in the back of my mind there was a wild, unacknowledged hope.

Out in Chicago, which is the metropolis of the part of the country that I live in, was a publisher, a youthful fanatic with a hope of his own of making Chicago a literary center, of encouraging Western writers by publishing their books, of shaking off the tyrannous thralldom of New York. That man, I thought, might possibly publish my story. I was working on the last chapter of the book when his failure was announced in the newspapers, and by that time my own hope had grown big enough so that the heartless little two-stick announcement was a crushing calamity.

But I had been reading the story aloud, a chapter at a time, to the family, and they liked it, especially my father, who thought it was a good yarn—ever so much better than lots of the rot you read. He even announced a vague intention of financing its publication himself. But one day he talked to a man, a college professor he knew, who had published books, and that man spoke as follows:

"Take the three biggest publishing houses in the United States. Begin with Arthur & Company. Send the manuscript to them in turn. If they all reject it tell the boy to forget it."

To me, at the time, that seemed the most heartless pronouncement that ever had been uttered by the mouth of man. But it struck my father as good sense. In fact, I could see that it was good sense myself. That was why it hurt so horribly at the pit of my stomach. But I braced up and did it, and within a week after Arthur & Company had received the manuscript I got a letter from them. They'd be glad to publish my novel. They'd pay me ten per cent royalties on all copies sold up to five thousand; after that fifteen per cent. Through a golden haze I read the long printed agreement that came inclosed in the letter.

A Plot On a Pattern

THERE'S never been another day like that. The thing was unbelievable, but it was true. I had reached the pinnacle of ambition at a bound. I was to have a novel published. The joy of it was untempered by the faintest misgiving. The door of the Temple of Letters had swung wide open at the slightest touch and let me in. I don't believe my feet touched the pavement all day. I went to a musical show that night. You very likely went to it yourself, but you have forgotten the name of it. You probably grunted and said "Another of 'em" as you went out. To me that show has always been the most sparkling, witty, melodious thing that ever was put on the boards.

I plunged pell-mell into another novel. It was another old story, one I'd been carrying round in my head for a long time. I had begun to get a little self-conscious about it though. It was no longer a question of beginning at the beginning and marching straight on in little two-thousand-word blocks to the end. I turned a few literary handsprings at the beginning and did a shuddery chapter in unconscious imitation of Dickens' worst. I read, as it happened, for the first time an essay of Stevenson's: Some Technical Considerations of Style I think he calls it. I learned from him that a plot was just a pattern, and in the joy of that discovery I drew a pattern on the blackboard. The funny thing is that the story didn't go

absolutely to smash. The thing that saved it was the joyous, enthusiastic confidence I got from the acceptance of the first book. My fortune was already made, you see. And that glow of enthusiasm swung me into my stride, made me forget my monkey tricks and stick to my yarn. It was a good yarn, too, and it told about a lot of people that I knew from the ground up

My first story had been accepted in January. It was published the last day of April and the appearance of the volume in its poster cover, with my name stamped on the back, gave me another great day. It was well received by the newspaper reviewers, judging at least from the little excerpts that appeared in the advertisements, and it went almost at once into a second edition. It didn't occur to me that the first edition might have been tentatively small.

I'd have said that I knew the terms of my agreement by heart; certainly I had gloated over it often enough. I knew that I was to have a check in August and I had my royalties all figured out. Say my book sold a hundred thousand copies—that was the figure one saw oftenest in the advertisements of successful books. But be conservative. Cut it in two. Call it fifty thousand. Ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. I was as sure of it as I was sure of August itself. Meantime I lived cheerfully at home, kept in pocket money—which I meant munificently to repay—by an allowance from my father. Well, the day came at last and with it the bulky yellow envelope. I opened it carefully in order not to destroy the check. The check was there, sure enough.

But they had made a mistake about it. Certainly the mistake of a decimal point. For the check was made out for $40.35! It was written that way too—forty and thirty-five one-hundredths dollars. I looked at the statement. "Royalties on two hundred and sixty-nine copies at fifteen cents." Then I got the clew. The statement was dated May first. I got my agreement out of its iron box and for the first time surveyed it with a dispassionate eye. I was entitled to an annual statement in the month of August on sales up to the first of the preceding May. My book had been published on the thirtieth of April and my forty dollars and thirty-five cents were one day's royalties. The rest was due a year from then. Probably it was lucky that I was let down easily, for the royalties on the whole first year's sales of that book were less in hundreds than I had expected in thousands; but before they came in I had come out of my day dream and was facing the facts.

Swift Success

I FINISHED up novel number two, still living on my allowance, but by the time it was done number one had put me in the way of earning a little real money. The story tapped a vein that was new then, and several magazine editors wrote to me and wanted short stories. I found these hard to write—there was no chance to get up the momentum that pulled you along through a novel—but I managed to turn out three or four at from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and that put an end to the allowance. Then Arthur's took novel number two, offering me an advance of five hundred dollars and a flat royalty of fifteen per cent. I hadn't asked for either of these things. I'd never heard of an advance, and the old royalty had seemed ample; but they offered it as a matter of course. They also offered me a contract for novel number three, which wasn't written yet.

I declined it—on instinct, I think, for I hadn't any experience then to guide me. I'm sure now that I was right. It doesn't do you any good, in the long run, to sell things before they're written. If you can deliver the goods you never have any trouble selling them; and if you can't deliver the goods you don't gain any permanent advantage by having stung somebody for them. I thought over the offer the president of Arthur & Company made me; then I spoke as follows, and it still seems like pretty good sense:

"If I can write another novel as good as number two, here, I'll have every reason to bring it to you and you'll have every reason to take it. That's as good as a contract. And if it turns out to be so bad that nothing but the contract forces you to publish it I'm better off if it isn't published."

So I went off home and set to work on number three.

You see I hadn't gone to live in New York. I had made a few literary acquaintances down there—not many, for my visits had been brief and far between—and they were all frankly curious as to why, when I might as well as not, I didn't down come to join them. I didn't precisely know. Certainly it was pleasant to associate with people who knew what I was doing and were interested in it, who were doing the same sort of things themselves and could talk shop agreeably. Out in the small city where I lived, where everybody on Main Street called me by my first name, nobody knew what I was doing and nobody cared. There was a prevalent impression that I didn't work and that it was hard on my father that I hadn't gone into the business. Family friends used to smile indulgently and tell me great ideas for stories that they would write themselves if they had time. But, after all, they were the sort of people I was trying to write about. I was one of them and they couldn't be self-conscious with me. Certainly there was no encouragement to be literary out there, in matters of hair and collars and conversation, and perhaps that made it easier to take my literariness out in writing.

When I was within a chapter or two of the end of number three I got a letter from the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, asking me to come in to Chicago to meet him. He wanted a serial along the line of the work I was doing. I showed him number three. It didn't seem to stampede him at all, but he offered me twelve hundred dollars for the serial rights to it and I took him. I was getting engaged to be married at the time and that check looked pretty good.

Meanwhile number two was selling better than number one had done. I think it ran eventually to between seven and eight thousand copies, and of course most of it was in the first check. Number three, which was published just after my marriage, was the biggest success I have ever made. It, too, was an old story, one that I had been carrying round. It is by far the best of the three. I don't know now exactly what the quality of it was that made it go; I think a sort of sincerity and fidelity to detail. I knew just what I was talking about when I wrote that book. Its sales were something over twenty thousand copies, but under twenty-five thousand, I think, in the regular royalty-bearing edition. It is supposed to have done a great deal better than that. I find people every now and then with the idea that I must have made enough out of that book to live on the income of it. All told it brought me in about five thousand dollars. Of course it made the market for number four an absolutely sure thing. I sold the serial rights to that book for two thousand dollars and Arthur's raised my royalty to a flat twenty per cent, which means thirty cents for every copy sold.

The period I have been talking about covers the first four years of my attempt to earn a living by literature. In that time I hadn't had a single refusal, even of a short story, or a single failure; and, except for my ludicrous expectations regarding my first check, hardly a disappointment. I considered myself—naturally enough, I think—an established person. Number four didn't sell so well as number three, but there was nothing especially ominous in that. It went to seven or eight thousand copies—plenty to be called a success in the book-publishing world. I wrote novel number five, serialized it through an agent for five cents a word, the highest price I had been paid up to that time, and went off with my wife to Europe. We planned to stay about two years, living in Paris and working there and making little trips about the Continent and England.

My Father Thought It Was a Good Yarn

A Year of Play in Paris

I HAD no more doubt, having mapped out that program, that I could go on doing what I had done in the past than I have now that I can get up out of the chair I am sitting in. I was in perfectly good health and spirits; I hadn't any worries. I had lost some money in an investment I had made, but that didn't bother me much. I felt that I knew my work and that I had a market.

I spent the spring and summer writing novel number six, the plot of which I had talked over with Mr. Brown, of Arthur & Company, before I sailed. We were both enthusiastic about it; both thought it was going to be the biggest success yet. When it was finished and I packed it off to America I was as confident that it was worth at least four or five thousand dollars to me as if it had been a bundle of municipal bonds of that face value. To be sure, I had got word that number five, which I had serialized before leaving America, wasn't doing very well as a book, but the publisher's explanation of that seemed a very good one. The story was a little too short. It didn't look, to a person who picked it up on the counter and ran over the pages, like one dollar and fifty cents' worth. There is something to be said for the person who buys more or less by bulk, although he is much derided. I have felt outraged many a time by the discovery, on a train perhaps, that a novel for which I had paid the regular price had only an hour's reading in it.

Meanwhile we were having a beautiful time in Paris. We had a microscopic apartment over on the left bank. We got acquainted in no time at all with most of the American painters, sculptors and musicians who make up that colony, and we met a lot of pleasant French people besides. I particularly enjoyed the painters. Not being a painter myself, I was allowed to hang round and watch them work and ask innumerable questions. I began evolving esthetic principles, discovering parallels between their work and mine; my mind was full of "keys" and "values." It was a wonderful revel, easily the most stimulating, exciting time I have ever had. There was a lot, of course, beside the studios—the theaters, the Lamoureux concerts on Sunday afternoons—and then Paris itself—beautiful, gay, tragic Paris. It wasn't easy to work there. It was so much better for one's soul to play. You learned so much playing you could fairly feel yourself grow.

I got a rather surprising letter from Mr. Brown, saying that he was having a great deal of difficulty in serializing the manuscript I had sent him and that he thought I had better publish it as a book without trying any further. I was too far off to go into the matter on my own account, so I took his word for it and wrote him to do as he thought best and publish the book. If it made anything like the success he expected it to make the loss of the serial money would not seem very important. But the effect of it was to make me settle down to work in earnest. It hadn't diminished my self-confidence a bit. What if there were something radically wrong with the book? I knew an infinite lot more now than I had known a year ago. I was full of all sorts of brilliant technical ideas, fine little *tours de force* that I meant to pull off. I made up my plot like a pictorial composition. I worked, once I got started at it, with a good deal of the old exuberance that I had felt over number two when I was expecting that

ten-thousand-dollar check. I was going to make a tremendous advance this time. The reviewers, who had always complimented me on "a rattling good yarn," were going to find something else to say.

We had to come home about six months earlier than we had planned to do. The reason that caused our return made us glad to go; made the prospect of a home of our own, among our own people, a very attractive one.

Just before we sailed I got a short story back from the editor I had sent it to. It was the first time this had ever happened to me and I remember now the vague, momentary discomfort that editor's letter gave me. The story was beautifully done, he said, but it didn't seem precisely to get anywhere. The story was one of a series I had been doing for him and he wanted to print it, but neither he nor the rest of his staff could see it in the magazine. According to my own ideas it was the best one of the series, and I cheered myself up with the reflection that that editor needed a little educating.

The novel I had written a year before, the one I had not been able to serialize, came out a few weeks before we sailed. When we got to New York we stopped off for a day or two on our way West and I went up and had a talk with Brown.

The book had fallen absolutely flat; had been an instantaneous and total failure. Even the advance sales had been much less than those of my other books and there had been practically no reorders whatever.

Even then I did not regard the situation as more than temporarily embarrassing. The new story I was doing would be finished in a month or two and there couldn't be any doubt at all about its success. It was entirely out of the class of anything I had done before. I had really begun to learn my business. I didn't show the new story to Brown, but promised to send it to him as soon as it was finished. It took me longer to finish it than I had anticipated. My new standards of workmanship, I told myself, were higher, and this wasn't to be wondered at. It was a little disquieting though. I had very little money left and I was going to need it in the next few months more than I had ever needed it before. I got the thing finished at last, just before Christmastime and about a week before our baby was born.

I had never worked so hard nor any more enthusiastically on anything. When it was done and the express package containing the manuscript was dispatched to New York I told myself that the thing was absolutely sure fire. But that was, after all, a very different frame of mind from the one in which I had sent off the other story from Paris. I got a letter from Brown about it within a week.

"I have read your story over," he said, "very carefully, and there isn't any doubt in my mind as to what I have got to say to you about it. There are scenes in it that are completely charming: they have a power of lingering in the memory even of a man who reads as many manuscripts as I do. But I am sure it would be a serious mistake to publish this story in its present form. There is some vital essential quality wanting in it. Of course, if you want to try it on some other publisher I haven't a word to say. But if I may venture to advise you, you will put it on the shelf and forget about it for a while, and then take it out and make of it the story that it deserves to be."

I am rather proud to say that I took his advice. The event has proved that he was absolutely right about it. I read that story a year or two ago and arrested a destroying hand to preserve the thing for a horrible example of what an intelligent, conscientious craftsman can do when he gets off on the wrong tack. But at the time it was a stern rebuff not only as a blow to my confidence, my belief in my own powers, but as a question of plain bread and butter.

Golden Days for Muckrakers

IT WAS all very well to talk about putting the story on the shelf and forgetting it; that was probably wise, but certainly not remunerative. How was I going to earn a living? There didn't seem to be much use in starting another piece of fiction. Now that I had got a line on the thing it was perfectly evident that I had been coasting along downhill toward this failure for the last two years. I hadn't a single excuse to make for myself. I had been perfectly well, I had been industrious, enthusiastic, I had played the game for all I knew. Well, there were things to write other than fiction, of course.

Those were the golden days of the magazine period, the days when Lawson was writing about the System. The muckrake was being wielded with tremendously satisfactory results. One knew the day of the month when every magazine appeared and ran to the newsstand confident of opening the door upon a new chamber of horrors. I doubted whether I should be a very good hand at the muckrake, because at the bottom that was a reporter's job, and I had never had any newspaper experience. But I got a notion for a series of articles—I called them articles—on what I called Sub-Conscious Socialism, and outlined them in a letter to an editor I knew in New York.

He was a young editor and a bit of an enthusiast, and somehow or other that harebrained idea of mine appealed to him. He sent for me to come down to New York and we talked steadily for about three days. He didn't accept the series—I don't know what saved him from that—but he did hire me to write articles for his magazine at a salary of fifty dollars a week.

It was the first job I had had since I had been fired from my college instructorship, and it worried me nearly to death. Fifty dollars a week—eight dollars and thirty-three cents a day, not counting Sundays! I used to lie awake nights and wonder whether what I had done that day was worth eight dollars and thirty-three cents. I was under two pretty big handicaps. In the first place, I had never had any experience in running down a news story. When I was turned loose on an assignment I felt absolutely lost. I didn't know whom to see; and when my card had got me into the private office of some captain of industry I didn't know what to ask him. And when, with infinite labor and an agony of spirit that I don't like to think about now, I had got my story or something that would pass for it I didn't know how to write it. A piece of fiction has a sort of inevitable beginning and middle and end; but what was the beginning and what was the end of an article?

Nevertheless I did manage to turn out a lot of stuff, and after all I fancy I earned my wages. But I had the misfortune always to arouse great expectations. I could suggest an idea for an article, talk about it in editorial conference, hazard all sorts of stimulating speculations regarding it and get the office worked up to a white heat of enthusiasm. And when my tame though intelligent little story came in it always drew down a corresponding disappointment.

Finally they gave me a really big assignment. The editor told me about it with his eyes shining. It was an absolutely first-class story. I was to take all the time I needed to get it up. It involved traveling over about half of the United States and spending a lot of money. It was to make a series of about three articles, and when that series was done it was to ring the big bell. The editor had the facts in a general sort of way; I was to go out and confirm them, amplify them, interpret them.

Well, I went out on the job. I traveled for about three months. I scoured the country for that story—my fifty dollars a week and my expense account looking bigger and more menacing all the time. At last I went back to New York. The facts that the editor had given me to start with were mighty interesting, but they simply weren't so. The story wasn't there.

There was a story there—an interesting one, I thought, well worth telling—but it wasn't going to scorch the leaves off the trees by a long way.

I said to that sad-faced editor: "The real facts could be twisted into a confirmation of the story you gave me if I stretched them enough and suppressed all the facts on the other side. If I had a brief for that story, as a lawyer has for his client's side of the case, I could make a pretty fair showing. But a magazine writer isn't supposed to have a brief."

"Well," said the editor, "I can't disagree to that. Make the best story you can."

I had already written the first article of the series and I went to work on the others. When the first article came out the head man of the industry I had been investigating came and offered me the editorship of his trade paper! And if a would-be muckraker ever got a worse shock than that I have never heard of it.

They let me go on and write the other two articles of the series and then sorrowfully they fired me.

"The trouble with you," said the editor, "is that you write about things. You ought to be working for one of the stodgy reviews." But that didn't seem a feasible project—indeed, I hadn't altogether liked his grin when he said it—so I went back home and started writing short stories.

Out of a Job Once More

I HAD a ghastly year and a half after that. During this time I succeeded in selling one story and one article. I don't know how many stories I wrote—ten or a dozen probably, and all but one of them made the rounds down to the unillustrated ten-centers, who'd have paid me, if they'd liked the stuff, perhaps fifty dollars apiece for them. I had a thin trickle of royalties from my books, the successful ones, which in a small way kept on selling. They brought me a few hundred dollars a year. And for a while I had another job—an assignment from a pyrotechnic weekly to do a series of articles showing up a great public-service corporation. Why such a job was ever offered to me I don't understand. Certainly I didn't stop then to inquire. They offered me a hundred dollars a week and I took it the way a parching sailor takes a drink. I got my story after a fashion and wrote my introductory article, but it appeared in the last number of that weekly that ever was published.

Do you remember Philosopher Dooley's Cubian Workman, who came home in the evening to his sorrowful wife and children and said: "Thank Gawd, I'm fired"—and how all was joy in the cottage that night? Well, I felt a little like that when that meteoric weekly blew up. The old terror of a salary had already struck through clear to my marrow. In my innermost heart I knew I'd never be able to finish that series. I hadn't got my story nailed down as Adams or Irwin or any of those old star reporters, who had gone into the article game, would have nailed it down. There were many spots in it where I only had the scaffolding of a theory instead of the solid pillar of a fact. I knew it, but I couldn't get the facts. The thing had grown to be a horrible sort of nightmare to me. So it is literally true that I put up a rueful prayer of thanksgiving when it was over.

I was pretty near all in. Of course the hundred dollars a week for the last ten weeks or so had been an enormous financial relief, but it hadn't been enough to make me even with the game by a good deal. Then my health for the first time showed signs of breaking down. My family doctor, who looked me over, prescribed, as they will do in such cases, two or three months of complete rest and gave me stuff to make me sleep at night, which for the past weeks I hadn't been able to do.

I looked the situation over soberly and dispassionately. To all appearances I was a total failure. Of the last three novels I had written, the first, which I succeeded in serializing, had failed as a book; the second, which I couldn't serialize, failed worse as a book; and the third I couldn't publish at all. I had a drawer full of shabby short-story manuscripts that had gone the whole editorial rounds of New York. I had made two separate attempts at article-writing and had failed at both of them.

I never laid the flattering unction to my soul that my work failed because it was too good, because people weren't intelligent enough to appreciate me. That soul-destroying poison I wasn't even tainted with. No, it was clear enough I had lost my grip. I had forgotten how to write.

(Continued on Page 39)

I Had Made a Few Literary Acquaintances

CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

III

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

"You're a Wolf, Frank," She Whispered. "How Did You Manage It?"

THERE was no use in trying to send Rosalie back to Paris. She wouldn't go. The girl was no fool; and, totting up what she'd seen and what I'd told her, and making a good fore-and-aft guess at the rest, she came pretty near piping down the situation.

"As I dope it out," said she, sitting there on the edge of the bank with her round knees cuddled under her clasped hands, "there's a feud between you and this Chu-Chu person and it's coming to a head. Now let me tell you something there's been only one time in my life when I've started something that I couldn't finish—and that was my marriage to De Brignolles. I don't know whether you're what they call a 'grafter' over there at home or whether you're a sort of Arsène Lupin or Sherlock Holmes—or what you are. At first I thought you were a jealous lover; then I thought you were a secret service man; then I thought you were a liar." Rosalie looked at me sort of doubtfully.

"What do you think I am now?" I asked.

She smiled a little and shook her head.

"I don't know," she answered, "and I don't care very much; but you're an American and you're up against something that is very difficult, and I'm not going to scud off and save myself."

Let me tell you, my friend, I wanted to reach over and gather the girl in and kiss her. She was a little brick. Here she was, a girl who had spent two-thirds of her life in France and had her ups and downs in both countries, yet had never been smirched—you had only to look at her to see that—and had kept ideals.

"Look here, Rosalie," said I; "you're the best little girl in all the world, and I feel that I am going to be a better man for having known that there really are some like you. I've only been up against one in my life and she thinks I'm all wrong—and I don't blame her. Now it ain't included in my route-card to bring trouble to the only two really unselfish women that I ever met; so you and I are due to part *immediatement*. You said a minute or two ago, 'That's all you get for being famous'; so there's no kick coming if you don't recognize me when I tell you one or two of my old business names. Until a month or so ago, when I went on the level for my own good reasons, I was about as slick a thief as ever tried to collect what he thought the world owed him. The police in London and Frankfort—and even 'way off there in America, where they love a thief until he's pinched almost as much as they do here in Paris—would feel real broken up if they knew I'd chucked graft. Maybe you never heard of Frank Clamart, alias the 'Tidewater Clam,' alias 'The Swell,' alias 'Sir Frankie'—and a few others?"

Rosalie looked embarrassed.

"No," said she. "I never had a chance to see the papers in the convent." She looked at me and laughed outright. "That squares us, doesn't it? So it was an old score, just as I thought."

"No," I answered, "it's not an old score. It's a brand-new one. It all happened after I'd chucked graft and passed my word to—to ——"

"Léontine?"

"Faugh!" said I.

"I beg your pardon," said Rosalie, and the smile had clean gone out of her face.

"Look here, little girl," said I quick as a flash; "don't think for a second that I'm pretending to be in love again. I'm not. The woman I passed my word to is the wife of my half-brother and she's not like the rest of us down here."

"Hush!" said Rosalie. "You needn't shout. I understand. Sœur Anne Marie is that kind. Just knowing them makes the rest of us who have naughty thoughts and too many feelings and a certain amount of honesty feel that, after all, it's worth while to kick along. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," I answered. "You're on, my dear. And now, after what I have told you, I fancy you won't mind climbing up on that seat and twisting your little wagon back to Paris. If you start right now you'll just about get to the Champs-Elysées in time to pick up another fare. Will a hundred francs cover our account?"

I spoke roughly on purpose, because I wanted her to flare up and clear. Here was a nice little woman, and an American at that, who had had troubles enough of her own; so I spoke to her as if what I said could have only one possible answer.

Instead of acting up as I had counted, however, she gave me a quiet little smile and answered:

"Do I strike you as the sort to file away and leave a fellow American in a bad corner? Not much! You've engaged me for the whole afternoon and it's not yet two o'clock. What you are after, as I dope it out, is to draw the fire of this Chu-Chu person. You want to make sure that he means business and you think that, if he does, the sooner you liquidate the better. Well, the forest of Marly is just the place for two people with your trouble. And"—she glanced at me and a sort of warmth came into her eyes—"I'm not worrying myself to death over the result. You look as if you could take care of yourself."

I shook my head.

"It won't do, Rosalie," I answered. "If Chu-Chu should happen to know that you were an American he would suspect you of working with me or trying to help. He's as revengeful as a Pathan and there's no telling what he might do to you afterward. Besides, he's seen you once today and if he were to catch sight of you again he might get suspicious. I'll manage some other way. I've got a little scheme. It may not work, but there's no great harm in trying it. If you're interested to know how it pans out drop into the Bon Cocher at about noon tomorrow."

She saw that I meant it, so she gave in; and I thanked her and squared up. Rosalie would let me pay her only the regular amount and the regular tip for an out-of-town *course*. Then we shook hands and she stepped up to her seat when I cranked the motor; and she moved slowly off in the direction of Paris. I had made a bundle of my *prédicateur* costume and carried it under my arm.

So back down the road I went and in through the big gates, which had been left open—though, the guests having all arrived, the footman had gone up to the house. The place was a very handsome one with a big park and straight alleys cut through the trees, with grottoes and fountains and statues—all very stately and well kept. Beyond the house one caught a glimpse of a *jardin d'agrément*, with a bank of crimson dahlias all in bloom and a sort of *temple d'amour* at the far end.

As I drew near the house I discovered that the stables were off to the left and some distance in the rear, the waiting motors, both private cars and taxis, being parked out on the shady terrace. Some of the servants had brought out a couple of tables, and the chauffeurs were partaking of the refreshment offered. There was a good deal of tobacco smoke and the distant murmur of talk and laughter, but the house itself was silent, as if deserted: and this was explained by a file of waiters going in a double stream, like ants, down one of the paths which led off into the park. Apparently the *déjeuner* was being served *al fresco* some distance from the house. I stopped to listen and heard the faint ripple of women's voices—then a silvery laugh.

Not a soul was in sight about the front of the château. Such servants as were not occupied in helping to serve were apparently hobnobbing with the chauffeurs or on duty in the kitchen. Even the dogs were assisting at the banquet, for I could hear intermittent yappings—and once a sharp ki-yi!

At the foot of the big stone steps I paused and looked about for somebody to hail, wishing that I had rung at the gate; but I had never counted on finding the place deserted and had thought that once inside the better my chance of success would be.

For this was my plan—and you can see, my friend, that if the first was a sporting proposition this second, which I had fallen back on rather than have Rosalie mixed up in the business, was almost dangerous: I meant to go to the *maître d'hôtel* and explain to him that I was a reporter and ask for the names of Monsieur le Baron's guests. A five-franc piece would get me all the information I might seem to need. I would then explain that I had come from Paris in a taxicab which had broken down on the road within about a kilometer; that I had walked the remainder of the distance. And I would ask him if he thought that one of the waiting taxis might not set me over to Versailles, which was only about three kilometers away. The *maître d'hôtel*, I fancied, would tell me that I might go and ask them and this I would do, feeling sure that Chu-Chu would immediately recognize me and volunteer, trusting to his disguise. Once in the cab and on the way, he would

probably pick out the first unpeopled part of the road to turn sharply on his seat and shoot into me. And my particular business was to beat him to it.

It was a nice little plan and there seemed no particular reason why it shouldn't work. Chu-Chu would think I had come out in the hope of getting a word with Léontine and no doubt find nothing to suspect in the story of my motor having broken down.

So I stood at the bottom of the steps, looking round for a servant; and, seeing no one but the distant waiters carrying dishes, I was about to try the side entrance when my ear was caught by a low sound which had for me a peculiar significance. Nobody but an ex-cracksman would have given it a second's thought. On a lovely summer day, with birdsongs all about, the distant sounds of careless revelry, bursts of laughter and the occasional squeal of a maid coming from the direction of the stables, and the big, sunny, wide-open country house, its front shaded and silent, but the rear teeming with activity — let me tell you, it seemed the very last place in the world for such a sound as fetched me up all standing!

It was no more than the gentlest purr; and if I had not been standing directly before the open door, so that it came to me amplified through the vaulted corridor within, I never could have heard it. As it was, I recognized it instantly and knew exactly what was going on.

I took a quick look round. There was nobody in sight for the instant, and I slipped like a cat up the steps and through the front door. There I stopped again to listen. It was cool and silent inside—so still that I could hear the ticking of a clock on the floor above. The noise which had attracted me came also from the floor above; and as I listened it ceased for an instant, then changed in character, becoming more metallic and even more difficult to hear.

There was no need for me to listen, however. Chu-Chu was at work up there. I wondered that he went to the trouble of blow-lamp and drill when in his wonderfully sensitive hands the lock of a country-house safe would have been a mere child's puzzle, to be solved in a couple of minutes at most. I decided that the safe must be a very ancient one, with a heavy, rusty old lock - the meanest sort, by-the-way, for the cracksman.

It made it all plain enough. Chu-Chu had run out to look the house over with an idea to a future job, but, finding the conditions so favorable, was acting on the bird-in-the-hand principle. Chu-Chu was an avaricious man and loved his profession, and he couldn't resist the opportunity. I doubted he'd find much in the safe; and no doubt he felt the same way, but thought he might as well gather in what there was. And, mind you, it was only about three weeks earlier that he had skoffed the Allerton-Stairs jewels on the Calais-Dover boat. Chu-Chu was certainly a greedy hog!

I laid my bundle on a big Renaissance chest in the hall and crossed, as silent as a weasel, to the stairs. I was wearing felt-soled shoes these days, and they made no more noise on the marble than the pads of a wolf. Chu-Chu's merry little mill was turning again as I stole up the stairs, and it stopped just as I reached the first landing.

It was better to stalk him while he worked, so I waited; and as I did so there came a squeal and a giggle from somewhere in the rear of the house and the sound of a ringing slap. Next, a throaty-voiced but panting "*Voyons!—ma belle!*"—half reproachful, half indignant. Another squeal, another slap, followed by the rustle of muslin skirts in swift flight. This time the "*Tiens, p'tite!*" had a fierce sort of ring to it and there was the clatter of pursuit. Out of the pantry they burst, through the salon and *salle-à-manger*, where something got overturned and came down with a crash. A lap or two round the table, then out into the antechamber, and for a second I thought they were coming up the stairs; but no, she dodged him at the foot of the stairs and I caught a glimpse of them—and a mighty pretty, healthy specimen of an eighteen-year-old *poulette* she was, and he a trim young chauffeur in maroon livery and gaiters. He chased her into the conservatory and there I think he caught her and kissed her, for there was the sound of a scuffle, a stifled squeal or two—and a couple of flower-pots coming down. Then silence, and I reached for my knife.

For it was knifework—this job ahead. No fourteenth of July, Fall-of-the-Bastile celebration for Chu-Chu and myself. Our work had to be quick and silent; and I wondered what old Hertzfeld would think when he saw a respectable-looking, middle-aged chauffeur lying in a pool of blood in front of his safe—and nothing touched—and learned later that the man was none other than the celebrated Chu-Chu, who was commonly thought to be part myth, I think. Chu-Chu had earned the name in his youth and was trying hard to live it down by sincere and steady work of an unspectacular sort. When he felt the need of murdering somebody he did it quietly and without any limelight, and for some definite purpose -usually a money one. I remember that, the night of Léontine's party, Chu-Chu spoke pretty bitterly about a play that had appeared at the Grand Guignol under his name.

This sort of obituary notice of Chu-Chu was going through my head while I waited for the scufflers in the conservatory to come to terms and Chu-Chu to start to work again; and pretty soon the house got quiet and I heard the little purr of the blow-lamp.

Up I went, knife in fist, impatient to be done with the business and out into the bright sunlight, with the perfume of the oleanders and the birdsongs. That was what I wanted—to be out in the bright upperworld again, a free man with no vampire from the underworld dogging me in and out. Compunction? I had no more of it than the man who blows the head off a crocodile or sneaks out and poisons a wolf. That sort of sentimentality was never my trouble; and, between you and me, there's a lot of nonsense about the sacredness of human life anyway. Send 'em back where they came from and let 'em start fresh! Next time, maybe, they'll get started on the right thread. Only that Edith had pulled me up when I was ripe for it and put a right way of thinking into me, I'd wish that somebody had snuffed me out before I did any more mischief. And as for the fairness or lack of it in stabbing to death an unsuspecting man—well, this wasn't exactly a sporting event, like a prizefight or a duel. It was just a plain feud.

At the top of the stairs I paused to listen. The blow-lamp had stopped and the drill was at work again, but I didn't hear it, as one of the chauffeurs had started his motor for some reason and the hum of it filled the place. A couple of seconds later I had slipped down the hall and was looking through a crack between the portières and the door—and there was Chu-Chu, squatting on his knees and just in the act of drawing out the drill.

The little room where he was at work was a sort of boudoir, just off the Baron's bedroom probably, and finished in English style -Jacobean, with desk and safe and writing table, and the walls hung with English hunting prints. There was a big *armoire*, one door half open and a goat coat hanging inside; and a couple of golf sticks were lying on a Breton chest. The place seemed a sort of little den—part writing room, part cozy corner the sort of place that the man who lives there usually takes more comfort in than all the rest of the big house put together.

Chu-Chu was squatting in front of the safe which, just as I had thought, was an old-fashioned affair, clumsy and rusty and, as a matter of fact, a hanged sight more burglar-proof than lots of your modern contraptions. I once knew of an expert cracksman losing his temper and making such a row getting into an old-fashioned buffet after a drink that it got him pinched. The first glimpse I got of Chu-Chu showed him hot and angry as he pocketed his drill and half turned to listen before going on with the job.

My friend, I don't care what they say, there's certainly such a thing as pure animal instinct that can be developed in a man just as in a dog or wolf, to warn him and put him on his guard when his human senses tell him nothing. Chu-Chu could not possibly have heard me. In the first place, the motor in the rear of the house was buzzing away; and, in the second, I had not made so much noise as a spider walking across his web. He could not see me, as the hall was darkened and the slit between the portières no wider than the cover of a book. But, all the same, he felt danger and was on his feet like a flash, his legs braced, his head dropped between his shoulders, and a long blade flashed from somewhere and lay in his hand as a man holds a foil.

I waited for a second, feeling that the alarm might pass. Chu-Chu's eyes were on the portières. His hand went out to the oak chest and picked up something lying there. I caught the glint of it and whipped out my pistol; and even as I did so Chu-Chu fired pointblank—straight into the portières.

There was a sharp pain in my shoulder and the pistol flew out of my hand. I tore aside the portières and leaped into the room. Chu-Chu fired again; but I ducked under his arm, grabbed his wrist and sent the knife home just under it. He squalled like a cat and struck at me with his knife, putting the blade through my right forearm. Mad with pain, I loosened my hold of the hilt and struck him under the chin with my left fist. It was a solid, short-arm blow and keeled him over. At the same instant somebody grabbed me from behind. I flung back my head and writhed round like a cat. A footman had me by the shoulders, but I got an arm free and landed him one between the eyes that sent him floundering across a chair. Then I turned and darted out of the door, down the stairs, grabbed up my bundle and dashed into the nearest thicket, a mass of shrubs and flowers, and out into the more open park behind. Back of the house there was yelping like kennels at feeding-time, and two or three of the waiters who were carrying dishes down the path with the grass carpet caught sight of me as I sped under the trees and raised a squall. Chu-Chu had drilled me through the shoulder and sliced me through the arm, and before I'd gone fifty meters my head began to swim. The shoulder didn't bother me a bit, but the blood was welling out of my arm rich and red, and I knew he'd got an artery. So I pulled up for a minute and tugged off my tie and twisted it round a couple of times, tying it with hand and teeth; and hardly had I got it fast when things began to get black and I had to stretch out on the ground, knowing that unless I did I was pretty sure to flop.

The faintness passed in a few moments and I shoved up my head to look and listen. I was lying in a heavy clump of ivy that covered not only the ground but the trees and shrubs thereabout and made a splendid cover. Voices were shouting from here and there, and the hum from the house was like a beehive kicked over. Somebody was crashing round in the underbrush not far away, but out of sight from where I lay. You know how jungly and overgrown these French places get so different from the spick-and-span English ones.

It was a bad lookout for me, as I knew that some of the people would have run out into the road; but all hands would be looking for a man in a tweed knickerbocker suit, according to the descriptions of the footman and the waiter who had sighted me as I burst from the house. So as quickly as I could I climbed into my long black *soutane*, round hat and goggles. Then, walking carefully and making as little noise as possible, I stole through the underbrush toward the wall, where I fell on a path.

Nobody was in sight for the moment, but there were shouts and cries coming from all over the place. Then down the path in my direction came running a couple of chauffeurs, both of them with very flushed faces. At sight of me they paused for a second.

"Have you seen anybody?" asked one of them.

"Have I seen anybody?" I repeated. "I do not understand. What has happened?"

"There has been a thief in the house! Where do you come from anyhow?"

"I am afraid you have had too much to drink," I answered. "Too much wine is a bad thing during this hot weather."

"Come on!" said the other impatiently. "Don't stop to argue!" And the two of them started to run down the path.

The whole park was swarming, and from all sides came the sound of crashing foliage and shouted questions and answers. The *déjeuner* had been abandoned, of course, and guests, waiters, cooks, chauffeurs, stablemen and field-workers were scouring the place some beating out the bushes, others patrolling the road outside on the lookout for the criminal, should he break for the wall. I came suddenly upon an exquisitely dressed gentleman and lady adventuring through the woods, hand in hand. He was pushing slightly in advance, armed with an enormous carving knife and glaring ferociously into the shaded coverts. I recognized him at a glance as Maret, the actor; and the woman I had seen in the restaurants with her husband, a prominent playwright. She was very pretty and appeared frightened; and as I drew near the actor turned and gave her an embrace that ought to have reassured her, so far as the desperado was concerned. Then, as he loosed her, she caught sight of me and let out a little scream, at which Maret gave a jump that might have taken him to the top of the wall if it had been in the right direction. Seeing what I was, he scowled ferociously and picked up the carving knife which he had dropped.

"Have you seen anything suspicious?" he demanded in his sonorous stage voice.

I smiled and made a little gesture with my hand.

"A slight indiscretion, Monsieur," I answered. "I have already forgotten it."

The lady giggled. Maret frowned, then burst into a laugh.

"*Touché, mon ami!*" he said. "I was, of course, referring to this scoundrel of a burglar, not to a slight touch of midsummer madness."

"Indeed," said my lady, raising her eyebrows. "So it was that—and the champagne perhaps."

I smiled, touched my hat and passed on, leaving them to squabble and make it up. A little farther on I saw a tall white figure moving toward me at right angles. It disappeared behind some evergreens; then out into the path in front of me stepped Léontine.

I moved aside to let her pass, raising my hand to the brim of my hat. She shot me a quick glance and seemed about to look away; then stared, and her amber-colored eyes seemed to darken. Then she raised her hand warningly, seemed to listen for an instant, and stared in a stealthy way under the lowhung branches.

"You're a wolf, Frank," she whispered. "How did you manage it? Getting honest has turned you preacher in not much but costume—has it, my friend? And"—she turned her head aslant and surveyed me with a critical smile—"I must say, you look rather nice."

"Is he dead?" I asked, and leaned against the wall, for the tourniquet on my arm was hurting me horribly.

"No. You've missed again, my little boy. The surgeon, Doctor Lemaitre who was lunching with us, you know—says the knife passed between the ribs and the heavy muscles of the chest. He is painfully but not dangerously hurt."

"Do they guess who it is?"

"On the contrary, he is the hero of the moment. He is the brave chauffeur who, while walking under the trees, saw a man scale the wall and followed him to the house, where he surprised him at his work and tried to take him single-handed. Hertzfeld is going to give him a handsome

present for having prevented the robbery. There was in the safe a diamond tiara for which our friend the Baron paid two hundred thousand francs, and which he had intended to present to a certain young actress of his acquaintance on her *jour de fête* as a slight token of his appreciation of her talent."

I whistled.

"Chu-Chu's chest is not the sorest part of him!" I observed.

"He is very vexed," said Léontine. "As he was my taxi driver I have volunteered to look after him and shall take him to a *maison de santé* that I know of. Don't try to kill him while he's laid up, Frank. That would not be nice."

"All right," I answered. "By-the-way, Léontine, where are your sympathies? Am I to count on your help or not?"

"Neither, *mon ami*. My position is precisely that of Ivan. Personally I sympathize with you, as there is a great deal about Chu-Chu that I have never liked; but he is one of us and you are a renegade. So, as the case stands, I am strictly neutral. Fight it out, my little dogs, and may the best pup win! What you did on the road to Calais set my blood on fire; I would have given my jewels to have been in the car with you. And what you have done today was daring too—and I like daring things. No; you've missed again—but perhaps you may catch it on the third *coup*. I won't help you, Frank; but I'll tell you what I will do: I'll walk to the gate with you and see you into the road—and if necessary say that I know you. They might wonder what you were doing here."

"I'll say that I was passing and came in when I heard the row."

"I don't think that it will be necessary to say anything. The *gendarmerie* has not yet arrived and everybody is off his head. It was so funny, Frank, to see the way the party broke up. Some of the men got pale and some got red, and two or three began to arm themselves with empty bottles and some with full ones; and some ran to the house ——"

"And some are spooning in the park," I interrupted.

"I don't doubt it—— What's the matter, Frank? You are getting ghastly!"

"Chu-Chu pricked me in the arm."

"Here—rest a minute! Sh-h-h!—somebody's coming. Brace up!"

I managed to brace up after a moment or two and we started to walk to the gate. Fortunately it wasn't far, and—would you believe it!—the first person I saw was Rosalie, her taxi pulled up to the curb and she talking, with a very white face, to a mottled-looking footman armed with a billiard cue.

IV

WHEN Rosalie caught sight of me I thought she was going to keel over, but she pulled herself together and her eyes fastened on Léontine in a hard little stare.

There was quite a group round the gate—people belonging to the estate and passers-by who, seeing the commotion, had stopped out of curiosity and were asking silly questions.

Everybody looked at us as we came out and somebody asked:

"The poor fellow is dead—or dying?"

"No," answered Léontine. "He is in no danger. Fortunately a priest was not needed, after all." She glanced about and her eyes fell on Rosalie's taxi and Rosalie herself standing beside it.

"You are free, Madame?" asked Léontine.

"Yes, Madame," Rosalie answered.

"Then will you take Monsieur to Paris to prepare them at the *maison de santé* to receive our brave chauffeur? I cannot get the place on the telephone. One can never get anybody at any time on the telephone, in Paris or in the suburbs."

"Certainly, Madame," answered Rosalie, and stepped down to crank the motor.

I lifted my hat to Léontine and walked to the taxi; and as I passed the group at the gate I heard somebody say in an undertone:

"He looks badly frightened, that *prédicateur*."

I Ducked Under His Arm, Grabbed His Wrist and Sent the Knife Home Just Under It

As soon as we were clear of the gate I put my lips to the speaking-tube. "Rosalie!"

"Oui, M'sieu'!"—for we had both dropped into French again.

"There's a road just below here that leads off to the right into the forest," said I. "Run in there, please. I am wounded and must look after myself a little before we go into Paris."

"Very well," said Rosalie, and suddenly accelerated her speed.

A few minutes later she slowed, then turned sharply to the right and began to creep up a little wood road. When presently it forked she took the less used of the two, which was no more than an alley cut for the chase, and presently came to a stop in a tangle of dwarf oaks and briers. Rosalie jumped down and opened the door.

"Are you badly hurt?" she asked anxiously and in English.

"I got a bullet through my shoulder and a knife through my forearm," I answered. "The bullet wound doesn't bother, but the knife cut an artery and I've tied it up so tight that it's giving me the devil. It will need a surgeon, I'm afraid, and I can't go to one in this *soutane* over a golf suit."

Rosalie knit her pretty brows and looked at me thoughtfully. "Let's see it," said she. "I know something about wounds. I've often helped Sister Anne Marie. Everybody in the quarter comes to her with anything from a flybite to cancer. Most of those people would rather go to the guillotine than to the hospital, and I don't blame them. An American surgeon that I drove to Beaujon one day came out and spit on the sidewalk before he got into the cab. 'Genius working in a pigpen!' was his comment. Let me see your arm."

The sleeve of the *soutane* was soaked, and, as Rosalie began to pull it off, she looked at her hands and gave a little scream. The tweed coatsleeve was a mess; and while I was working out of it things began to grow dark again. This time the twilight was very short, and I woke up after a while to find myself on the grass and Rosalie putting the final touches on a beautiful white bandage that gripped my arm from the hand to the shoulder. As I began to get sensible I noticed that the sun was rather low for so early in the afternoon and wondered why.

"What time is it?" I asked.

Rosalie leaned over me and laughed, but her voice had a queer little quaver in it.

"I'm glad you're awake," said she tremulously. "I was afraid you'd gone to sleep for good. You must have lost an awful lot of blood. I've been tying

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Loans to Salaried People

A SMALL investigation in the city of New York covered three hundred patrons of loan sharks and showed that the average interest paid by them was at the rate of one hundred and eighty per cent a year.

Probably this is typical of the loan-shark business, to correct which the New York legislature last year passed the Brooks bill, limiting the rate of interest on salary loans to eighteen per cent a year. The bill went into effect September first; and the workings of the act since that date are said to demonstrate anew that the salary-loan business cannot possibly be conducted at so low a rate as eighteen per cent, because the losses are too great.

Undoubtedly the losses in this business are very great. Every loan shark asserts it, and the manner in which the business is conducted lends verisimilitude to his assertion. Here is the loan-shark proposition: Lend money to almost anybody with a job who applies, and charge so high a rate that if only three out of five meet their obligations you will still be ahead of the game. In short, make the man who pays his loan stand the loss involved in lending to the man who doesn't. That this puts an enormous handicap upon honesty goes without saying.

A great many men do repay their loans, or the loan-shark business couldn't survive at any rate of interest. For a loan to a man who pays punctually, ten per cent is sufficient interest; but, if you are going to saddle him with all the losses involved in lending indiscriminately to every clerk, fifty per cent may be too little.

The Bank of France will lend ten dollars as cheerfully as a hundred thousand and at the same interest; but our credit system puts everybody who wants to borrow a small amount in one category—as tramps.

Wages in the United States

TO DETERMINE whether the United States is prospering we turn to a familiar set of figures—bank statistics, railroad earnings, exports and imports, the make of iron, the crop report, and so on; but these figures—except the last named—throw precious little light upon the far more important question whether the people of the United States are prospering. To answer that question we must know first of all the state of wages, for two-thirds of the inhabitants of this country who are gainfully employed live by wages.

And it is only occasionally, or here and there, that any satisfactory report upon wages can be found. Professor Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his interesting book on the subject, says that of all the states of the Union not more than five publish good up-to-date wage statistics. These five are Massachusetts, New Jersey, Kansas, Oklahoma and Ohio. Students of contemporaneous politics may find it significant that interest in the wage-earner's income is rather livelier in agricultural Kansas and Oklahoma than in industrial Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Massachusetts is fourth among the manufacturing states in point of output, but first in the matter of wage statistics. The report for 1908 shows that, of three hundred and fifty thousand adult males employed in leading industries, one-third received less than four hundred and sixty dollars a year—or under forty dollars a month—and three-quarters averaged under sixty dollars a month. Of a hundred and forty-five thousand adult females in the same industries, two-thirds averaged under thirty-five dollars a month. Oddly enough, the well-protected cotton-goods trade, though employing the largest number of hands, paid the poorest wages. Nearly a third of its adult male employees got less than eight dollars a week and four-fifths of them less than twelve dollars a week.

Two-thirds of our people live by wages, and about two-thirds of them find the living quite pindling.

Has Mr. Kipling Heard of This?

PERHAPS we shall get Canada yet, in spite of the rejection of reciprocity, unless stirring appeals from the Overseas Club in London and from various patriots in Canada are promptly heeded. At any rate, we are steadily, if stealthily, seducing the minds of her younger inhabitants.

More than ninety per cent of the moving-picture films exhibited in the Dominion are made in the United States, it appears, with the result, as one indignant correspondent points out, that in nearly all heroic and patriotic pictures Yankee soldiers and sailors are the heroes. Another correspondent describes his experience upon dropping in at a moving-picture show. The subject exhibited was the capture of Ticonderoga, and "Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys were represented as performing prodigies of valor, while the British soldiers were pictured as poltroons. The exhibition of such pictures in Canada is insulting," he declares. "It should be considered that moving pictures are having a powerful educative influence over our young people"—who may grow up with the impression that a discharge of firearms makes British soldiers hysterical. The proprietor of a number of moving-picture shows, who declares himself "heart and soul in favor of any plan that will enable Canadian theater managers to obtain pictures portraying British valor or glorifying the British flag," explains, however, that, though English manufacturers are favored by a preferential tariff, they do not send any films to Canada that will compete with the obnoxious Yankee output. In this dilemma, perhaps the Overseas Club should subsidize some Yankee manufacturer to make films showing whole regiments of American soldiers in precipitate retreat, with a corporal's guard of redcoats in valorous pursuit.

Probably it would grieve the patriots still more deeply to learn that Canadian youths—like youths in the United States—don't care a rap whether the British chase the Continentals or vice versa—if only it's a good picture.

High Steel Standards

LACKAWANNA is a model town, having been created within a few years by the big steel company of that name with a view to meeting all its special requirements in the most scientific manner. The arrangements for handling ore, rails, and so on, were planned with great care and are said to be admirable.

About two-thirds of its male inhabitants, says John A. Fitch, in the Survey, are day-laborers in the steel mills—mainly raw peasant immigrants who know nothing about urban congestion and the sanitary problems raised thereby. They get a dollar and a half for a ten-hour day or a dollar and eighty cents for a twelve-hour day. Many of them inhabit lodging barracks that are thoughtfully built round and over a large swamp in the center of the town—"of practically stagnant water, foul with unspeakable accumulations of all sorts," and receiving the sewage of the district through open sewers. "I saw heaps of garbage in the rear of a great many houses every time I passed along the street," Mr. Fitch reports; and he suspected that much of it went into the swamp.

Last summer a distinguished steel man wrote Congressman Mann that if certain steel products were placed on the free list wages would have to be readjusted to the European level. "Owing to the high standards of living enjoyed by our working people," he said, "such a readjustment could not be accomplished without great suffering." Possibly he meant the steel operatives would be deprived of their swamp and open cesspool.

A Footnote to the Constitution

THE Fourteenth Amendment, a fruit of the Civil War, was popularly supposed to be for the protection of former slaves. It says: "Nor shall any state deprive a citizen of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

Under that simple paragraph a whole library of Supreme Court cases has arisen. In an annotated copy of the Constitution the paragraph is followed by column after column of small-type references to decisions.

These do not exist because former slaves have been appealing for protection. A corporation is also a "person"; and as early as 1878 the court said: "While the amendment has been part of the Constitution, as a restraint upon the states, only a few years, the docket of this court is crowded with cases in which we are asked to hold that state courts and state legislatures have deprived citizens of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

An act regularly passed by a state legislature or a decree formally entered by a state court may not be "due process of law" at all. Whether it is or not, it has been held, "depends upon whether it was in substantial accord with the law and usage of England before the Declaration of Independence and in this country since it became a nation, in similar cases." Any corporation that deemed itself afflicted by a state statute might resort to the Supreme Court to learn whether the statute was "due process of law."

This is not the popular impression of what the amendment was for; but, in an argument before the court in 1882, Roscoe Conkling, who was an influential member of the committee that framed the amendment, said: "At the time it was ratified, as the records of the two houses will show, individuals and joint-stock companies were appealing for protection against invidious and discriminating state and local taxes. . . . The condition of the freedmen and the manifest duty owing to them no doubt brought on the occasion for Constitutional amendment; but when men set themselves to the task the accumulated evils falling within the purview of the work were surrounding circumstances in the light of which they strove to strengthen the safeguards of the Constitution." According to this statement, the amendment was really framed to protect suffering corporations as well as freedmen. As it happens, it has been infinitely more efficacious in the case of the former than in the case of the latter.

The Dismal Science

WHO takes political economy seriously? The reluctance at Washington to undertake monetary legislation, and the astonishing blunders Congress has committed in comparatively recent years when such legislation has been forced upon it, suggest that among politicians the notion is still prevalent that a nation can get on very well with almost any sort of fiscal arrangements.

However, no doubt bad management of finance is more dangerous to a nation than bad management of armies and fleets. Frederick the Great suffered overwhelming defeats in the field, but an ever-solvent treasury enabled him to wage seven years' war against Europe and come out victorious. When peace was made with the American Colonies, England's debt was equal to that of France. Interest on it absorbed three-quarters of the national revenue. England's credit was so weak that to raise twelve million pounds she had issued bonds for twenty-one million pounds. Frederick said she was ruined and could never again hope to rival victorious France. In the next six years the English Government strove with might and main for retrenchment and sound fiscal reconstruction, while the French exchequer fell into the hands of Calonne, whose cheerful theory was: "In order to establish public credit one must cultivate luxury." Pursuing this sapient notion, in less than four years of peace he borrowed six hundred and fifty million francs and squandered a large part of it. France, then, was floundering in insolvency and the Revolution was beginning, while the Continental prestige of England was higher than for many years. If Adam Smith could have impressed Lord North and George III as deeply as he impressed Pitt a few years later probably there would have been no American Revolution in 1776.

Unscrambling the Eggs

PRESIDENT TAFT has declared himself quite satisfied with the Sherman Act as now interpreted. Setting the Supreme Court to "unscramble eggs" under that act seems to him an adequate method of dealing with the Trust problem. So long as the President holds this view no advance toward a solution of the problem can be expected from him. Some corporate names may be changed, as in the case of the Standard Oil Company, or from time to time some smaller stockholders may be frightened, as when the district attorney objected to the Tobacco Trust's reorganization plan; but the essential problem will remain just what it was before.

The day the Tobacco plan was filed, Insurgent Republicans, in convention at Chicago, declared:

"The present condition of uncertainty in business is intolerable and destructive of industrial prosperity. It is worse than idle to leave the question of whether great business enterprises are legal or not merely to judicial determination. Industrial corporations should, by affirmative legislative enactment, be given definite rules of conduct by which business conducted in accordance therewith shall be made safe and stable, while the interests of the public shall be fully safeguarded. We seek constructive legislation and not destructive litigation."

With the Trusts, as formerly with the tariff, the Regulars stand pat and the Insurgents demand progress. We have no doubt that the Insurgents will carry the day in the latter case, as they have already virtually carried it in the former.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Knight Thoughts

MANY men have sold mines that were dreams, but Uncle Jesse Knight is the only man I ever heard of who sold a dream that was a mine.

Uncle Jesse did it, all right. Likewise he has sold a good many other dreams or the results of them; for, when it comes to having visions that cash in for coin of the realm, Uncle Jesse makes any other prophet, seer or prognosticator look like a reactionary who reacted something like forty years ago.

Uncle Jesse is a Mormon and lives at Provo, Utah. Therefore, he is entitled to have visions. He is a miner and a developer of mines. Every time he needs a good mine in his business he has a dream—and, presto! he goes out and finds the mine where the dream told him to look. Of course it was not always thus. Uncle Jesse had a good many dreams about mines in his earlier days that didn't pan out. Probably he was only practicing—rounding into form, as the saying is.

Presently he dreamed the real dream. He dreamed that if he started digging in a certain place, and dug until he came under a certain sagebrush, he would make his strike. Uncle Jesse had been pestering a lot of people with his dreams; and they all thought he was a harmless old party and humored him, but they would not invest. This time Uncle Jesse was sure he had the right sort of a revelation; so he went out and tried to get six hundred dollars for expenses.

They all laughed at him, being bright mining men and knowing the exact ratio between dreams and discoveries, which is as one is to a million or a billion, or any other portly number you can think of.

Uncle Jesse kept on having the dream and saw that Eldorado of a sagebrush every night. Finally he raised the six hundred dollars and dug. It was a good dream. Right under the particular sagebrush he had seen in his dream he made his strike. That dream developed into the Humbug Mine.

After that Uncle Jesse had no difficulty in capitalizing his dreams. All he had to do was to have a revelation and the money came pouring in. I don't know whether he dreamed the Uncle Sam Mine or not, but he owned it and sold it for five hundred thousand dollars, of which sum he gave one-tenth to the church, being a good Mormon and bound by the tithing system.

They say out in Utah that Uncle Jesse has done more than any other one individual—as an individual—toward developing the mineral resources of the state. He wouldn't be much of a dreamer if he hadn't the courage to back his own dreams; and he is enough of a dreamer to get other people to back them also. He has been in mining for many years. You hear Utah people scoff at Uncle Jesse's revelations, but most of them have stock in his mines, just the same.

Uncle Jesse gives the impression of being earnest but simple-minded—an enthusiastic, well-meaning, but not very acute sort of a citizen, who is ambling along with his visions and dreams and revelations. Uncle Jesse gives that impression, I said. Gives is the word. Also, that is the exact, the identical impression Uncle Jesse desires to impart. You can hear people say he is a bit touched in the upper story, as they put it. Ladies and gentlemen, take it from me, Uncle Jesse Knight is crazy exactly like a fox. "They're talking too much about that mine," he said one day about one of his properties. "They are claiming too much for it. It isn't worth so much as they say it is—not by a lot!"

Uncle Jesse's Visions

CAN you imagine any such flow of conversation from a miner? You cannot; nor could any one else. Simple-minded old person decrying his own mine! "Huh!" said all the wise ones. "He doesn't want us to buy into it!" Wherefore they rushed to buy into it. Oddly enough, Uncle Jesse, having issued his warning, was willing to sell! Foolish move on his part, wasn't it? Oh, certainly; but he sold the stock.

He has visions about other things too. One of his illuminating revelations was about land in Alberta, Canada. He dreamed that proposition out some years before Alberta was not anything much but a place for the mounted police to ride over. So he went up and bought a few thousand acres for not much an acre. Then he dreamed about raising sugar beets up there, and dreamed a sugar factory; and now that land is worth dollars where it was worth cents when Uncle Jesse dreamed about it first. A good dreamer, I should say!

Uncle Jesse is a Democrat. Two or three years ago he had a revelation that he ought to run for governor on the Democratic ticket. It was a good revelation too; but, as is the way with some political dreams, it failed in one particular. This sort of a revelation—in Utah—has to come from headquarters in the Mormon Church; and, before Uncle Jesse could get his dream in good working order, somebody in authority in the official-revelation department short-circuited it or grounded it—and Uncle Jesse didn't run. However, the Democrats nominated Uncle Jesse's son, known as J. William Knight, changed his name for campaign purposes to Jesse Knight, Junior, and came mighty near winning with him.

Since that time Uncle Jesse has been convinced his dream about running for governor was a perfectly good dream; and he took occasion to nominate himself the next time in a speech not long ago. Inasmuch as he is easily the most popular Democrat in the state and the strongest, he probably will make this proposition stick if he is still of the same mind when nomination time comes round—and if others are.

No man in Utah stands higher in the estimation of the people—Mormons and Gentiles alike—than Uncle Jesse. He is open-hearted, generous, charitable, a developer of resources. He cloaks a great natural shrewdness with his homely manners and speech, and always has a faraway look in his eyes. However, his mind is never far away, but always, inevitably and invariably on the exact spot where business is being done. Being of a kindly nature he lets others into his ventures—and, being simple as a child, always retains the controlling interest himself. He has developed fifteen or twenty mines, some good and some not so good; and he still has those dreaming qualities unimpaired.

Uncle Jesse's father was one of the earliest converts to Mormonism and was the close friend and adviser of Joseph Smith, the original prophet. The marriage of Uncle Jesse's father and mother was the first marriage Prophet Joseph Smith performed. This was at Kirtland, Ohio, in 1834. Later, his parents moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, where Jesse was born in 1845. After his father died his mother took her seven children to Salt Lake, where the Mormons had moved, and became a schoolteacher.

Jesse worked at anything he could find to do—was a scout in the Black Hawk War, and in 1868 was a freighter and teamster on the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. He was at Tintic when the first mines were discovered; had his first dreams there and made some locations. He went into the cattle business and into farming, but he kept dreaming of mines—and finally dreamed the Humbug Mine. Since that time he has become rich and has moved to Provo, where he now lives—a sturdy though visionary citizen.

PHOTO. BY CHASE, SALT LAKE CITY

Being of a Kindly Nature He Lets Others Into His Ventures

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Uncle Jesse is greatly interested in Brigham University, in Utah; and one time, not long ago, he called a meeting to raise money to pay an obligation of eight thousand dollars hanging over the school. Uncle Jesse was chairman of the meeting. He appointed a secretary and made a speech, telling of the needs of the university. As he concluded he subscribed two thousand dollars for himself. He started to sit down, but another thought struck him and he talked some more. As he concluded his second speech he subscribed two thousand dollars for his wife. Just as he was about to resume his seat he was impelled to talk again. He finished this section by subscribing two thousand dollars for his son who was up in Alberta at the time in the sugar factory and who was an alumnus of the university. That seemed about all; but, after the secretary had put down the subscription for the son, Uncle Jesse had another line of thought which he elaborated. Having completed this argument he subscribed two thousand dollars for his daughter. Then he did sit down.

"Now, Mr. Chairman," said a man in the meeting, "I move this meeting do adjourn."

"What for?" asked Uncle Jesse excitedly. "It ain't hardly begun yet. What do we want to adjourn for?"

"Well, Mr. Chairman," said the secretary, "we only needed eight thousand dollars and we have that; so there's nothing else to do."

And they adjourned.

Absolutely Hemmed In

A LOUISVILLE editor went to a dinner one night and stayed late. It was after two o'clock in the morning when he reached his house afoot. In front of the house was a very small yard, hardly more than an ornamental grassplot; and in the exact center of it stood a maple sapling, with a two-inch butt. The newspaper man made for the door, but tacked off at an angle and bumped into the little treelet. He made a fresh start, executed a wide and uncertain détour—and came back smack up against the maple. This time he put his back against its swaying trunk in order to be sure of getting the direction right—and off he went again, plowing up the grass.

It wasn't any use—he circled the lawn twice, but he finished up holding on to the sapling.

Thereupon he sat himself down with great care, removed his hat, his shoes and his dress coat, and rolled up the dress coat for a pillow; and as he sank to rest beneath the stars he muttered in a voice of resignation:

"Lost, by Heavens!—completely lost in the midsh of an impen'trable foresh!"

When History Didn't Repeat Itself

THE cook for a well-known Seattle family left and no other could be obtained, so the lady of the house did the cooking herself, with such satisfactory results that, after a month, her husband gave her a beautiful set of sables as a token of his appreciation of the good dinners he had had.

Of course the neighbors soon heard of this; and when the cook left in another equally well-known family the lady of that house said to her husband:

"Well, the cook has gone and I'm not going to bother to get another. I'm going to do the cooking myself, deary. And, deary, you heard what Mr. So-and-So gave his wife when she did the cooking?"

And, putting her arms round his neck, she cooed: "What shall I get for my cooking?"

"Woman," said her husband, pushing her away, "you will get a long black veil!"

A Butte Candidate

THEY were nominating justices of the peace in a convention at Butte, Montana. An orator named Dugan had the job of presenting the names of several of them. He had the names on slips of paper.

"Gentlemen of the convention," he roared, "it is my duty, as it is my pleasure, to place in nomination for the highly important office of justice of the peace a man whose name is a household word in our community; a man whose name is known to us all; a man who is popular with us all; a man whose name, as I said, is a household word in Butte ——"

All this time Dugan was shuffling his slips and trying to remember what the man's name was. He saw the anxious candidate in the back part of the hall frantically making signs.

"Hey, you!" shouted Dugan. "Come on up here and tell us what that household-word name of yours is!"

Telephone Securities

By ROGER W. BABSON

AS WE have discussed the securities of street railroads and lighting companies in preceding articles and are now about to consider telephone securities, it is rather interesting to note the extent to which each of these public utilities is said to be a tax upon the people.

Steam Railroads	$20 00
Street Railroads	8 50
Gas	3 50
Electric Light	2 60
Telephone	1.75

This does not necessarily mean that each reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST spends $20 a year on railroad fares and only $1.75 on telephoning; but it does mean that, for every $1.75 spent on telephoning in this country, $20 is spent on railroad fares or freight. As in economizing it is natural and easiest to curtail first those disbursements which are heaviest, economizing last on those which are smallest, it is found that the earnings of telephone companies are less affected during periods of depression than the earnings of any other class of corporations; in fact, it is greatly due to the efforts of Mr. Vail, the present able president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, that most careful studies have been made of this and other features in order to detect the effect which a business depression has upon the earnings of telephone companies. These studies not only show that there has heretofore been no decline in telephone earnings during a period of depression, which is also true in the case of the earnings of certain other public utilities, but there has been a continuous increase in earnings of telephone companies throughout such periods. By tables prepared by the statistical department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, its president has been able to demonstrate conclusively that telephone earnings are the most stable of any class of public utility corporation earnings; and therefore the securities—especially the bonds of certain telephone companies—should be attractive to most conservative investors.

Independent Lines

As so often emphasized in this series of articles, there is no class of securities that has all the advantages or all the disadvantages; and telephone securities are no exception to the rule. Though the record of telephone earnings is one of continual and marked increase, yet telephone companies have been subjected to fierce competition, owing to the fact that competitive plants can be installed so cheaply—especially in the smaller cities, where wires can be placed largely overhead. It is true this competition is theoretically against public welfare. An ideal telephone system should be universal, and all the various exchanges should be so bound together by toll lines that there is ample provision for intercommunication between all communities. Any telephone system failing to meet these requirements falls short of satisfying the public. Nevertheless, notwithstanding this fundamental principle, a host of independent companies has sprung up all over the country, so that there was a time a few years ago when the total number of "independent" telephones exceeded the total number of Bell telephones. This has resulted in fierce competition, both as to rates and service.

In some cities, where the Bell telephone has been the sole company, for instance, it charges nearly fifty dollars a year for a house telephone private line. An independent company is organized which starts out with a rate of about twenty dollars a year for the same service, or less than one-half of the Bell company's charge. Of course the Bell company may have been charging too much, but the independent company doubtless is charging too little to provide for proper maintenance, depreciation and overhead charges. The Bell companies have wisely very seldom come down to as low rates as the independent companies; but, in instances like the above-mentioned, the Bell sometimes cuts from fifty dollars to about thirty dollars. Of course, in the case of a family having only one telephone, this is an apparent saving; but as a large number of people and especially most business houses, under such circumstances, are obliged to install both telephones, the total cost is in excess of the cost under the one company, the subscribers being also subjected to the double nuisance of always finding that the party desired has "the other 'phone."

The local independent companies have been greatly aided by the fact that they have been owned and operated by local interests and thus have been referred to as the "home company," while the Bell companies have been represented as being operated by "Wall Street" and "some hard-hearted Eastern capitalists." Under these conditions the independent systems have grown so rapidly that, though twenty years ago the Bell company did nearly ninety per cent of the business—and, moreover, has increased its clientèle with most rapid strides every year since—yet the independents have grown with such strides that, out of nearly 26,000 telephone companies or lines operating today about 8,000,000 stations, the Bell system proper operates only about one-half of the total number of stations, though over 8000 friendly companies or lines operate about 1,500,000 stations. The remaining telephones are operated by about 17,000 smaller companies, with an average of about 75 telephones a company. The companies are made up largely of small rural associations along coöperative lines and in many cases do not in any way compete with the Bell system, but rather tend to become feeders for the same. On the other hand, there are over 200 companies that have, on an average, about 5000 stations to each company, and these companies are a source of great trial and annoyance to the so-called "Bell interests"; in fact, it is very interesting to see what the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in an official bulletin, says relative to these companies:

"The scattered localities, lack of comprehensive toll lines, diversity of methods and variety of apparatus make it impossible to form these companies into a system in the sense that the term is applied to the Bell system, much talk and some little attempt at doing this to the contrary notwithstanding. These companies may be formed into three groups:

"Group I—Companies of less than $500-000 capital, that may be termed legitimate companies, started for the most part to fill a real or fancied want by local interests, conservatively organized and operated. Many of them are not active competitors of the Bell; most of them were started with the belief that low rates are profitable. Some 10 per cent have failed in the last few years, or as soon as the plant wore out, while most of the others acknowledge that rates must be raised before any profit can be made. This group numbers about 150 companies, with total outstanding capital obligations of $25,000,000, and some 250,000 stations—or about $100 capital a station. Not having any considerable amount of toll lines this capitalization is high but reasonable.

"Group II—Companies with a capital of $500,000 to $1,000,000. There are 35 of these companies, with a total of $20,000,-000 capital outstanding, claiming 108,000 telephones capitalized at $185 a station. Considering that this covers but a small proportion of toll lines, it is absurdly large.

"Group III—Companies with $1,000,-000 capital. There are 38 of these companies, with a total outstanding capital of $185,000,000, claiming 764,000 stations—or a capitalization of $242 a station. The remarks about overcapitalization above will apply with greater force here."

Promoted Companies

"Groups II and III comprise what may be termed 'promoted companies'—that is, companies formed by syndicates independent of or connected with manufacturing companies that finance them through construction companies, as a rule, and distribute the stock, when possible, to local or outside people. They were not formed to fill any definite want and were built under franchises promising low rates and large profits—seemingly a ridiculous proposition, but still sufficiently attractive to

"Please have it for dinner"

YOU would hear this sentiment echoed in thousands of comfortable homes all over the United States every day in the year—if you were there.

The natural unspoiled appetite of a healthy child fairly craves a food so tasty and wholesome as

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TOMATO
SOUP

An appetizing delight full of tonic nourishment in itself, this perfect soup also helps in the digestion of all that follows.

It gives zest to the simplest meal, and it is an inviting addition to any dinner or luncheon no matter how formal.

The only way to realize its exceptional quality is to try it for yourself.

Why not get acquainted with this tempting delicacy *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

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"My machine eats gasoline.
I eat these soups the while.
Then twixt us both we're
nothing loath
To eat up many a mile."

A Better Way to Buy Codfish

Don't waste any more time fussing with over-salted, unpalatable, unwholesome, "dried cod," so difficult to digest. We enable you to enjoy **fresh** sea foods no matter where you live.

Ask your grocer for

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

Two sizes—10c and 15c
(Except in the far West)

THE NEW FOOD SUCCESS

No Soaking, Picking or Boiling.
No Spoilage—No Waste.

The Ocean Freshness Is Cooked Into It—Not Dried Out of It

Large, tender, boneless, nourishing pieces of choicest Cod—

Cooked in our ocean-side kitchens a few hours after being taken from the cold, deep waters of the Atlantic—

Immediately packed without preservatives in air-tight, parchment-lined, new style sanitary containers that bring the ocean flavor and freshness right to your table—

Ready for instant use in preparing

Delicious Codfish Balls
Fish Hash Fish Chowder
Creamed Fish

and many other dainty fish dishes—all having the same appetizing appearance, delightful flavor and succulent taste as if made from freshly caught fish.

HEALTHFUL—Food Specialists agree that Codfish contains more muscle and tissue-building elements than lamb, beef-ribs, chicken, eggs, wheat flour, or any vegetable except peas and beans.

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Try one tin of B & M Fish Flakes—your grocer will gladly endorse and supply it. If he is out of it, mail us 10c and we will send you a full size 10c tin, all charges prepaid.

FREE BOOK OF RECIPES

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Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—New packing now ready—tender, sweet, truly a revelation in canned corn. Order a case from your grocer to-day

have enabled the promoters to distribute something like $200,000,000—nominal—of securities.

"The history of these groups is similar apparent prosperity so long as the plant was new or securities were readily absorbed; then trying or calamitous times, application for higher rates, reorganizations, and so on. The failures in these groups have been from 15 to 20 per cent in the last few years. The probability is that the stations claimed are not what might be called legitimate subscribers. One of the largest companies lately, still in process of reorganization, stated to its bondholders that, out of over 11,000 subscribers, 3800 had refused to pay and had ordered the telephones out; 3000 could not afford to have telephones and had not paid, and 4200 were paying $30 a year—or less than half the published rates. Few of such companies are paying dividends; and fewer of them show anything earned after taking care of the plant, while most of them are paying fixed charges out of capital obligations. As before remarked, overcapitalization, insufficient provision for deterioration of property in addition to current repairs, low rates and the lack of intercommunication are slowly but surely bringing these companies to grief. The latter alone would do so, independent of any other cause. Intercommunication is the life of our social and business organization, and a universal system is the only one over which comprehensive intercommunication can be had.

"The public are thoroughly imbued with the idea that one system is the best system, but some argue that competition is needed to keep the business within bounds. In these days of official regulation, however, it is questioned whether there is need of competition. Regulation and competition cannot work together. Regulation would demand equal service and equal conditions of each competitor. There is no such competition in the telephone business, and to establish such competition is probably impossible; but, independently of that, is there such a thing as competition in the telephone business? To build a telephone exchange in the center of an existing system and give limited service over a restricted area is not competition—at least, not the sort of competition that is talked about by its advocates."

Telephone Franchises

Of course this is the Bell's side of the story, and I give it here only because most readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST throughout the great Middle West hear only the independents' side. It, of course, is much more popular to talk in favor of the independents, as all of us who are filled with good, red American blood like to be "independent" and fight. Moreover, I believe the above statements may be prejudiced and exaggerated. Nevertheless, before investing one's hard-earned savings, it is well to hear both sides of a story; and, however much the above may be exaggerated, the small investor would better "count ten" before investing in new small "home" or independent telephone companies.

As in the selection of street-railroad and lighting securities, the questions of franchise and replacement value, earnings and management must be carefully considered. We do not hear much about the franchise in the case of telephone companies, as it is not yet time for the important franchises to expire. Moreover, certain telephone franchises are more after the style of steam-railroad franchises and are not so dependent upon local authorities as are the street-railroad and lighting companies. On the other hand, the time is coming when the terms and expirations of telephone franchises may cause a great deal of discussion. Therefore investors should confine their investments in telephone securities to those where the franchises have been approved by large banking interests.

The same remarks apply to the replacement value, but to a much greater extent; in fact, it is doubly necessary that the replacement value of a telephone plant should be very much less than the bonded indebtedness, owing to the great depreciation involved in telephone plants. Therefore conservative investors select telephone bonds of companies where the bonded debt is only about half the cost of the property.

Discussing earnings and management brings one back again to the subject of competition, mentioned above. Given an honest management in a fair-sized community, there is no reason why a telephone

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One iron does all the work—heats while it's working, and works while it's heating

JUST that one brief statement explains why you can turn out an ordinary all-day ironing by three o'clock, with much less effort, and do better work, if you adopt "American" Electric Ironing.

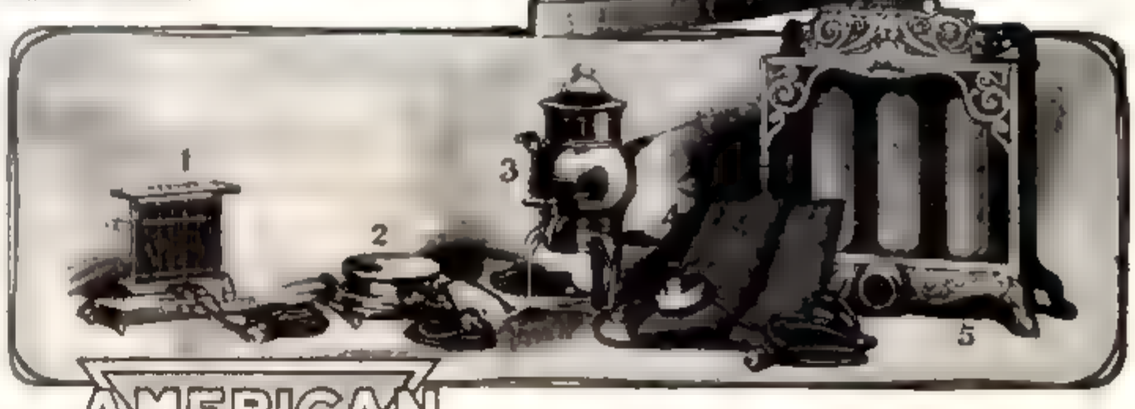
The one iron generates its own heat within itself. There's no walking to and from the range, and so you save much time and energy.

The bottom of the iron is always clean and smooth, and so the work is kept clean.

The point or "nose" of the iron being cut away, tucks, sleeves, gathers and fine work can be easily and well ironed.

To assure these advantages with the utmost economy, you must use the "American Beauty" iron. Its weight is 6½ pounds—the best for all-around household or laundry work. Attach it to any electric lamp socket. It is so durable that it is guaranteed for three years.

Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States: "American Beauty" $5, other types, $4 to $5. Prices higher in Canada.



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Look for the triangle on the iron or bar

The same system that makes the "American Beauty" iron so efficient is utilized in these electric heating-devices:

TOASTER—Figure 1—Makes hot, crisp, tender toast at table. Browns quickly and evenly, at an average cost of one cent for twelve slices. U. S. price, $4.

DISC STOVE—Figure 2—Heats the baby's milk, or water for shaving; cooks eggs, chops—anything that can be cooked in a flat-bottomed utensil placed on the stove. Especially useful after the kitchen fire is out. U. S. prices, $4 to $5.50.

PERCOLATOR—Figure 3—The best means of making the best coffee—at the table, or in the living-room after dinner. No odor—all the aroma is confined, making richer coffee. Three styles: "Empire," $9 to $11; "Newport," illustrated above, $12.50 to $15; "Argenta," $14.50 to $17.50.

WARMING-PAD—Figure 4—A hot water bottle that isn't a bottle and contains no hot water. Always ready; constant heat; never burns. Single heat, $5.50; three heats, $6.50.

LUMINOUS RADIATOR—Figure 5—A portable fire-place that takes the chill off the bath-room or dining-room, cool mornings and evenings; gives a cheerful glow and comforting heat without fire. U. S. prices, $17.60 to $18.50.

THESE devices, as well as the "American" Electric Irons, are sold by electric dealers, hardware dealers and department stores. If your dealer hasn't the one you wish, write us direct, and we will ship, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Write today for our illustrated booklet: "Make it an Electric Christmas." It gives details of many electric heating-devices for household use. Sent free upon request.

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BENJAMIN SUITS and OVERCOATS at $20 up.
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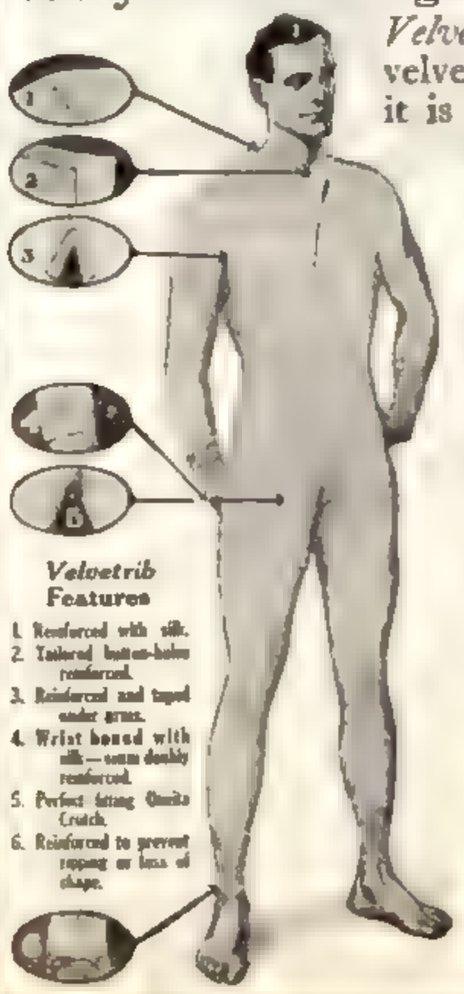
Velvetrib

Oneita Knit Underwear

Why it feels so good and wears so well



Velvetrib feels good because of the velvety softness of its fabric. Because it is elastic both ways, and has a snug, easy fit.

The wonderful *Velvetrib* fabric is knit of the finest Egyptian yarn in two closely interwoven layers. This construction permits of great warmth without bulkiness of fabric.

By actual test, the *Velvetrib* Fabric shows 80 to 100% more tensile strength than other underwear fabrics of equal weight. *Velvetrib* has the softness of fleeced lined underwear without its fuzziness or rigidity. It fits glove-like and allows perfect freedom of movement.

A *Velvetrib* garment is reinforced wherever strain comes. It is double lock stitched throughout. It has no weak spots. The making is as strong as the fabric. Note the six exclusive *Velvetrib* features illustrated.

Velvetrib Features

1. Reinforced with silk.
2. Tailored button-holes reinforced.
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5. Perfect fitting Oneita Crotch.
6. Reinforced to prevent sagging or loss of shape.

Velvetrib is Guaranteed

against irritation to the skin, shrinking, ripping, tearing, bagging—or money back.

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BOYS' Separate Garments 50c. Union Suits . . . $1

Try Velvetrib Union Suits, with the perfected Oneita crotch. If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib*, send us his name. We'll mail you booklet, sample of fabric, and see that you are supplied.

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company cannot pay a reasonable return on the amount invested, provided it has the field to itself; but when one-half of the business must be turned over to another company it is very uncertain whether both companies can long continue to be successful. In every community served by two companies one of these companies assumes the lead. Sometimes it is the independents and sometimes it is the Bell—but one is almost always forging ahead more rapidly than the other.

For this reason I have no sympathy with those bankers who advise the purchase of only Bell securities or with those who advise the purchase of only independent securities, as much depends upon the locality. In the case of St. Louis, the bonds of the independent or local company stand very high and are considered by many as a safer investment than the bonds of the Bell Telephone Company operating in that territory; but throughout New York and Pennsylvania the Bell securities stand, as a rule, much higher than the securities of the independent companies.

Moreover, I do not consider it fair to assume that the Bell interest will not permit any of its companies to default on their obligations. Though the old Erie Telephone and Telegraph Company was not a Bell company in the full sense of the word, nevertheless the Bell interests owned a large proportion of the stock, and the securities of the Erie Telegraph and Telephone Company were purchased by New England investors largely on the theory that it was a Bell company. Therefore it was quite a shock to these investors to have this stock decline from $122 a share to $15 in about two years' time; in fact, had it not been for the heroic efforts of Mr. N. W. Harris, of Chicago, who represented the bondholders in their struggle to force the Bell interests to terms, even the bondholders would have been obliged to assume a distinct loss.

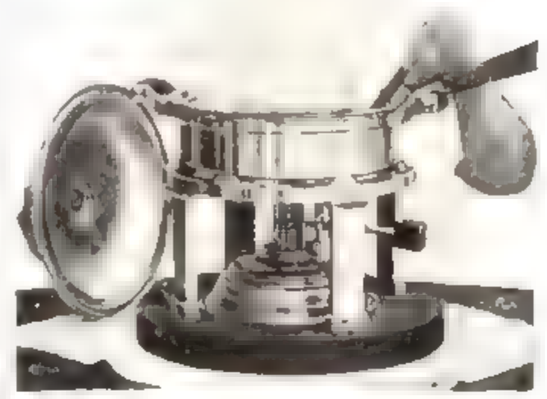
In short, telephone securities have so many distinct advantages that, were it not for this continual warfare between the Bell companies and the independents, telephone securities might today be the very choicest form of investment. So long as this competition exists, however, great care should be exercised in their selection; and the conservative investor will confine his purchases to securities of the largest and strongest companies. In addition to the factors mentioned in connection with other public-service corporations, there should be an examination into the physical and political side as well as the financial.

Matters to be Investigated

One should make a careful examination into the extent and condition of the physical property in order to ascertain whether the bonded debt is secured by property having a real market value in excess of the face amount of bonds issued. The extent and valuation of the company's real estate is the first point to be determined. If the appraised value of the land upon which buildings have been erected is alone greater than the amount of bonds outstanding it is useless to investigate further, for the bonds in such a case would be practically a real-estate mortgage. Seldom, however, is this the case; and, after careful appraisal of the real estate, it is then necessary that a careful valuation be made of the physical property—namely, copper wires, conduits and equipment.

The average investor usually finds it an impossibility to make such an examination himself, and it is likely he would not possess sufficient technical knowledge to render his investigation of much value. For an accurate estimate of the value of a telephone company's physical property it is necessary to depend upon an established bond house, which will obtain such information by the employment of trained engineers. Owing to the length of time that statistics have been available for railroad and other public utility companies, they can be properly judged by the careful investor; but satisfactory comparative figures relative to telephone companies are not available.

Especially should investors refuse to consider the cost of property and equipment as shown by the companies' books, as the actual replacement value is the only safe figure to consider. Of course many companies having expensive conduits have been so liberally maintained that the replacement value of the property is greater than the book value, but in most instances this is not the case, owing to the rapid



Manning-Bowman

Alcolite Stove

Chafing Dishes

Burning Denatured Alcohol

For light meals and late suppers there's nothing like a Manning-Bowman Chafing Dish equipped with the "Ivory" Enameled Food Pan and the Alcolite Burner Stove. This stove burns alcohol gas which it generates from the liquid alcohol. It has the cooking power of a range burner, and a full meal can be prepared on it. It will take any cooking utensil as well as Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolators.

Coffee Percolators

Manning-Bowman Percolators insure uniformly good coffee, clear, rich, full-flavored, healthful—as the liquid coffee never remains in contact with the grounds, the coffee is never rank or bitter. Manning-Bowman Percolators make coffee quickly, starting with cold water. They are simple and easy to clean—no valves, no clogging—also made in Urn style for making coffee on the table.

Tea Ball Tea Pots

The perfect way of making tea, insuring uniformly good tea, at every brewing and in every cup of a brewing. The tea ball is lowered into the liquid for steeping, then raised above it when the tea is made. Thus the tea grounds are not allowed to remain in contact with the infusion. The tea ball chain remains concealed whether ball is up or down.

The Manning-Bowman Quality products are made in hundreds of designs and in various sizes. In Nickel Plate, Silver Plate, Solid Copper and Aluminum. Sold by leading dealers—jewelers, department stores, etc. Write for Free Recipe Book and Catalogue No. L-22

MANNING, BOWMAN & COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

Also makers of Manning-Bowman Urn Coffee Percolators, Eclipse Bread Makers, Alcohol Gas Stoves, Tea Ball Tea Urns, Chafing Dish Accessories. Celebrated M. & B. Brass, Copper and Nickel Polish

The Welcome Gift—

Something he needs, values, enjoys, uses; something that shows the giver's THOUGHT—

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

SLIDING CORD

in beautiful Christmas boxes, make a splendid present for the man.

He ought to have a pair for every suit—he hardly ever has even one extra pair. He'll be more comfortable, healthier, better dressed and better tempered with another pair of SHIRLEY PRESIDENTS.

Men recognize them as SUSPENDER PERFECTION. Be sure you get that kind—in the splendid holiday box, at any good store, or by mail from the factory for

50c

or, in silk, the last word of suspender luxury, $1.00.

Your money back if he isn't simply delighted.

If you would like three beautiful Art Panels (no advertising), for framing, send us 10c for President Calendar; ready for mailing, November 15th.

The C A Edgarton Mfg Co
SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

1717 Main Street Shirley, Mass.

Our New Style Book

MAILED FREE

It should be in the hands of every home maker who appreciates the Artistic, practical and highest quality of Craftsmanship in furniture. The booklet illustrates over 300 patterns of our Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts Furniture, gives an interesting history of this charming style since the 15th Century and contains colored plates of Arts & Crafts interiors showing what truly and harmonious effects can be obtained for a small expenditure.

Ask your local dealer to show you Limbert's Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts, and see our trade-mark branded into the wood. If he cannot supply you, send us his name and we will send you the address of our Associate Distributor nearest you.

CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY
Holland, Mich. Dept. S, Grand Rapids, Mich.

deterioration of all overhead construction work. If the examination shows that the property could not be duplicated for an amount one-half or two-thirds in excess of the bond issue that is a very strong point in favor of the bonds.

In many cases, however, it will be found that the bond issue is in excess of the value of the real estate and the replacement value of the physical property, the franchise having been capitalized. To determine the real value of the franchise is a very difficult matter and involves many complicated legal and political questions. As heretofore suggested, every franchise has its distinct value, and there are many franchises that are extremely valuable; but the conservative investor should not count on the value of any franchise when considering the liquidating value of a property. A franchise is of value only because it enables a corporation to make money, and if a corporation's earnings under a given franchise are not sufficient to pay the interest on its bonds there is little real value to the franchise.

If the company whose bonds are being considered passes these tests satisfactorily—that is, if its replacement value is sufficiently in excess of the amount of bonds outstanding and the franchises are satisfactory—an examination of the company's financial condition and earnings should then be made. First, the gross earnings should be examined for a number of years back to ascertain whether the growth and rate of increase are satisfactory, considering the population served, and whether said increase compares favorably with that of other companies operating in similar territory. The position in which the company stands for obtaining new business should also be noted and especially its position for holding its present business.

Relations to the Public

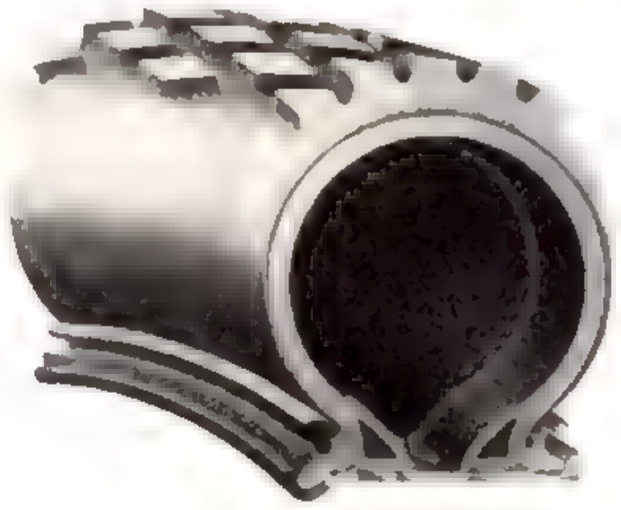
The next item to consider is the net earnings, and this involves a study of the operating expenses. In this connection the relations of the company to the public are of great importance, and it should be ascertained whether the directors of the company follow the policy of conciliating or ignoring public sentiment. The payments of a telephone company should be analyzed to determine whether sufficient capital has been spent and is to be expended for renewals, extensions and other improvements sufficient to keep the property in a high state of efficiency. This is a question which has caused much discussion in telephone circles. As to the amount which should be spent upon maintenance, I have no knowledge; but certainly, unless proper allowance is made for depreciation, it is only a question of time before the strongest company will become bankrupt.

Deterioration of plant and equipment, which goes on constantly, can be offset in only two ways: one is out of earnings, and the other is out of the security-holders—that is, by a decline in the market value of the securities. And in this connection a writer makes the following statement:

"It is difficult to measure depreciation accurately; but a safe rule is to write off ten per cent of gross earnings each month for depreciation. In this way the charge for depreciation will be proportionate to the business, which provides automatic adjustment. If the net earnings, after making this allowance for depreciation and after providing all expenses of operation, including ordinary repairs, amount to more than twice the interest charges upon the bonds outstanding, it is probable the bonds may be purchased with safety.

"Before finally determining the question, however, certain political factors must be taken into consideration. The relations of the company to the leaders of the dominant political party must be investigated. The likelihood of agitation looking toward a reduction of fares must be considered and the possibility of increase in taxes—if below the legal limit—must be weighed. The probable attitude of the legislature and municipalities on the question of renewing the franchises when they expire—or if the terms are broken—must be considered. In general, it must be learned whether any real ground of contention exists between the company on the one hand and the public and its representatives on the other; because it is inevitable that the company will weaken its independence of position by a too close connection with politics, and that the physical property will suffer if there is any lack of uninterrupted attention to it."

Utter Perfection in a Non-Skid Tread



Double Thickness—
Toughness—
Deep-Cut Blocks—
Countless Edges and Angles—
Combined With No-Rim-Cut Tires—

After three years of effort—after testing 24,000 treads—we offer you all you have looked for in a Non-Skid tread. And we combine it with Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires—10% oversize—the tires now wanted by every man who knows.

The Winter Tire

In 1908 we started our experts at perfecting a Non-Skid tread. A tread to get rid of chains and petty non-skid devices.

Our instructions were these:

"It must be made without metal, for rubber and metal never combine, and the friction between them soon injures a tread.

"It must be an addition to our regular tread.

"It must be immensely effective on any sort of slippery road. And it must remain effective as long as a thick, tough tread can last.

"It must be a fitting addition to feature with Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires."

Here's the Result

Here is the tread they created. An extra tread, almost as thick as our regular tread, onto which it is vulcanized. A double-thick tread, nearly puncture-proof.

Made of the toughest sort of rubber, as impervious to wear as rubber ever can be. When it does wear off, there's our regular tire left below it.

The blocks are deep-cut and enduring. They are wide at the base, so the load is spread over as wide a surface as it is with the smooth-tread tire. They present to the road surface edges and angles in every direction.

The grooves can't fill up, and the air rushing through them keeps the tire cool—saves the damage of friction heat.

And the tread is white. You have never seen a device against skidding which compares with this ideal tread.

On No-Rim-Cut Tires

But the greatest fact is that this tread is combined with our famous No-Rim-Cut tires. These patented tires have quickly become the most popular tires on the market. Over 700,000 have been sold to date.

The control of this tire, in the past two years, has multiplied our tire sales by six. And we are equipping ourselves for the coming season to build 3,800 per day.

One important fact is that these tires can't be rim-cut. With the old-type tires—the clincher tires—23 per cent of all ruined tires are rim-cut. Such a tire, if punctured, may be wrecked in a single block.

The myriad of motorists who use No-Rim-Cut tires avoid all of this cost and worry.

10 Per Cent Oversize

Then No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent over the rated size. The method of fitting permits this. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together cut tire bills in two. Yet No-Rim-Cut tires cost just the same as other standard tires. They fit any standard rim. And they come, if you wish, with the best Non-Skid tread ever put onto a tire. How can you afford to use lesser tires?

GOODYEAR
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our Tire Book, based on 12 years of tire making, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(197)

Get down your old jimmy pipe and try it

That's the way to find out that Prince Albert is a real, bang-up, joy smoke. You'll find it different from any other tobacco you ever smoked. It has some things the others don't have, and lacks some they do have. A pipeful will prove its wonderful flavor and fragrance. ***A thousand pipefuls won't bite your tongue!*** And right there you have the reason why P. A. has revolutionized pipe smoking. Our ***patented process*** takes out the bite and the sting without lessening the rich, mellow, satisfying tobacco flavor.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Maybe you have a grudge against a pipe. Forget it. The pipe wasn't to blame; it was the tobacco. Tuck P. A. in the bowl, and that pipe is as good as gold. It takes on a new value, becomes a source of simon-pure, unadulterated, endless joy.

But try it, we say. Get a tin now at the nearest smoke shop. All live dealers sell it, and all know that when a man once tries P. A. he fights shy of substitutes.

10c tins, 5c bags wrapped in weather-proof paper, half-pound and pound humidors. The pound humidors of crystal glass make jim-dandy Christmas gifts.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

As in all new enterprises, speculation has run ahead of the reality, while financing built upon oversanguine calculations has had difficulty in squaring accounts when brought face to face with facts. In most of the calculations insufficient allowance has been made for the wear and tear of service—in other words, for renewal. After a few years' test of earnings against expenses it has become evident that a proper allowance for depreciation of plant would show a heavy deficit in the income account, as in most cases no allowance—or only a meager one—has been made. For a time this method of bookkeeping proved less disastrous than might have been expected, owing to the rapid growth of population and business in American cities. It has also been possible in many cases to consider the enhanced value given to the franchise by growth of business as an offset to the depreciation of equipment. So far, also, as the plant was kept up to a high degree of efficiency by charging the expense of repairs to operation expenses, the absence of a depreciation account was partially offset.

This, however, will suffice only for a limited period, and all telephone companies must sooner or later meet the real problem of providing for very heavy maintenance and depreciation charges.

As a general rule, telephone bonds, in common with the obligations of all public-service corporations, sell upon about the same income basis as high-grade industrial bonds—that is to say, under normal conditions they return considerably more than railroad or municipal bonds.

Opinions of Other Writers

A friend of mine, who is a partner in one of the large New York bond houses which sells public-utility bonds, has made some remarks concerning the same that especially apply to telephone bonds. Though these remarks are more pessimistic than I should naturally make, being myself a believer in public-service corporation bonds for permanent investment purposes, I will close this series of articles with the thoughts of this well-known bond dealer:

"The question remains: Do public-utility bonds afford a desirable security for the investment of a business surplus and of trust funds? In regard to the former, it may be said at once that public-utility bonds do not meet the necessary conditions. The security is too doubtful and the convertibility features are not sufficient. For private investment, however, the case is somewhat different. Keeping in mind the desirability of diversifying investments, and admitting the attractiveness of investing in a class of property the earnings of which are comparatively stable, it seems clear that public-utility bonds cannot be dismissed without consideration. When a company is found whose property is substantially greater in real value than its bonded debt, whose allowance for depreciation is ample, whose franchises are satisfactory, whose earning capacity is large and whose management is capable and upright, the investor is justified in giving careful consideration to its issues. Unless all these points are found to be satisfactory, however, the investor should content himself with some other form of security. For some years to come it is to be feared that many of our public-service systems will suffer from the war of discordant elements—disregard of the rights of the public on the part of the management and socialistic agitation for control on the part of the community."

Therefore, until these warring factions are reconciled and the questions at issue adjusted with fairness to the security-holders and the public, the investor should be most prudent in his purchase of public-utility obligations, though nearly all underlying liens and certain other issues of established properties which are recommended by bond houses of undisputed integrity should be perfectly safe. For, as another friend of mine has written:

"The business of public-utility corporations is among the most substantial of the century's industries, by reason of the necessity for their products, the tendency to growth of communities served, natural freedom from competition and the economies effected through consolidation. Bonds of such properties constitute a safe investment, providing they conform to certain stringent requirements. They yield more liberally than municipal and railroad bonds of equal security."

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Any leather in any style for any foot can be had in the "Natural Shape" Florsheim Shoe.

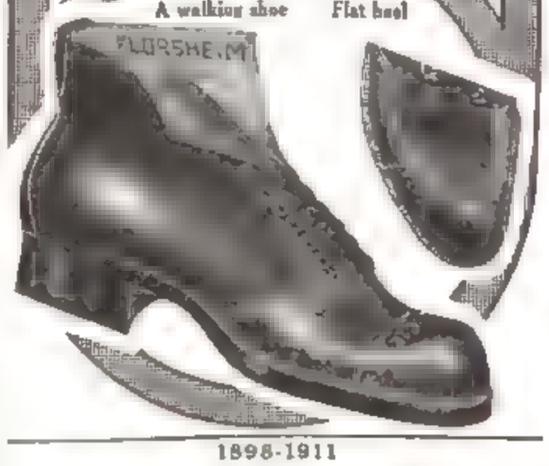
Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and postage and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different*.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.

The Ego
A walking shoe Flat heel



1898-1911

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots of Stock

The out-of-town and out-of-reach man finds our Partial Payment plan a convenient way to buy stocks and bonds.

Send for Circular 7—"ODD LOT INVESTMENT."

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

New Cloth Alpine
Scratch-up
$2

King of them all

Sold by metropolitan hatters [illegible] New English Cloth Alpine, [illegible] New Fall Style Book—Free.

French Pocket Hat Co., 38 S. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BONDS [illegible] as security for

Postal Savings Bank Deposits

are the only class we offer. Instead of the 2% the Postal Banks pay these Bonds will yield from 4½% to 4¾%

Write for FREE Circular.

New First Nat'l Bank, Dept. H-1, Columbus, O.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates, quick time on [illegible] goods to and from Western points.
[illegible]

No Other Sock is made like this

The only machines in existence which can knit socks by the "Interwoven" process are in the Interwoven Mills. It took us 50 years to perfect these machines. They make Interwoven Socks light where they should be light (that's for comfort) and strong where they should be strong (that's for wear).

The light-weight sock that really wears

Many sock makers take care of the toe and heel, but let the sole and ankle take care of themselves. The Interwoven machines wear-proof the toe, heel, sole and ankle of Interwoven Socks —*every* wear-point.

The seamless sock that really fits

In most cases, a sock small enough to fit the ankle is too small to fit the foot. The Interwoven machines knit Interwoven Socks to *shape* and make them fit the foot and hug the ankle. The fit can't be washed out.

Silk-Lisle that's really silky

Interwoven yarn costs double the market price of the usual hosiery yarn. Interwoven Socks have a softer, smoother, silkier look and "feel" than many socks that cost you more.

High Lustre that's really permanent

Some socks lose their lustre after one or two washings. Interwoven Socks are dyed only with the very best of imported dyes. Their intense silk-lustre is absolutely permanent. It cannot be affected by washing.

You will wear Interwoven Socks when you know about them. One trial will convince you.

Sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high-class haberdasheries of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries. All fashionable shades. 25c, 35c, 50c the pair.

INTERWOVEN STOCKING COMPANY

New Brunswick, N. J.

How's Business and Why

TO SAY that business could be much worse and might be very much better pretty nearly summarizes the general situation. There is an occasional sign of betterment, while here and there are evidences of recession, and both the betterment and the recession seem to a certain extent to be temporary in their operation. There is a large volume of business in the aggregate, but without much stocking up in expectation of higher prices of either raw material or manufactured articles. Most business is, in a word, done on conservative lines, and this condition offers a good and sound basis for future expansion; but to a people ambitious to compress the reasonable effort and achievement of a lifetime into a few brief years at the risk of paying a severe penalty for maintaining a furious pace, the slower pace becomes irksome. Nevertheless, there is no possibility that any man or set of men will alter the normal progress of action and reaction or revolutionize the process. This process is an old one and one often witnessed heretofore. Moreover, it has ever been effective and will unquestionably be the same this time. To accept the situation as it is and conform individual effort to the facts and necessities of the case will avoid a lot of worry and promote the return of the good times every one is anxious to welcome.

Man is self-willed, and none more so than the business man. He wants his own way; has inherited the trait and has developed it by exercise. Without this quality the race would have made slower progress in many directions and specially in the direction of business. But in the development of civilization the time comes when the exercise of self-will in business produces what enlightened civilization styles an inequality of privilege and opportunity and entails an oppression upon human beings; and when this condition becomes sufficiently pronounced steps are taken to correct the evil. Now in a republic like the United States the corrective force often operates through politics, which, though not always a just or even agreeable way of bringing about the desired change, is wont in the end to be effectual. Business men just now protest the method with great vehemence and lay the blame for interference with industrial, commercial and financial affairs at its door. The oft and widely quoted Mr. James J. Hill is reported observing, as if it were not trite, that the trouble with the present situation is too much politics, a remark that wins tremendous applause and may in a sense be true. But it is inevitable that politics shall rage on occasions like this; that unlimited disturbance shall thereby be created; and, judging from precedent, it is also inevitable that out of it all shall come a better country in which to live and do business. Civilization is moving forward by aid of, or in spite of, those agencies and events that some good men declare wrong and may even contend against.

Mr. Taft on the Trusts

The business community keeps begging to be let alone, and that extremely sensitive part of the community known as Wall Street hopes against hope that the National Administration will modify or abandon its program for enforcing the statute against the monopolistic corporations. It also seconds the wish of the protected industries or those who conduct them that the tariff be not disturbed. And so it is claimed that Presidential and partisan politics are operating as an almost unbearable handicap to business in general and to stock speculation in particular. There is, no doubt, something of truth in this claim, and yet business would likely be dull and speculation on the stock exchanges unsatisfactory even if the political factor were to be eliminated from the problem. For there are wage factors, cost-of-living factors, crop factors, international-trade factors, social factors and many others that need not be enumerated that would still influence the situation, and would severally have to be dealt with before it would be possible for the conditions that make for progress to assert themselves.

"What this country needs above all," says a Southern publication, "is prosperous and active business. . . . What is wanted is a wise and sensible administration that will put business on a just and equable basis and keep it there, so that it may be active and profitable. Neither capital nor labor should be allowed to assume any dictatorial authority. Business is the life of the entire population and should be kept for the general benefit." At Pocatello, the other day, President Taft, after defining his duty as regards the enforcement of the Sherman Law and the relation of the enforcement to general business, said: "To one in my place, charged with the enforcement of the law, there is no discretion. . . . The prosecutions must go on. . . . Business must reform itself. When the business community—that part of it that has thought that this statute did not mean anything—understands that it is to be enforced, then we may reach a solution that will enable the business community to settle down on a proper, legitimate basis. I hope that is near at hand. When that is done, with the railroads under proper machinery and supervision, with the principles of right business settled with reference to the general government, then we must get together for the purpose of prosperity." Here, then, is the wish and the program for its realization. If the business community yearns for prosperous times let it coöperate with those who will seek to bring about those times only when they can be brought about with honor and with fairness to all interests involved. Such at least is the idea of the President, and it is probably useless to clamor for a variation of the administration plan as relates to these matters.

Fewer Idle Cars

Though it is true that general business is large in volume and that there is betterment here and recession there, it will be advantageous to get a nearer view of conditions in many lines of activity. Here is the bulletin of the American Railway Association with its statement of idle cars as of September twenty-seventh, showing a net surplus of freight cars out of use amounting to 50,038, a reduction of 14,245 in two weeks, the decrease being chiefly in coal and box cars and applying to all sections of the country except the Middle Atlantic states. As this is the season when cars should be in demand, if at any season, the decrease is no more than normal; indeed a year ago the decrease for the fortnight was 22,548 cars, leaving but 24,528 cars in the association out of use. This car statement bears witness to the considerable volume of traffic, but is not an index to the effect of that traffic upon the earnings of the railroads. These are fair as to gross and not so good as to net. The situation is such as to keep open the question whether some of the railroads will not have to reduce dividends by next spring or earlier. Though this is the condition as regards the railroads, some of the industrial companies, as in the case of the American Agricultural Chemical Company, are beginning dividend payments on the common stock; and some, like the United States Rubber Company, are resuming payments on the common stock. The Utah Consolidated Copper Company likewise resumes dividends in a small way, thereby exciting surprise. The industrial companies appear to have fared rather better than the railroads in this period of shrinking trade and profits.

Relative to railroad traffic, Western roads had the smallest business in early October that they have had in several years, not even the strikebound Illinois Central having any congestion, which is fortunate for that particular road. Except in the matter of box cars there is a surplus on all the Western lines, an unusual experience in October. Loadings on all lines except the Atchison show a heavy decrease compared with last year. The traffic of that road is running ahead of last season, particularly the colonist traffic to the Southwest. It is remarked as singular that the loadings of the railroads should decrease while there is a decrease in the idle cars of the country, as shown in the statement above. There was a free movement of grain into Chicago for the period in review, last year's record for the same time being exceeded. In case of flour, however, there was a marked decrease, the input being scarcely half that of the same period last year—112,988 barrels compared with 203,794 barrels in 1910 and 222,284 barrels in 1909. The marketing of cattle from Western and Northwestern ranges during the early part of

Continued on Page 36

Printype—
OLIVER
Typewriter

The Only Writing Machine in the World That Successfully TYPEWRITES PRINT

–17 Cents a Day!

The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which has crowded ten years of typewriter progress into the space of *months*, is now offered to the public for *17 Cents a Day!*

—Offered at the same price as an *ordinary* typewriter—*payable in pennies!*

The commanding importance of *Printype* is everywhere conceded.

For who does not see what it means to make the world's vast volume of typewritten matter *as readable as books and magazines!* The Printype Oliver Typewriter is equipped with beautiful Book Type, such as is used on the world's *printing presses*

Printype is distinguished by marvelous clearness and beauty. It does away with all strain on eyesight which the old style *outline* type imposes. Printype puts life and style and *character* into typewritten correspondence. It makes every letter, every numeral, every character "*as plain as print.*"

The complete story of *Printype* has never before been told. Here it is:

The Real Story of Printype

The idea from which "Printype" sprung resulted from the success of our type experts in equipping a typewriter used in our offices to write "The Oliver Typewriter" in our famous trade-mark type just as the name appears on the outside of the machine and in all Oliver publicity.

The beautiful appearance and the marvelous clearness of the reproduction of our "ebony" trade-mark type, disclosed the possibilities of equipping The Oliver Typewriter to *write the entire English language in shaded letters!*

We worked for *years* on the plan and finally succeeded in producing, for exclusive use on The Oliver Typewriter, the wonderful shaded letters and numerals known to the world as "Printype."

The Public's Verdict

That the public is overwhelmingly in favor of Printype is impressively shown by this fact:

Already over 75 per cent of our entire output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

The public is *demanding* Printype in preference to the old-style type.

Within a year, at the present rate, *90 per cent of our total* sales will be "Printypes."

Thus The Oliver Typewriter, which first successfully introduced *visible writing*, is again to the fore with another revolutionary improvement—*Printype, the type that prints print!*

To Corporations:

The Oliver Typewriter is used extensively by great concerns in all sections of the world.

Our "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan is designed to help that large class of typewriter buyers who want the same typewriter that serves the great corporations, but prefer the easy system of purchase.

The masses want The Oliver Typewriter because it stands the test of the largest corporations.

Meet "Printype"—You'll Like Its Looks.

Ask for Specimen Letter and "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan.

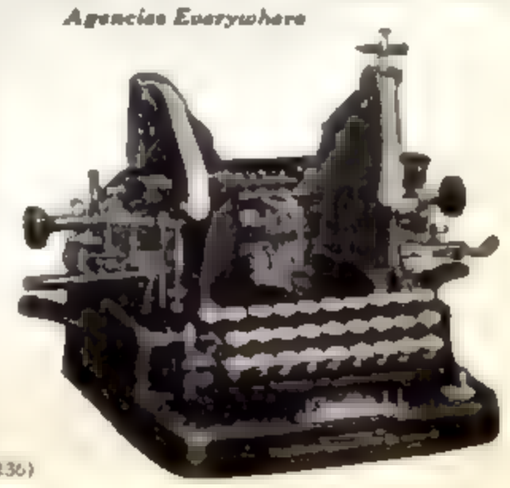
Make the acquaintance of Printype, the reigning favorite of typewriterdom. Ask for a letter written on The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which will introduce you to this beautiful new type. We will also be pleased to forward the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan on request.

Address Sales Department,

The OLIVER
Typewriter Company

805 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Agencies Everywhere



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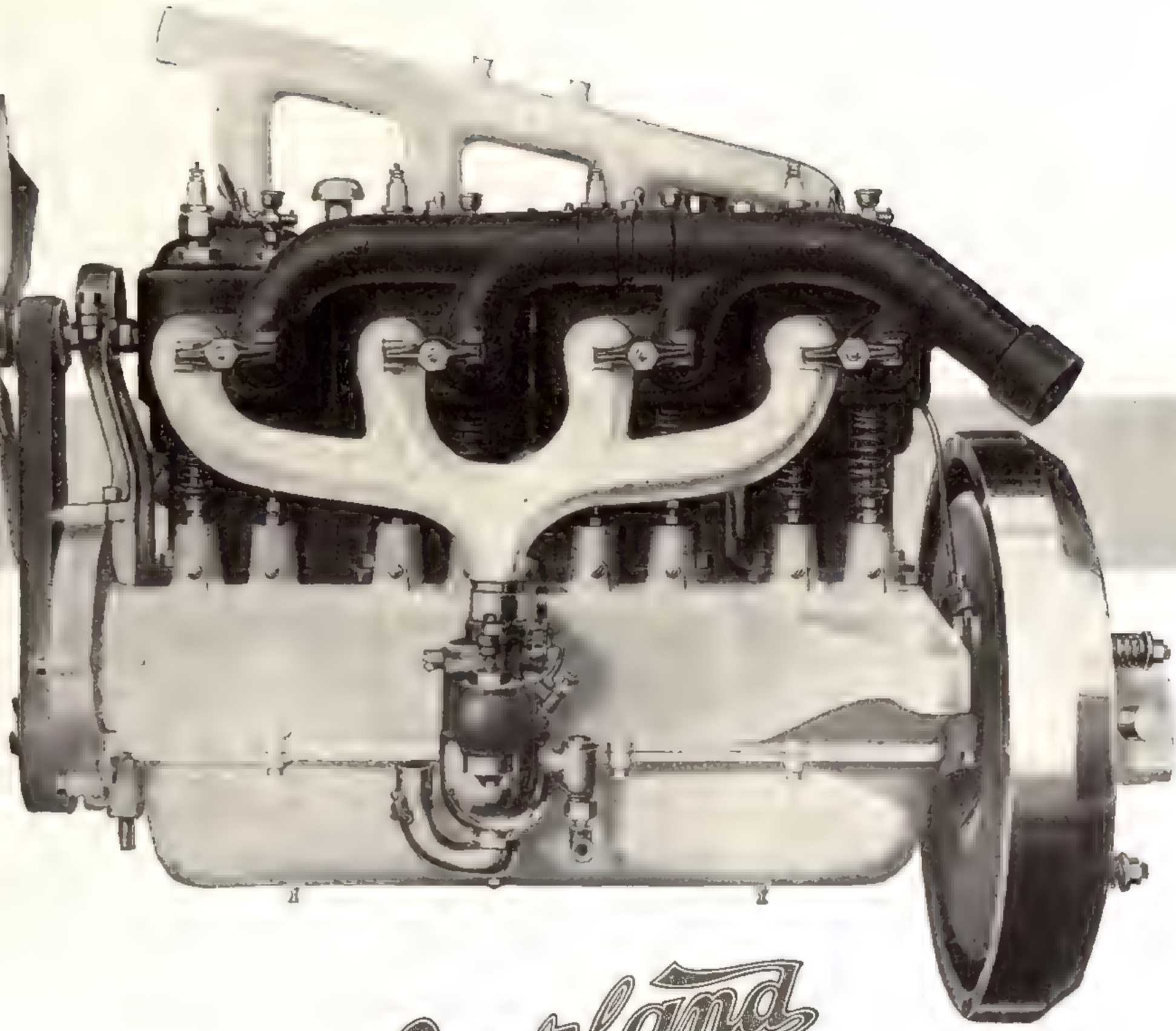


Overland

A Word About the Efficient Motor In This $900 30-Horsepower Touring Car

THE motor of an automobile corresponds in importance to the "works"

# of a fine watch. A fancy watch case might make a very handsome ornament, but if it hides a cheap movement it makes a worthless timepiece. When *you* consider a car the first thing to do is to take a good look at the engine. Look it over carefully. Make the dealer go into minute detail. This will give you a better idea of the car's real value.

Any manufacturer can tell you his motor is efficient, dependable, reliable, economical—in short, give you all of the regular, pet, stock-in-trade adjectives. These words are all found in the dictionary. But beyond that you don't hear very much. Anyone can make a general statement, but when it comes to backing it up with sound facts—that's a horse of another color. The purpose of this is to tell and prove to you (with supporting facts) how good the motor in our $900 motor car is—what it is and how it is made. And anyone who is the least bit motor-wise will recognize a really good engine.

It is utterly impossible in this space to go into this matter as thoroughly as we would like to. But these few facts tell you the whys and wherefores of a motor which we know is by far the most efficient for its size ever made. You can see by the illustration what a clean cut job it is. Its action is just as fine as its looks.

The motor in our $900 five-passenger fore-door touring car is the four cylinder four cycle type.

Cylinders have large water-jackets and are cast singly, increasing cooling efficiency with the advantage of being able to replace a single cylinder at low cost should an accident occur. These cylinders are cast from a close grained metal from our own formula. The crank shaft and connecting rods and all other forgings are of high carbon manganese steel.

All bearings, cylinders, pistons and rings are ground to accurate and tested smoothness, insuring long life, freedom from wear, and positive compression. The cylinders are offset from the crank shaft to obviate the dead center at the time of impulse. The motor is suspended on three points from the main frame, which is braced for this purpose, thus dispensing with the complication and added weight of a sub-frame. This construction is ideal, as it allows for the twisting of the car on rough roads, and eliminates the liability of a disalignment. The entire motor is constructed with a view to accessibility of all parts that might possibly require attention.

The valves are made from thirty-five per cent. nickel steel heads electrically welded to carbon steel stems. All the wearing surfaces of the valves are ground to a one-thousandth part of an inch. They are of the mushroom type and interchangeable. Owing to their peculiar design and large size they enable the motor to develop at least *fifteen per cent. more horse-power* than any other motor of the same bore and stroke. The lower end of the valve stem is hardened and comes in contact with a fibre insert in the adjusting screw, which in turn fits into the square push rod. This contributes largely to the silence of the valve action, and permits adjustment for possible wear.

The cam shafts are drop forged (in our own drop-forge plant, which is the largest in the industry), oil-treated and case-hardened. They are ground and machined automatically, which means positive accuracy in the relative position of one cam to another. Owing to the large bearing areas throughout, the motor will run indefinitely without perceptible change in valve-timing, for which possibility, however, a means of adjustment is provided.

This is the only car of its class with a five-bearing crank shaft. This feature gives support on each side of each connecting rod as it delivers its power stroke, which insures the greatest possible rigidity and keeps the crank shaft in perfect line on its bearing. The crank shaft is drop forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, resulting in quietness and extreme long life.

The crank cases are cast in two sections, of the finest grade of aluminum alloy obtainable. Such metal is used principally for lightness, and while more expensive than other kinds, it enables us to use a webbed construction of very superior strength. The casting of these cases is done in our own foundry.

We equip this motor with a standard carburetor, chosen for its adaptability to the work required. The special advantages are those of quick vaporization and consequent easy starting; economy of fuel with the greatest percentage of power for a given amount of gasoline, and satisfactory operation at all speeds, obviating difficulties often encountered at slow motor speed. Its very accessible location, its simplicity of adjustment and the ease with which our carburetors start the motor are inherent points of superiority.

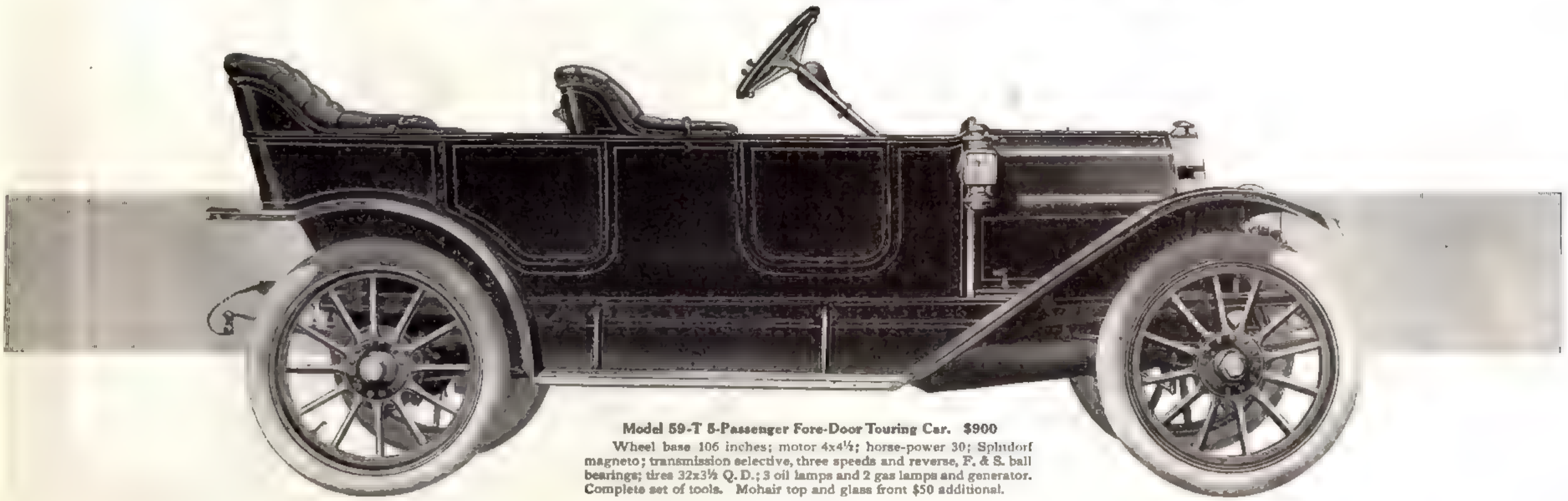
No other motor in the world is given a more severe test and thorough inspection. Just as soon as it is assembled and ready to be bolted into the frame, it is sent down to the engine testing room for what is known as a block test. The engine is belted up for two hours, and driven by other than its own power to limber it up so that it will start easily. Then it is put onto the block and run from 8 to 16 hours under its own power. During this time two inspectors watch the engine performance constantly, testing it frequently by brakes, until, in their judgment, based on long experience, it is ready to be inspected by the foreman in charge of this department. Then the foreman goes into an examination of the engine very thoroughly. And if there is the slightest indication of anything but the smoothest sort of work—if the engine does not turn up the power that it should—it is sent back to the chief inspector of the engine assembly department.

After being thoroughly tested, the engines are sent, together with the remainder of the parts that make up the assembled chassis, down to the chassis assembly room, where they are assembled and then turned over to the road testing department.

This should give you a good idea of the thoroughness of the motor in this $900 car. And every other part of this automobile is just as good as it can be made. It is a high grade car, and a careful comparison of the entire machine will absolutely prove to your own satisfaction that no other maker can sell this car at this price without losing money.

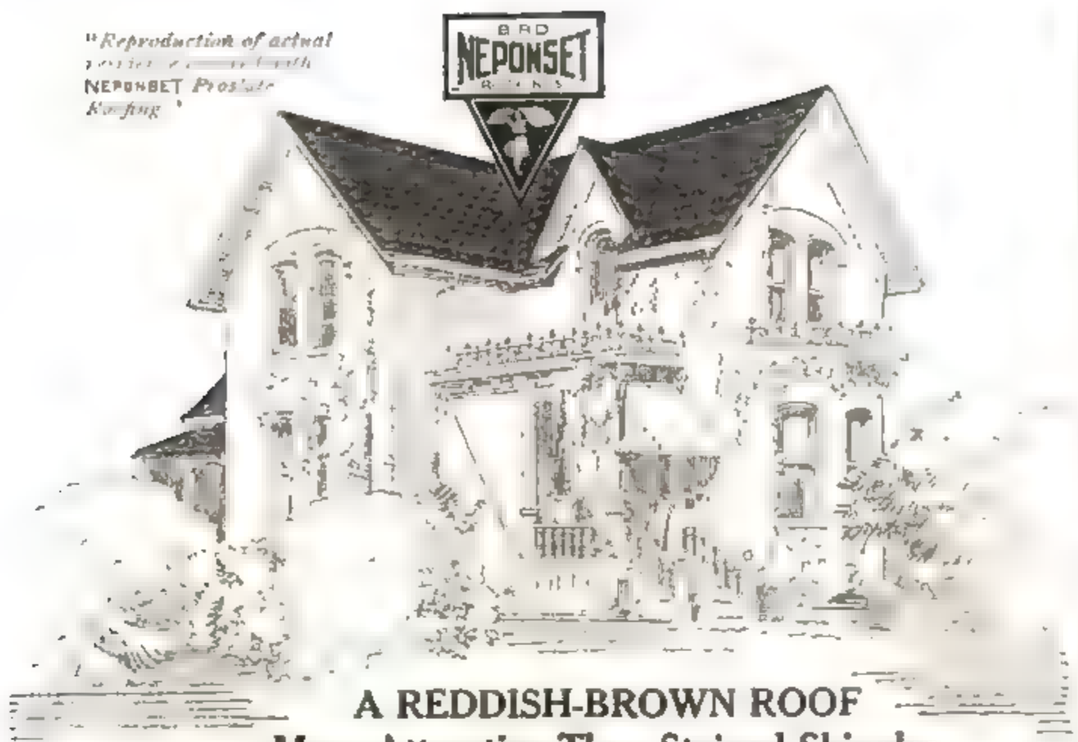
We have published a book for those who can not come to Toledo and have a trip through our enormous plants. It takes you over the entire 80 acres. It shows how we make every part of every Overland car. It shows you the car from start to finish—from raw material to the complete article. It is a treatise of the industry's greatest factory. It explains our great equipment and shows how we can produce our cars to sell at prices from twenty to forty per cent. lower than other cars. It is written in an interesting and readable style and is full of valuable information. What we did not have room to say here, of the motor in this $900 car, will be found complete in this book. Drop us a line today, and we will see that you get one of these books by return mail. It also shows our complete 1912 line with prices, specifications and full descriptions.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car. $900

Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4x4½; horse-power 30; Splndorf magneto; transmission selective, three speeds and reverse, F. & S. ball bearings; tires 32x3½ Q. D.; 3 oil lamps and 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools. Mohair top and glass front $50 additional.



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A REDDISH-BROWN ROOF

More Attractive Than Stained Shingles

Costs less to buy and less to lay. Can't catch fire from sparks or burning embers. And for permanent wear

NEPONSET

PROSLATE ROOFING

Is the Real Rival of Best Shingles

Adapted to steep pitched roofs—*dwellings, churches, school houses, bungalows*—any roof suitable for shingles.

NEPONSET Proslate is supplied with straight edge or ornamental edge as you prefer. It is the *modern idea* roofing material—combining long life, fire protection, handsome appearance, moderate cost. Unless you know about NEPONSET Proslate you do not know the latest thought on roofing.

Write today for facts and photographs—also name of NEPONSET dealer.

NEPONSET *Paroid is the* NEPONSET *Roofing for barns and factories.*

F. W. BIRD & SON, *Established 1795,* **248 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.**

New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco

Canadian Plant, Hamilton, Ontario

THERE IS pronounced prestige in the ownership of cut glass or engraved crystal which bears the Libbey trade mark—and a lack of it when that trade mark is missing.

Both types of Libbey craftsmanship suggest, at this season, beautiful gift possibilities.

THE LIBBEY GLASS COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 33)

October was the largest for the season since 1908. Sheep arrivals were the largest for the period for five years. There was a heavy decrease in arrivals of hogs, so that, counting all livestock, there was a decrease of 36,000 compared with 1910. Eastbound traffic from Chicago was less than last year, though it showed some gain over previous shipments. Westbound traffic was better than eastbound. The traffic in provisions did not quite hold its own, but was larger than last season. The heavy arrival of cattle at Western markets is attributed to shortage of fodder crops and high prices for mill feeds.

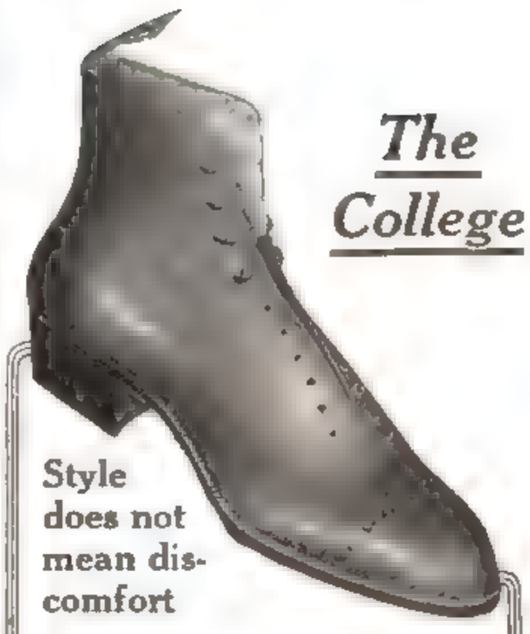
The October crop report shows a nominal gain only in the condition of corn, indicating a yield of a little less than 2,800,000,000 bushels—say, about 356,000,000 bushels less than last year's yield. The shortage in production of oats, barley and spring wheat compared with last season is rising 300,000,000 bushels, while all wheat is about 40,000,000 less than last year. These are the principal grains that enter into stock feed, not forgetting, of course, the part played by cottonseed and flaxseed, both of which are in larger supply this year than last; and cottonseed products should at least be cheaper than in 1910. Flaxseed is dear, the oil manufactured therefrom being in great demand.

The Rubber Market

Interesting in connection with the declaration of a dividend upon United States Rubber common stock are the reasons assigned for the act—to wit, good trade prospects for the weeks ahead, and the belief that the days of extreme fluctuations in the price of crude rubber are over and that the company is permanently protected against liability of rubber at $3 a pound or any such price. There are under rubber cultivation in the Far East some 875,000 acres, and the United States Rubber Company expects to obtain from its own plantations twenty-five per cent of its supply within three years and seventy-five per cent within five years. The acreage aforenamed is likely practically to double the world's product of about 75,000 tons within six years. What the world's consumption of rubber will be six years from now is beyond present power of conjecture. That it will increase is certain; and so, likewise, may the area devoted to the growing of rubber trees be enlarged. Until lately the bulk of the rubber has come from the wild rubber trees of Brazil, but the practicability of the development of orchards privately set out and cultivated has now been fully demonstrated. To what extent the manufacturers of rubber goods will divide the benefits of cheaper rubber with the consumers of their goods is past saying. The dividend plans of the United States Rubber Company attest expectation of enlarged profits for the manufacturer as the consequence of cheaper and more stable prices for crude rubber. Stability of prices for crude rubber will obviously lessen the capital required to carry a supply of this commodity. Enlarged production by rival interests should diminish likelihood of corners being formed in the article, although this alone may not positively guarantee immunity from that danger. The United States Rubber Company has its own company engaged in the cultivation of rubber, and by supplying itself from that source the expense at least of several middlemen will be avoided, for the crude rubber industry is peculiarly subject to an excess of middlemen's profits.

As an index to the condition of the electrical trade it is worth noting that, after several months of declining business, the Western Electric Company experienced an increase of twelve per cent in the orders billed in September, while sales were the largest for any month in its history. For nine months of the calendar year the gross business of the company was four per cent larger than for the same months of the previous year. This concern manufactures telephone and other electrical apparatus and hopes to do a gross business of $66,000,000 for the full year. The telephone industry reflects at least approximately the growth of social and general business conditions of the country. Incidentally it indicates somewhat regarding the copper industry. The latest statistics of copper production, imports and deliveries in this country show a declining tendency.

The figures are for September, when production and imports were 115,588,950



The College

Style does not mean discomfort

Possibly you are one of the many who have worn "stylish" shoes that hurt your feet and were uncomfortable all the time.

Here is a shoe built on a stylish last that will give you genuine foot comfort all day long—make walking or standing a pleasure—bring your feet back into a normal, healthy condition.

It is no longer necessary for you to sacrifice style for foot comfort. The

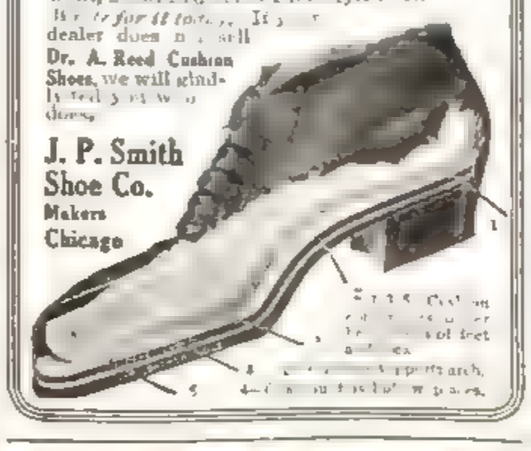
Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

TRADE MARK

has a soft, yielding, pliable, patent Cushion Insole which is a guarantee against tired, aching, burning feet. Your foot sinks down luxuriously into a normal position, your weight is evenly distributed over the entire sole—all pressure of the uppers is eliminated.

Get Our Free Style Book "B"

You will find just the style and leather you want, illustrated in our Free Style Book—[illegible] It [illegible] dealer does not sell Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes, we will gladly tell you where [illegible]



J. P. Smith Shoe Co.
Makers
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A Permanent Edge

You can keep your razor constantly keen, so it will give you a clean, comfortable shave every day, if you use our

New Torrey Honing Strop

You don't need any experience or [illegible] the New Strop, without a [illegible] The sharpening side is provided with our [illegible] Treatise [illegible] the New Torrey Strop keeps your razor in so much better condition than any other strop. If your dealer does not show you the New Torrey Honing Strop write us and [illegible] a booklet about shaving, sent free on request

Prices 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50

Get a Torrey Razor—the Best Made

Every dealer who is not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop should write at once for our special proposition.

J. R. TORREY CO., Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.

Educator Toasterettes are a delicious dainty beloved alike by young and old

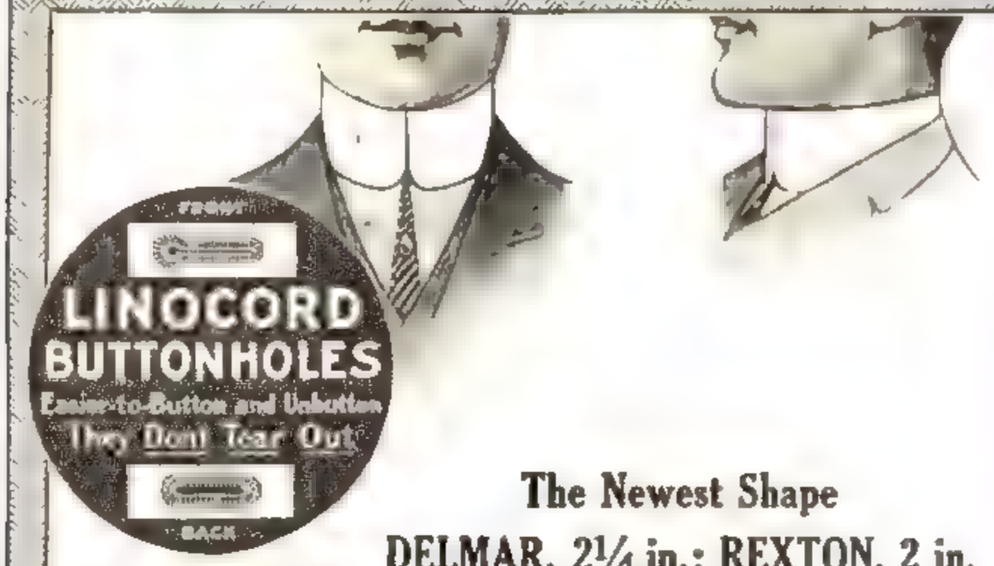
One of the many varieties of **Educator Crackers.**

They are baked by the d[illegible] r[illegible] [illegible] baking and [illegible] the same [illegible] [illegible] that has made **Educator Crackers** [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

The Cracker of Character and Economy

Educator Toasterettes are [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



The Newest Shape
DELMAR, 2¼ in.; REXTON, 2 in.

A Closed-Front Collar that Does Meet Close

This Buttonhole is Your Security that IDE SILVER COLLARS Retain Their Style, Fit and Comfort.

THE newest style is the DELMAR. It is baked, and so shaped while baking by our special **Vertiform Process,** that it is a straight-front collar that actually *does* meet close. Has ample scarf space.

You can see in the illustration how LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES are protected where the *strain* comes—why *they don't tear out.*

Ask for IDE SILVER COLLARS at your dealer's, or write us for "What's What," an illustrated authority on dress, and the clever story booklet, "What I Know About Laundries" (actual experiences).

GEO. P. IDE & CO.
491 River Street Troy, N. Y.

Please examine these buttonholes at the dealer's—they're only in IDE SILVER COLLARS.

Then, if you will *try* IDE SILVER COLLARS you will find that LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES *keep* your collars as smart as when bought. For collars simply cannot retain fit, style or comfort when buttonholes pull or stretch the merest trifle.

These collars come in styles for every man and every occasion. If *you* have a favorite shape, we make it.

Try the DELMAR and learn its style *supremacy.*

Ide Silver BRAND
1/4 Sizes Collars 2 for 25¢

In Canada, 3 for 50c.

REMEMBER THE NAME
Shur-on
EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

Persons Often Look Alike Without Being Alike

Other mountings may look like Shur-on Eyeglass Mountings, but close inspection will show that better mechanical construction which makes Shur-ons, when properly adjusted,

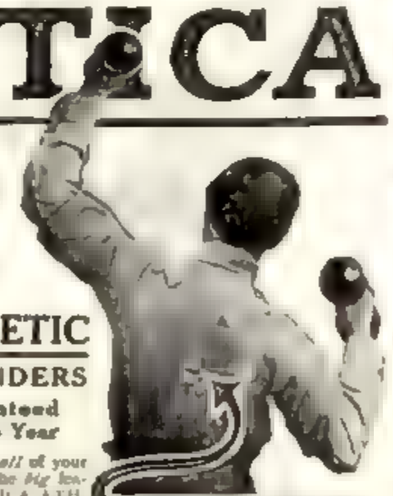
Comfortable, Convenient, Durable

GRACE THE FACE STAY IN PLACE

We'll tell you "How, Where and Why" a Shur-on.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Established 1864
Ave. H, Rochester, N. Y.

UTICA



25c a pair

ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS

Guaranteed for One Year

AT the *small* of your back is the *big* feature of "UTICA ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS" — the free running *double* cords. These are the *strain bearer*—the easy givers—the "shock absorbers." They keep you from "suspender tag."

A quarter buys these scientific shapes—a dollar can't buy them better. They are "a shape above the rest" for men, not boys, who want to feel "A-1" for the day's tasks. Sent by mail on receipt of 25c, if your dealer hasn't them.

UTICA SUSPENDER CO., 341 Columbia St., Utica, N. Y.
Canadian Mfrs.: Imperial Glove Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

Let Me Send You Rapid FIRELESS COOKER On 30 Days' Trial

At Factory Price. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Saves 50 per cent on fuel, time and work. Pays for itself in a month or two. No experience needed. Boils, Steams, Stews, Roasts, Bakes, Fries. GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS WITHOUT EXTRA COST. Also metal compact on Heat Radiators, can't break or crack. Send for free book and 145 splendid recipes today.

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept 14 Detroit Mich.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogue showing every kind of cycle and have learned our wonderful offers and marvelous factory prices.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write now.

TIRES, Coaster Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. N-56, Chicago

$15,319,188 for the same month in 1910, a decrease of 26 per cent for the month, but an increase of 14.4 per cent for the year. There was an increase in forty-nine of the eighty-one cities and a decrease in thirty-two cities. In all cities reporting for the September quarter there was an increase of 12.1 per cent as against last year, compared with a decrease of 6.5 per cent for the second quarter, a decrease of 10.7 per cent for the first quarter and a decrease of 2 per cent for nine months. The total expenditures called for in nine months' permits was $624,388,927, against $637,674,615 for like months last year.

September bank clearings for the country were made to look rather unfavorable chiefly from the showing of New York City. Exclude New York and the exhibit is quite satisfactory. The bank clearings of the United States for the nine months of the current year were $116,599,529,023, compared with $121,133,029,715 for like months in 1910. This shows a decrease of 3.9 per cent for the country, whereas the clearings of New York City alone—$68,676,922,060—were 6.6 per cent less than for the same months last year. In the rest of the country there was an increase of 7 per cent. In Canada there was a decrease of 5.4 per cent in clearings in September compared with August, but an increase of 9 per cent compared with September, 1910, the greatest amount for any September. The decrease compared with August is attributed to distraction caused by politics. For nine months Canada shows clearings of $5,017,699,182, an increase of 14.6 per cent compared with like months of 1910.

Bank Loans and Deposits

The increase in business failures in the United States in the nine months ending with September was greater than the increase in the liabilities of the concerns that had failed. The number was 9293, an increase of 8.5 per cent over 1910 and 5.9 per cent over 1909, but a decrease of 13 per cent from 1908. The liabilities this year were $137,882,251 with assets amounting to 56 per cent, the liabilities being only .7 per cent in excess of those of last season, 27.7 per cent more than in 1909, but 43.7 per cent less than for the corresponding period in 1908. Compared with the boom year of 1906 failures were 35 per cent more and liabilities 52 per cent more this year. In the same nine months of 1906 assets were 49.4 per cent of liabilities. There was some indication of firmer money in the early part of October, but that it was anything more than an incident of the October settlements is open to doubt. It certainly accompanied a heavy shrinkage in New York bank surplus that resulted from preparation for the settlements. That the banks had amply provided for fall requirements there was evidence in the loan increase of some quarter of a billion of dollars between early January and the report to the comptroller at the beginning of September. This refers to the loans of the national banks of the country at large. It is worth remarking that since early 1910 the loans of the banks have expanded $437,000,000, the expansion being almost constant. Lately, while loans in the leading central reserve cities have been decreasing, those of the banks at large have further expanded, particularly in the West and South, the former of which sections has practically financed its own crop movement this fall. The banks have kept most of their money busy and have not maintained a high ratio of reserve at any time. This on the first of September was 21.36 per cent, with loans $5,690,000,000, deposits $6,684,000,000 and cash $895,000,000, compared with a ratio of 21.40 per cent on the seventh of January last, when the loans were $5,443,000,000, the deposits $6,267,000,000 and the cash $836,000,000; also compared with 21.57 per cent a year ago, when the loans were $5,496,000,000, the deposits $6,247,000,000 and the cash $851,000,000. Two years ago—September, 1909—the percentage of reserve was 21.67 and a year earlier still it was 22.97 per cent. It thus appears that the ratio has been declining quite steadily for three years, and the same is true of a longer period. In other words, the banks have scarcely maintained their strong standing, and had there been a sudden development of commercial, mercantile or even speculative demand it is queried what would have been the effect upon money rates. Such query is purely academic, however.

Why not drink
Mrs. Rorer's
OWN BLEND
Coffee

You can get it from your grocer in a
Triple Sealed Non-Aroma-Leak Package—Always Fresh

No other coffee so good and wholesome—made from selected coffee beans—blended after Mrs. Rorer's own recipe. Over 4,500,000 lbs. sold since the first of the year.

Get your first package now—then drink the most delicious coffee you ever tasted—simply by following directions in Mrs. Rorer's Free Booklet—"27 Coffee Recipes"—sent *free* on request. When you send for this helpful booklet please mention your grocer's name and whether or not he handles Mrs. Rorer's Coffee.

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Harry B. Gates, President
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"Try it"

Sample Free

Try it on your floor—if it is either waxed, varnished or shellaced—or on your furniture. It cleans, polishes and renews like magic but never injures (important).

Brightener

Saves 2 to 3 times its cost by making the floor and furniture finish last that much longer.

Quickly and easily applied with soft cloth. 1 quart (75c) lasts a home 6 months.

Ask for FREE BOOK, "Beautiful Floors," and the Free Sample.

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PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH
Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE
WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer,* Washington D. C.

Chewing Gum
Four flavors, novel packages. Write us. Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

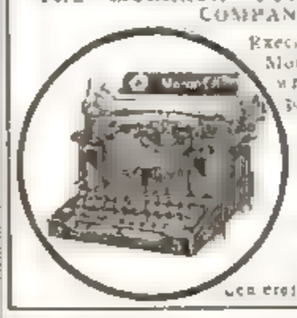
Just a little *Shorter* every day *makes the* *LightTouch* **Monarch** *the typewriter of efficiency*

No Three O'Clock Fatigue

IT seems shorter to the operator and so actually is shorter, for the light, quick, easy touch of the Monarch typewriter makes each day seem shorter than it can possibly seem with a heavier machine. The old three o'clock fatigue is forgotten and the day is finished with more work done, easier than ever. That means efficiency and more profit for the business. Write us and we will write you.

Better yet, let our nearest representative show you the Monarch. If he isn't near enough and you know of a good salesman, send us his name and address.

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY



Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building, 300 Broadway, New York.

Canadian Offices: Toronto, Montreal

Branches and agencies in all countries

After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM **Toilet Powder**

and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the *skin diseases* often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

Sample box for 4c stamp

Trade Mark — Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements die stamped correctly, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1038 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

MAKING A LIVING BY LITERATURE

(Continued from Page 33)

It was possible that I might learn how again, but that wasn't the form in which the great question confronted me. The question was, What could I do to earn a living? If I could make it by writing, well and good. But, in one way or another, I had got to make it. If I had had any training at any other sort of work I'd have taken to that. But I wasn't a stenographer, I hadn't any business experience, and it was hard to know what to do except to go on trying to write.

I went to a man who was on the editorial staff of a group of magazines. There were eight or nine of them, all owned by one man, headed by a fifteen-center that published a certain amount of first-class work, with the others all ranged round it and below each other to catch its editorial overflow. The cheapest of these magazines was very cheap indeed. It was filled up mostly with the work of aspiring amateurs who are delighted with a check for fifteen or twenty-five dollars and the satisfaction of seeing their names in print. The magazines were edited more or less coöperatively, the men on the staff shifting back and forth. It was and is a highly efficient organization.

I asked the man I knew if he had any assignment that he could turn over to me for the cheapest kind of articles, the sort of thing they print in the feature supplement to the Sunday papers. It doesn't matter much what you say in those articles so long as you say enough to fill in round the photographs. Of course twenty-five dollars would be high pay for a performance of this kind.

He looked a little surprised when I asked him for that kind of work. "I'd be afraid to take anything else," I told him. "I simply haven't the nerve to tackle anything big, and I have got to earn some money."

The Blows That Tell

He said thoughtfully: "I have read all the stuff you have been sending us, your short stories, and I acquiesced in the decision to send them back to you. So far as their workmanship goes they are beautiful, but you haven't any punch. Get your punch back. You used to have it."

I asked him if he had any prescription for getting it back. He thought a while and said he believed he had. He turned back the covers of the cheapest magazine of the eight and pointed out a serial story. It was called The Red Hand, or something like that, and it was one of those stories that begin like this:

"Richard Abercrombie leaped lightly to one side and the blow which had been aimed at him from behind whistled harmlessly by. The three dark figures which loomed suddenly out of the mist huddled together. Swiftly and in silence Richard struck. One of the figures fell, an inert mass on the pavement at his feet. The others fled. He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully and stooped to pick up his walking-stick which had fallen from his hand. As he did so the gleam of something white on the pavement caught his eye. He picked it up. It was a woman's handkerchief—a filmy nothing of lace—and as he raised it to scrutinize it more closely his nostrils inhaled a subtle and lovely perfume, faint but almost intoxicating. And at this a voice . . . ."

"That's the sort of thing for you to do," said the editor. "We can use worlds of that stuff. We never get enough of it. Give it to us in sixty-thousand-word lengths, with a big bang at the end of every ten thousand for an installment ending, and a little bang at least every thousand words."

"Do you pay real money for that stuff?" I wanted to know.

"I'll pay you a cent a word," he said.

A cent a word for a sixty-thousand-word story would mean six hundred dollars. It used to take me six months in the old days to do as much as that.

As if he read my thoughts the editor said: "Don't take longer than three weeks. You'd better take an old plot—Othello, The Lady of Lyons—anything. Transpose it, of course. Give it a modern twist and there you are. Will you try it?" I said I would.

I knew I couldn't write it as fast as that. Writing was always a slow, laborious process for me. Not because I thought so

JEFF, I'M SOME LIVE WIRE. JUST ENGAGED A HALL TO SHOW YOUR PICTURE WITH THE MIRROSCOPE AS THE MODERN ADONIS. IF YOU WERE MORE INTELLIGENT YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT OF IT FIRST. TA-TA
UM-
Fisher ©

Mutt gets another home-run on Jeff's delivery

MUTT and Jeff are never so funny as when shown on the sheet or screen by the Mirroscope.

You can cut them or any other well-known comic out of the newspapers, paste onto cards, and your family and friends will be overcome with merriment when they see these well-known characters perfect in every detail—but enlarged to a height of several feet.

Still better—You can make accurate tracings of the figures, and fill in original remarks of your own.

Better yet—You can cut the heads from photos of your friends and paste them on the bodies of Mutt and Jeff.

This is but one of countless ways in which you can find year-round amusement and instruction for grown-ups and children with the

Mirroscope

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON EACH INSTRUMENT

IMPROVED 1912 MODEL

Here are just a few of those countless

Mirroscope Nights' Entertainments

Any of the following can be carried out without any expensive equipment or elaborate preparation.

A great number of guessing games, such as "Autograph Ghosts", advertising trade-marks, popular proverbs, names of books, etc.

Showing Kodak, post-card, and other collections; burlesquing famous songs; illustrating vacation experiences; plays and charades in miniature.

The Mirroscope has unlimited possibilities for amusing and instructing children, such as:—Geography lessons illustrated by views of cities, mountains, national costumes and famous buildings; history lessons; illustrated folk-lore, fairy stories, Mother Goose, etc.; natural history talks, showing pictures of birds, flowers, fish or animals.

Mirroscope 1912 Model

Shows small pictures or other objects horizontally or vertically, in full detail, original colors, clearly defined to the very edge and magnified to several feet in diameter.

The light is reflected by large parabolic reflectors and projected through a powerful double-lens system.

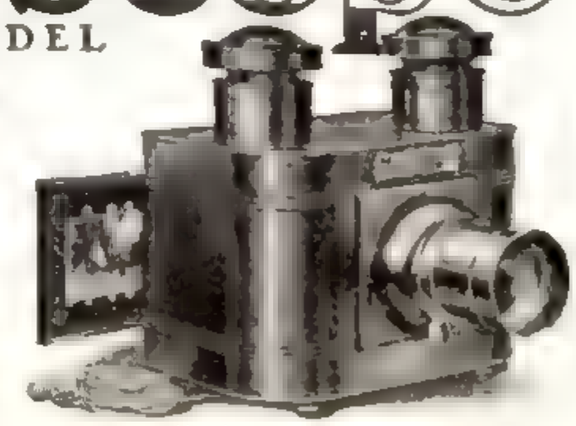
1. Hang up a sheet (ordinary window-shade material is still better) for a screen.
2. Insert any post-card, clipping, photograph, painting, sketch or other object (not over 6½ inches square) in the back of the instrument.
3. Turn on the light.

That is absolutely all there is to it; a child can operate the Mirroscope, but it is by no means a mere toy.

No special plates, prints, films or other expensive equipment needed.

Note carefully that the name Mirroscope is shown on every instrument and is designed in the same way as shown in this advertisement. Always look for name in buying and accept no substitute, as we can readily fill your order direct from the factory, express prepaid.

In Canada add $1.00 to cover duty and prepaid express.



Mirroscope Model 97 *shown as equipped for electricity, but is also made for gas and acetylene. This double lens system, shown pictured above, projects edges sharp and flat, focuses perfectly. Price $15; other models $5 to $50.*

Mirroscope Styles and Sizes

Gas and Electric for town or city; Acetylene, for farm or country home, camp or seashore. Gas, complete with Mirroscope Mantle and Burners; Electric, complete with Mirroscope High-efficiency Lamps; Acetylene, complete with generator.

Five Standard Sizes: $7.50, $10, $15 (two), $20. (80% of our sales are in the $15 and $10 sizes.)

Note—$20 size electricity only; all others gas and acetylene as well.

One $15 size and $20 size accept transparent slides as well as opaque objects.

$15 and $20 sizes fitted with rack-and-pinion adjustment for focusing.

Two Toy Sizes: $2.50 and $5. Not as large or elaborate as standard sizes, reliable, well-constructed and a great source of enjoyment to the youngsters.

Entertaining the family by showing Mutt and Jeff with the Mirroscope

Write for Free Booklet "Mirroscope Entertainments"

Many forms of Mirroscope entertainments described by Mirroscope enthusiasts—many others suggested—several never before published. The book also contains a complete catalog and price-list of all 1912 Mirroscope Models.

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Manufacturers of Mirroscopes and High-grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement Purposes

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100 Copies and All Clear

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On every possible point you or your stenographer can think of, you will find it profitable to insist on getting

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CARBON PAPER

For instance, compare these features exclusively Multi-Kopy's with your present paper, then write for a sample sheet of MultiKopy.

MultiKopy will make 100 clear copies.

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MultiKopy is made in Black, Blue, Purple, Red and Green in six varieties that will make the following number of copies at one time: Regular Finish, lt. wt., 20; Medium, 8; Billing, 6. Hard Finish, lt. wt., 16; Medium, 6; Billing, 4.

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slowly, but because I could never synchronize the thought and the writing. The sentence in my head and the sentence under my hand were always clashing and neutralizing each other. And it occurred to me, as I was on the way home to try the experiment, that I might be able to dictate it. It seemed a rather wild idea for a man in my financial situation to engage a first-class stenographer, but it looked like sense and I decided to do it.

I followed his advice literally. I stole a plot—one of the best-known plots in the world—and I named my characters as closely as possible to the names they bore in the great original. I transposed the story, point by point, into the new setting I had selected for it. Then I engaged a stenographer at eighteen dollars a week and set to work. I made up my mind that whatever I had to say, whatever sort of junk I had to shovel into that story, I would do two installments a week. There were to be six of them in all, of ten thousand words each. I would divide each installment into three chapters and I would do a chapter a day. Whatever happened I would finish the day's work on the particular big or little bang that concluded that day's chapter.

I attacked the job in a spirit of savage hostility toward it. That editor wanted punch, did he? Well, he should have it! I had two deliberate murders, a suicide, an unsuccessful attempt at poisoning and three justifiable homicides in self-defense in the course of that sixty thousand words, together with a passionate love story that occupied at least one chapter in each installment. That editor thought he knew what he wanted, did he? Well, I'd see whether he did.

I began work on one Monday morning and on the third Saturday night I mailed the last installment to New York. Then I stretched, ate a big dinner and discovered I was perfectly well again. I had been eating and sleeping like a navvy all the while, but I had been too much occupied during the past three weeks to notice it. And I had really enjoyed the work.

I expected a letter of remonstrance from the editor, telling me, perhaps, that he had expected me to take him seriously and not make a joke of his advice. But I didn't care much what he said. I was tingling all over with a fine exhilaration.

In the middle of the next week I got a letter. All the staff, said the editor, were so enthusiastic over my story that they wanted to know whether I wouldn't sign my own name to it. In that case, he said, they'd run it in a higher-grade magazine than the one it was intended for and pay me a cent and a half a word for it. I wrote him to go to, that I meant to make that name worth a cent and a half or two cents a word, and in the meantime he could send on his six hundred dollars. He did by return mail.

Perhaps you can imagine what it meant, after three years of consistent and perfectly self-conscious failure, to have done something, even an humble thing like that, that other people regarded as a success; to have done it easily and confidently; to know, moreover, that it hadn't been a fluke, that I could do it again.

On the Plan of Six Novels a Year

I made up a new plot—that was easier, after all, than stealing an old one and transposing it—and sent on a two-thousand-word outline of it to the editor. He wrote back that it was great, but gave me a friendly warning not to overtax my strength. It seemed he had set that limit at three weeks more in order to provide me with a useful kind of a shock and to give me a mark to aim at rather than in any belief that I could do it in so short a time. Evidently he didn't know how easy it was.

I spent another week laying out my plot in somewhat greater detail, engaged another stenographer and went at it again. That story ran to just under eighty thousand words and I wrote it in eighteen days' total elapsed time—sixteen working days and two Sundays when I knocked off. I kept a carbon copy of it, more from force of habit than for any other reason, for it didn't occur to me that it would be possible to put the story to any other use than the one for which I had intended it. The editor took it, asked for more and mailed me a check for eight hundred dollars by return mail.

Just about the time when that check came in, and before the glow of the discovery that I could really earn a living after all had faded out, a representative of a big book-publishing house in New York came to Chicago and ran out overnight to the town where I live, to see me. He wanted to know what I was doing, for being a good friend he had been worrying about me more or less. I hadn't meant to tell anybody about this new occupation of mine, but I felt so good over having come to life again that I couldn't keep it back. He laughed over the idea and wanted to know what the stuff was like, so I handed him out the carbon of that manuscript. He read the first chapter under my eye, then asked if he might carry it back to Chicago with him.

"It won't do you any good," I said. "I wouldn't sign it."

He said he didn't care whether I did or not and carried it off with him, and a week later I got a letter from him offering to publish it as a regular dollar-and-a-half book over the pen-name I had used in the magazine.

There isn't much more to tell about how I make a living by literature. I applied the brakes a little to my rate of production and have never written more than six novels a year. When I hit upon an idea that strikes me as an unusually good one I spend a little more time on it, caulk the seams a bit tighter and demand a higher price for it. When the plot is nothing more than a combination of the regular ingredients I slam it through as I did the first one and sell it at the old rate of a cent a word. About half the work I do gets published, after serialization, in book form with the imprint of some entirely reputable publisher on the title page. The other half runs a lurid course for six months or so in the pages of some cheap magazine and disappears. I have used altogether, since I started this business, five pen-names, and I try to classify the stories more or less by the signature, for I find that readers like to know what they are going to get.

An Ambidextrous Author

The highest price I have got for a serial since I came back to life is twenty-five hundred dollars. I signed my own name to that, as I generally do once a year to the story that seems not necessarily the best but the most nearly in the manner of my former work.

I dispose of a good part of my unsigned output through an agent. That helps, in the first place, to preserve my anonymity. The editors and publishers themselves don't know who writes the stuff. And then the agent cleans up the minor possibilities better than I can take the time to do. Here is an example:

THE YELLOW GLOVE
(Not the actual title)

American Serialization	$750.30
English Serialization, 80 Gs., about	400.00
Book Royalties so far	467.55
American Syndicate	120.00
Dramatization, 40 per cent of Dramatist's Royalties. (Not produced yet. Problematical.)	
	$1737.55
Agent's commission 10 per cent	173.75
	$1563.80

During the last two or three years I have lowered my rate of production still further. I find that I can earn about five thousand dollars a year, which is a perfectly respectable living out in my town, and still save out a few months' time every year for a different sort of work—work that I can put my whole heart and ambition into. I haven't said goodby to ambition yet by any means. In other words, I am to a certain extent earning my living with my left hand and keeping my right hand free for experiments. "Extra hazardous" would be the classification that a literary insurance agent, if there were such a creature, would give to this right-handed work of mine. So far, at least, it has nothing to do with the subject of this article, Making a Living by Literature, for it has never paid me a cent yet and I don't know if it will.

I am aware that I am not quite sincere in making that statement. Everybody is a compound, in varying proportions, of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Don Quixote is ready to swear by the right hand. It is going to make me famous some day; yes, and rich besides. In another year or two the left hand is going out of business. But Sancho Panza loads his pipe and keeps the left hand busy.

I said at the beginning of this article that I meant to put you into a position to decide whether earning a living by literature as I have done it was worth while or not. "Commonplace, sordid, cynical!" I fancy

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The Standard of America

Senior Imperial

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For the Game—
For cold, clear weather—
For stormy days and nights—

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Samuel W. Peck & Co.
New York

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4-pair box $2.00	4-pair box $3.00
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337 A-Hill Street. Los Angeles, California

I hear some of you saying. "That man runs a fiction factory. He calculates his costs like a shop superintendent. He deliberately cheapens himself; does less than the best he can, with no better excuse than that it earns him a living."

Well, it seems to me that earning a living is a pretty good excuse. I have come to the conclusion that to earn an honest living is the first duty of man. If he can earn it by writing poetic dramas or composing symphonic poems, well and good. He is in luck. But if his five-act tragedies fail, if the world says they are not good enough to pay money for, I am not sure that he is entitled to ask the world to go on supporting him.

There is a certain group of cultured people who judge a piece of work by its pretensions rather than by its intrinsic merit. To their minds the dullest piece of musical writing in the form of a string quartet is more admirable than an irresistible bit of melody in some ragtime tune; the feeblest dramatic failure, huddling under a corner of the mantle of Maeterlinck or Ibsen, is more admirable, better worth doing, than the best modern short story. I don't agree with those people, but I don't expect to convert them. To my notion a comic-opera lyric, or a set of pictures in a Sunday supplement, or a romantic thriller such as I turn out every three months or so from my fiction factory may be good enough to be worth doing. I try my best to make them good enough.

Putting artistic considerations aside and taking my way of earning a living as a commercial proposition, there are things to be said both for and against it. I work very hard—harder, I honestly believe, than most of the men of somewhere near my age who make as much a year as I do. There is an element of uncertainty about it: the possibility that I may lose my grip again, as I lost it once before. On the other hand, I don't know any other sort of work that could give me so large a measure of independence. I haven't any boss. I don't have to keep a corner of my eye on the man just behind me, wondering when he will get my job. I don't even have to commercialize my friendships—play golf with a man or invite him to my house for business reasons. When I have done what will satisfy me as a day's work I am my own man.

Of course I work more or less in a vacuum. I have nothing corresponding to the rustle of applause or the chuckle of laughter that reminds the actor that he is giving pleasure to people—making them forget themselves for an hour or two. My publishers' statements and my editors' checks convince me that a certain number of people read what I write. Once in a while I get a more intimate reminder that I am doing something more than making a living. I was introduced once to the head of the English Department in one of the great state universities. To my astonishment he identified me at once with my work. "I have always wanted to thank you," he said. "I am an incorrigible lover of romance. Every time I get hold of one of your stories I am sure of two hours of solid enjoyment."

When I get to feeling slack and tired, and inclined to wonder what's the use, I tell myself that story.

Perhaps I have got a sort of trust after all. Even if Sancho Panza is right about it I think I'll stick to my job.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Life and Adventures of the Bullhead

A GREAT deal of innocent amusement can be extracted from that pleasing fish known as the mudcat, horned pout or bullhead; but it is just as well to wear a thick pair of gloves while extracting it. The bullhead is organized on a basis of millions for war but not a cent for tribute, and his system of interference and defense is nearly perfect. Any well-regulated bullhead has a horn on each side of his face and one in the middle of his spine, and if necessary can get all three of these into action at the same time; in which case, though he does not speak Latin and knows nothing about *noli me tangere*, he certainly is, so to speak, no tangerine.

In regard to this armament of the bullhead, it is obvious that the human hand was devised with five fingers for the purpose of handling the bullhead in proper fashion. To do this, place a finger on each side of the sticker on his starboard side, as many on the larboard watch, and one directly behind his back spine, compressing all the fingers uniformly and pushing the latter spine as far forward as possible while holding the side wings laterally extended at right angles to his chest. Of course one of your fingers will have to be a thumb, but in this situation the bullhead will be rendered as nearly as possible *hors de combat*. Really it would be much better if the human hand were constructed with six fingers and a thumb, as in that case the remaining digits could be used with reasonable restraint of trade in the course of an exploratory operation in search of fishhooks, chicken gizzards, or anything else at the time temporarily concealed in the bullhead's person.

Whether it be some residue of chicken not fit for chop-suey, a fishhook large or small, a human thumb or finger, a piece of minnow, or, indeed, almost any other conceivable and swallowable object, the bullhead in course of all investigation proves himself to be the most amiable of fishes and as willing to oblige as a clerk in a country grocery store. Indeed—without intentional offense to those great Democrats, Governor Harmon, Governor Wilson, Champ Clark or Hoke Smith—the bullhead may be called the most democratic being now existent in our midst. He takes anything that comes along, and can, if need be, attend to two or three jobs at the same time.

Moreover, no matter what happens, he is no clam. He always has a smile and he never has any trouble with his smile. It works automatically on oiled ball-bearings. Though with one corner of his mouth he may close down on your finger like a new baby on a nursing bottle, he will laugh merrily at you from the other side of his countenance, even though his grasp of the situation is such that you will have to go to the dentist's for chloroform or other anesthetic to get him to let loose. Always pleasant and companionable, no matter how busy he is, you can see the spirit of camaraderie in the twinkle of his dark blue eye. Even as he tries to swallow the rest of your hand you can't help thinking that he wishes to say to you: "Aren't we the grand little pair of partners?"

There is a certain indestructible quality about the bullhead. You may break, you may shatter the bullhead if you will, but the scent of the bullhead will linger there still. He is not so much strenuous as he is persistent. If he horns you under the thumbnail, according to his usual practice, and if you, according to your usual practice, cast him violently upon the boardwalk for that same, the only word of reproach you can get out of him is a low, muffled grunt of more or less amiable derision. As to killing him, it is not possible. No one ever saw a dead burro or a dead bullhead, nor even one that had been permanently discouraged. If you catch a string of bullheads and put them under the seat of the family buggy, with no other covering than hay during a drive of, say, thirty miles, you can take them out from under the seat when you get home and on the face of each there will be a bright and welcoming smile. "Greetings and salutations, brother!" is what he wants to say to you; though, like a dog, he can only wag his tail. It is too bad he cannot bark, for it would add much to his repertory.

Handicapped as he is, he will manage to let you understand that he bears no malice, no matter what you have done. Even when skinned and frying in the pan, sometimes he will give a last waggle in proud defiance of the worst that Fate can do—and this though you may have amputated his smile in connection with a frontispiece that is by no means of solid ivory. Always he is what the Germans call *gemütlich*; always he has what the French call *esprit*; always he shows what the Anglo-Saxon calls sand.

Here, then, we have the one palladium of our angling liberty—the one thing that has

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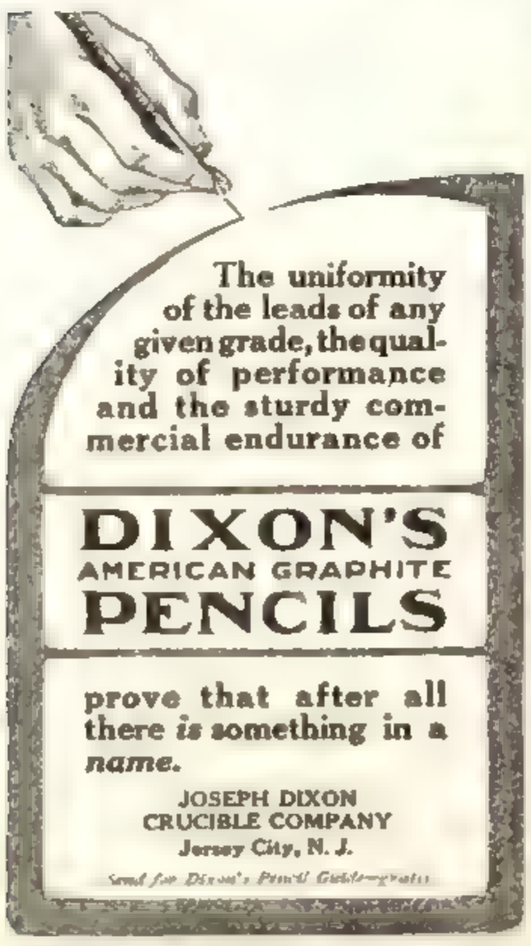

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not been investigated, politically, socially or piscatorially. This, perhaps, is because he has so little to conceal—perhaps because he operates in the open, in plain view of all men. Some careless man has called the dog man's best friend. Not so. That title should go to the humble bullhead, unknown to song and story. He is a boon to the overworked hired man, who, after finishing the day's chores about midnight, can hie himself to the nearest waterside and engage in the dissipation of catching bullheads for the next day's sustenance. Other fishes are notional, even declining to bite after dark; but the bullhead draws no line. He is organized to oblige and please the populace. Who can fail to love him?

Where is the bullhead to be found? Where, indeed? Has any place ever been discovered by any of our great explorers where the bullhead has not been found—where he has not been discovered ready and waiting, like the Indians who greeted Columbus? He is in the old swimming hole—in the old millpond. If you go to a summer resort and walk out along the boat pier you will see him lying alongside, gently wagging his tail in greeting and waiting for you to drop him anything that you do not happen to need yourself. Amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds he survives, our one resource that even Mr. Pinchot admits is not needful of conserving.

We mourn our passenger pigeons, our buffaloes, our great auks, which erstwhile were wont to sing their merry roundelay at our bedroom window of a gentle morn in May. Whither have they gone? We ask—nay, demand; but we have no answer. Not so with the bullhead. He is with us still; and he intends to remain, let Wall Street do its worst, and let our rapacious corporations extend themselves to their utmost in covetousness and greed! Stained a little, millions of him have been sold for salmon; yet other unstained millions of him have been sold on Mott Street, in New York; and other millions still go to make weekly holidays on Friday in young ladies' seminaries. Yet, when you go back to the place whence all these millions came, other millions await the catching. He is the only feature of our wild life in America that has served notice that it does not propose to be extinct. He is the best proof that the resources of our country are not going to be exhausted.

A Democrat of the Deep

Blessed are the meek and the pure in heart. The great virtue of the bullhead is that of simplicity and meekness. He puts on no frills whatever. You never hear him boast of his productivity, his longevity, his avoirdupois, or anything else. He never refers to his family tree. He never casually asks his clerk to look up and see how many shares of this or that stock he has while you are listening. He never tells you how far he could jump when he was young, or mentions his earlier deeds in peace or war, in love, intrigue or finance. He makes no long talk in prayer-meeting and boasts not of his humility. The longer you associate with him the more you feel he is such a comfort in this hectic age! His simplicity and sincerity shine like good deeds in a naughty world. He knows no artifice, and egotism abides not in him. He conquers, but does so by yielding, and is the one master of piscatorial calisthenics as you may learn when you try to separate him from anything he fancies.

In his class, a well-trained bullhead can whip anything that offers, though when out of training he rarely goes over four pounds at his best—and can make one-pound ringside without difficulty. Once warmed up, he can prod a pickerel to the point of emitting shrieks of anguish, or cause tears to start from the eyes of the strongest four-pound bass. If casually swallowed by a muskellonge, as sometimes happens, the bullhead makes no complaint, but bides his time. The coroner's jury that later sits on the musky will find the bullhead still undisturbed.

The bullhead, therefore, may be called the great commoner of the watery world the democrat of the deep. Like the country editor, he has come to stay. Perhaps you may sometime have seen, moving about in the sluggish water of some bayou or lagoon, a dark mass made up of small objects half the length of your finger to a total bulk as large as a half bushel, or perhaps a bushel and a half. This black mass was simply one bullhead family some several in number, did you undertake to count

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The great Cammeyer Shoe Store in New York is one of the wonder-points of the city.

Do you know Cammeyer sold Two Million Dollars' worth of shoes in 1910—that the store has a capacity of handling a thousand customers at one time, with four hundred and ten capable salespeople to take care of the patrons?

The gigantic Cammeyer organization can give you the same service as enjoyed by the New York men and women of fashion, through the medium of the most splendidly equipped mail-order department in America, even though you are three thousand miles away.

Avoid Shopping Worries

by taking advantage of the splendid Cammeyer Mail Order Dept. today.

The Cammeyer Catalogue for Fall and Winter, 1911-12, awaits your inspection. Ask for the best shoe catalogue ever issued in America. It contains 80 pages of exclusive Cammeyer styles, including pictures of the newest styles in Russet Shoes for Fall, and complete facts about shoes in general. Your name and address on a postal card addressed to us is all that is necessary.

Address Department B.

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Stamped on a Shoe means Standard of Merit
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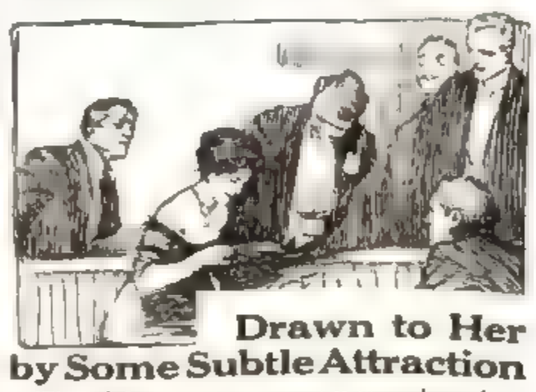
NEW YORK CITY



Drawn to Her by Some Subtle Attraction

The plainest woman may weave about herself an exquisite charm. She can be like a lovely flower, alluring with the evasive fragrance of the lily, the rose, or the modest violet. Even when gone she will hold "him" by the memory of this dreamily subtle atmosphere. It is a germ of romance—this fragrance we call

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Flower Drops

Not just a "perfume"—it is too refined for that name. It is made of the pure odor of thousands of flower petals—nothing added. It is fifty times more concentrated than ordinary perfumes—a drop is *too much*

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It plays the way you'd like to play—

How many, many times you've heard fine piano playing and said to yourself, with a sigh, "If *I* could only play like that!" You *can* with an Apollo Player Piano.

The instant you seat yourself at *this* instrument, you're a finished musician. You're playing the piano with a downward touch on the keys and bringing *out* all the expression the composer wrote *into* the piece.

You're accenting the melody by aid of the Apollo's SOLOTHEME Device. If someone wants to sing, this self-same SOLOTHEME enables you to omit the melody altogether, playing only the accompaniment. And you can play that accompaniment in *any* desired key, to suit the voice of the singer.

MELVILLE CLARK'S APOLLO Player Piano

And, whether you pedal fast or slow, Tempo (or Time) on the Apollo is always *correct*—pedaling has no effect upon it. The Metronome Motor of the Apollo Player Piano will run through and rewind the longest music roll without pedaling. Realize what that *means?*

And, in spite of the exclusive features of the Apollo Player Piano—in spite of its higher cost of manufacture—it is priced to you at just as reasonable a figure as others ask for ordinary instruments! Melville Clark's patents are put in as good measure. They make the Apollo *worth* more, but do not make it cost *you* more.

Just say to yourself, "I'll investigate." Let us know you feel that way and we'll send you two books that tell just what you've always wanted to know about player pianos. Send the coupon—write—call or telegraph. We'll send the books.

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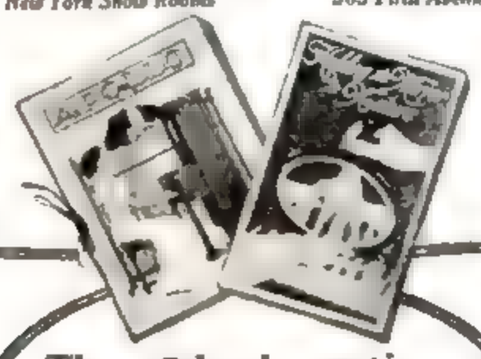

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Write for them. Reading the books is the *next* best thing to hearing the Apollo play. Send today.

them. They circulate en masse in that way so that nothing is apt to come along and swallow them individually. Thus they advance to health and happiness by virtue of vim, vigor and victory, as the large-type maxims say in the newspapers.

Race suicide being unknown to him the bullhead has increased and multiplied in all the regions of the earth. It would not be surprising did Doctor Cook say that he caught him at the North Pole through the ice. Without doubt Colonel Roosevelt must have discovered the Bullhead Africanus during his late researches as a faunal naturalist, and—not to gratify a lust of slaughter, but because the naturalists of the party wanted a group—collected a series for later mounting at the Smithsonian Institution. From Greenland's coral strands to Afric's icy mountains the bullhead permeates, percolates and prevails—the mainstay of our piscatorial past, present and future.

His Character and Color Scheme

There are some slight variations in the bodily contour and color scheme of the species in different regions. As our great naturalists have pointed out, the color of the more northerly portions of the body of the bullhead, whether Arcticus or Africanus, is of a somber, olivaceous hue. Underneath he may be fawn-colored, écru, ocherous, tan-colored, or even yellow, this blending through a gentle chiaroscuro with the darker body color, longitudinally and latitudinally speaking. It cannot be said that the bullhead is what is known as a fashionable dresser; and having chosen a fashion he hangs to it like Daniel Webster—buff waistcoat and all. The lizard shifts his colors to suit his surroundings. Even the brook trout may change from dark to light in twenty minutes when changed from dark water to clear. Not so the bullhead. Having struck out for himself a given line of life, he adheres thereto, and he always wears his old clothes.

In personal appearance the bullhead is rather durable than graceful. His eyes do not bulge out so much as his abdomen. Still, though the eyes are small, as are so often those of any fighting creature, they are wide apart, one at each corner of his head, and just far enough behind his mouth to enable him to use the latter organ most effectively. Though his eyes are not limpid they are gentle—and, indeed, merry. His tail is rather square—something like that of a brook trout; but at that point the resemblance mostly ceases.

While the salmon or trout requires a habitat of Apollinaris water, and whereas the bass insists on graveled bars in running streams, the bullhead will frequent or infest any sort of water thin enough to run down a steep hill. If the water will percolate it need not purl, because he is constructed for utility himself and not for decorative or landscape purposes. Thus he finds surroundings suited to his simple needs all the way from Maine to Kansas, and from Louisiana to Minnesota. Nay more, he may be found even in Canada; and of him it is to be said that he is the one commodity that even Senator La Follette or Senator Cummins would say ought to be admitted free of duty under Mr. Taft's reciprocity bill. So long as we are permitted to exchange barreled chucks, necks, shanks, plates and other packing-house products for an equal avoirdupois of skinned bullheads, we are going to be all to the good. A pickled bullhead now and then is relished by the best of men.

United Games Concern

ANNOUNCEMENT. A new and absorbing pack of cards has been perfected and is now ready for your use.

It lends itself to solitaire, two, three, four or five handed games of "I Win—You Lose," the most fascinating of all card games.

"As easy to learn as Euchre, yet profound as Whist. Flexible enough to entertain children, yet experience and study of older heads make it the most complex and absorbing card game."

"I Win—You Lose" is not to be simply a "fad," but as standard as the old style playing card. For this reason it has been made up with the same regard for quality and appearance as the highest grade playing cards.

Makes an ideal Xmas Gift—one which will remind the recipient of your thought each long Winter evening when the cards are used.

The fact that this is put out by us should be sufficient guaranty of quality—but money back if you say so.

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Main Office and Works, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Keep Your House Clean
Without Work!

IT'S OVER! All the laborious sweeping—dusting—beating of carpets and rugs—moving of heavy furniture. All the futile back-breaking work that in winter especially cannot keep a house free from germ-laden dust.

THE
TUEC STATIONARY Air Cleaning System
is the housewife's emancipation

The Only Way

Installed in the cellar with connecting pipe to each floor, it sucks out and swallows up every tiny grain of dust, drawing it down to the cellar where the dirt is caught in an air-tight receptacle and the dusty, germ-laden air passes outdoors.

No Limit to Its Use

No dust remains on your carpets, furniture and hangings. No dust is stirred up from one place to settle in another. No dust in the air remains in your home. Your house is *scrupulously clean* and *always absolutely healthful*—all this without dragging a machine from floor to floor and without a moment of tiring work.

As a stationary system has solved your heating problem so you can look to the TUEC to solve your cleaning problem. Easy to install in any building, old or new, large or small, public or private.

Actual use in thousands of buildings proves the TUEC to be *the* system for *any* house. Why should you waste money experimenting with other methods? Install the TUEC *now*.

Write today for illustrated booklet and letters from enthusiastic owners of TUEC-equipped buildings in all parts of the country.

THE UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY
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TUEC Co[illegible] most large cities. [illegible] Write for terms.

Razor blade excellence will not, in itself, produce a clean, smooth, comfortable shave. The Young Safety Razor combines with blades of the highest quality, the correct shaving method. Its keen, substantial, expertly-ground blades meet the beard at an angle, just as the old-fashioned straight razor does in the hands of an expert. A touch turns the blade, producing the slanting stroke.

Young SAFETY Razor $2.50

"The any-angle razor"

The Young Safety Razor outfit includes 12 of these superior blades. New blades can be bought at 75 cents a dozen. The price of the razor, with 12 blades and handle for stropping, in a neat case, is only $2.50—a price as unusual as the razor.

30 Days Free Trial

Get this razor from your dealer, or from us if your dealer does not carry it. Try it for 30 days. If you do not find it the best razor you ever used, return it and your money will be refunded

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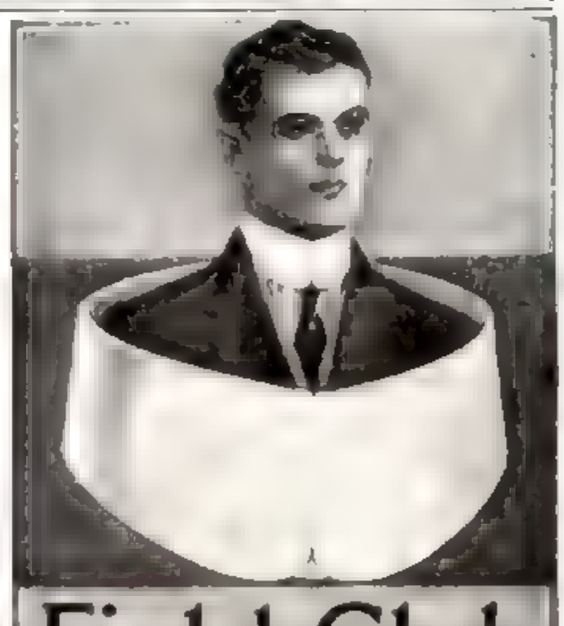

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Style book sent on request
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Now we will help you to many grand prizes or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Now we want to make you rich in a week. But [illegible] are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money. See [illegible] picture with 4c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate and let us explain.
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FACILITY—

the final word in shaving

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD *of* SAFETY, EASE *and* COMFORT

WHEN you speak of the "facility" of a safety shaving device, you cover practically every quality essential to a perfect shave.

The "facility" of the GILLETTE signifies a total absence of trouble and annoyance from the time you take the razor out of its case until you replace it after shaving.

First, the GILLETTE is ready for shaving *always*—NO STROPPING—NO HONING. It is simply constructed and simple to use. The double-edged blade enables you to shave in any direction with either hand.

Then, again, the GILLETTE is *adjustable*. The flexible blade, an exclusive feature of the GILLETTE, can be curved to the desired adjustment, or distance from the safety guard. A simple turn of the razor handle does it.

The most wiry beard slips off easily and the razor glides safely.

Go to your dealer's and look over the GILLETTE line. You will find a variety of patterns from $5.00 to $50.00.

The Matchless GILLETTE blades we are now marketing are keener, harder, better than ever. On sale everywhere—6 blades (12 shaving edges) 50c, and 12 blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel plated box, $1.00.

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Gillette Combination Set, No. 00—Triple Silver-Plated Razor, Soap and Brush in Cases, 2 Blade Boxes, in Velvet-Lined Morocco Case, Price $6.50.

"If it's a Gillette—it's the Safety Razor."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 8)

"Your chances, you ask," repeated Ousley, and he added: "Tell me why."

His coolness was disconcerting. It irritated me and openly angered me as well. I had again the galling sense—not that I was menial, inferior, but that he held me as such. At any rate Ousley's brusk, curt tone seemed now more than ordinarily demeaning.

"I've said what I mean," I retorted crisply. "I wish merely to find out what chance I stand in the future. That's plain, isn't it?"

There was another pause. Ousley's eyes dropped down to his desk, while with an outstretched hand he played idly with a pencil. My remark, or rather its tone of marked sharpness, insubordination, he seemed to have overlooked. He seemed to debate; then presently he gave me his answer.

"I don't know what your chances are."

"You don't know?" I repeated sharply.

"No," said Ousley. "Your chances, as you call them, depend entirely on yourself."

It was his tone, not so much the words themselves, that stung; the remark was like a slap in the face. I construed it as a slur on my ability. "Since you say so ——" I began, when Ousley cut me short.

"No, wait!" he said, or rather ordered. "Let's be frank about this," he observed sharply. "You've asked me a question and I've asked you another. Yours I've answered, but mine you evade; I ask it again now. Why, at this particular moment, must you know what your future chances are? Is it because you're dissatisfied?"

There was no doubt of it. For eight years I had given Bloodgood & Ousley all my effort, all my most earnest loyalty and intelligence, and in return for it I was getting only thirty-five dollars a week.

Ousley gave me a sudden, curious look. "Mr. Agnew, for thirty-five a week I can get my pick of clerks; you know that!"

I slipped up here. My retort, an echo of my own hurt self-conceit, gave Ousley the chance I think he must have been awaiting. What I said was: "You can get clerks, Mr. Ousley, but at the price you can't get loyal, intelligent clerks."

Then he said what he had to say, a surprising admission. "Loyalty be damned!" he rapped out; "that's obligatory—you're paid to be loyal! And what of it? A clerk may be as loyal as Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; that's nothing! As for intelligence, I don't care whether a clerk has the brains of a Daniel Webster. What he's got to have is the know. He's got to know business. Whether he ever learns it rests with himself. He's got to live, eat, sleep with his business. It's the only way he can get the know. Even then a lot of you clerks never get it the loyal, intelligent kind, I mean," said Ousley, and snapped his jaws together.

It was a long speech for him. Why he took such pains on my account I was at a loss to understand. However, I hadn't gone to Ousley to argue why and wherefore. What I was after was to learn exactly where I stood.

"Then, as for myself, Mr. Ousley, you think ——"

He answered my question before I'd even asked it.

"If I hadn't thought it was in you you wouldn't be here. Much less would you be getting thirty-five a week."

If the speech was a compliment it certainly was not a gracious one. Again irritation got the better of me. "That's all right," I returned; "but I'd like to know definitely what chance I have."

A glint of fire sprang into Ousley's eyes; I saw now that my insistence had roused his ire. Little I cared though! As he, however, controlled himself, again sat silently playing with his pencil, I took advantage of the pause to express myself to my employer more fully.

"I'd like to know, Mr. Ousley, whether I'm to be always a clerk paid by the week, or ——"

"Ah!" said Ousley. "So that's it, is it?" The words popped forth as if surprised out of him by some sudden, illuminating revelation. Yes—but had I said anything to warrant it? A good deal astonished, I gaped at Ousley who again played with his pencil, smiling covertly.

"Well?" I retorted.

Ousley looked up at me. "You want more money, don't you—another raise?" he inquired.

I did, yes; though this was only a part of what I wanted.

"Let me ask you another question," said Ousley quietly.

"Yes."

"Now don't get angry—business is business, and this is merely a business proposition. Are you in debt?" asked Ousley as blandly, as lightly, as he might have asked me whether I took cream and sugar in my tea.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"I begged you not to be angry," Ousley answered. "Are you living beyond your means?"

"I am not, Mr. Ousley!" I retorted sharply.

"Thanks, that's what I wished to know. . . . Now would you mind saying," he inquired, "whether you find it difficult to live on what you make?"

Raging inwardly, I controlled myself far enough to retort curtly: "What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything," said Ousley bluntly. "A clerk who's in money difficulties is of little use to his employers."

Such being the brutal truth, I gave him his answer. "If you've ever lived on thirty-five dollars a week you'll know what it means, I imagine."

Ousley smiled as if reminiscently. "Yes; but you're not in debt; and you and your wife are able to make both ends meet, aren't you?"

It was so of course. I say nothing of the struggle it had cost us. There are countless families, no doubt, who would regard the pay I then drew as affluence. On the amount, or less, many men, I dare say, are able not only to rear families but also to lay by a little in the bank. I, however, was not of that frugal class. Through tradition and otherwise I held myself as of a higher stratum in life. "Don't slump," my wife had said. It was sound counsel. At the same time, let me say frankly, she had never urged me to make a show. All she intended was that I should hold to a certain standard of living, that we should keep ourselves from sliding backward until the time came that I had my feet firmly planted and could think of going ahead. But the admission of this! It was only a raw, money-grubbing cad like Ousley, I thought, that would vulgarly try to worm it out of me. What business was it of his anyway?

I see now it was more his business than I at the time suspected. "No, Mr. Agnew, you don't need money. If you did you'd have sung a different tune. I know you clerks. The kind that get into debt don't clap a pistol to the employer's head, growling, 'Stand and deliver!'—not much! They whine and wheedle. I know exactly what's your trouble."

"Indeed!" I remarked.

Once more Ousley overlooked the rancor, the marked dislike and defiance in my tone. "Do you want to know," he inquired quietly, "exactly what's the matter with you? Mind me now, I have no wish to say it unless you say so, but—but—— Well," snapped Ousley abruptly, uncomfortably—it was a good deal to my astonishment besides—"well, I was once a clerk. . . . And when I was, too," he added roughly and emphatically, "I suffered from your same disease."

Disease? What disease? As I continued to stare Ousley took my silence as permission to say his say.

"It's not swelled head, it's worse!" Then, giving me no chance to interrupt, he put his finger, so to speak, right upon the center of the raw, festering sore that I thought I had concealed.

"The trouble with you," said Ousley, "is just this—Agnew, you're ashamed of your job!"

It was so. I could not deny it. I was sore at myself, at my place, at the firm, the office, everything all for this one and only reason. Even the doubts of my future chances had been secondary. True, Driggs' subservient drudgery had stirred me to ponder where I was heading; but had my place pleased me—had I been convinced, content that it was dignified—no such doubt would ever have entered my head. Or again, had I by chance been satisfied, my reflections on Driggs must have ended only in spurring me to greater effort. But no! for months now I'd looked down upon my place. I'd debated only whether

No hill too steep. No sand too deep.

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Size, and power, and ease of riding.

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Three factors absolutely vital to your bodily comfort—absolutely essential to the unwavering, unfailing efficiency of your car.

Three sign-posts pointing the way to the extraordinary value of the new Jacksons.

Size, and power, and ease of riding.

Incorporated in the 1912 Jackson models more generously than in any other cars of middle prices.

What size; what power; what ease of riding; what prices?

Full 50 horsepower in the Jackson Model "52," at $1800, and wheel-base of 124 inches—more powerful and longer than any other $1800 car ever has been or is to-day—with the luxurious riding ease of an extreme wheel-base enhanced by 36-inch wheels and four full elliptic springs. Demountable rims included.

Model "42" (illustrated), at $1500, holds the same relative advantage over other cars of the same price, with its 40 horsepower, wheel-base of 118 inches, 34 x 4 inch tires and full elliptic springs—a value made more pronounced by the inclusion of top, windshield, etc.

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If you can find any other cars, at these prices, having the size, and power, and ease of riding of these new Jacksons, we relinquish our claim on your consideration—save to suggest that you demand also a reputation and experience equivalent to the Jackson reputation and automobile manufacturing experience of ten years' standing.

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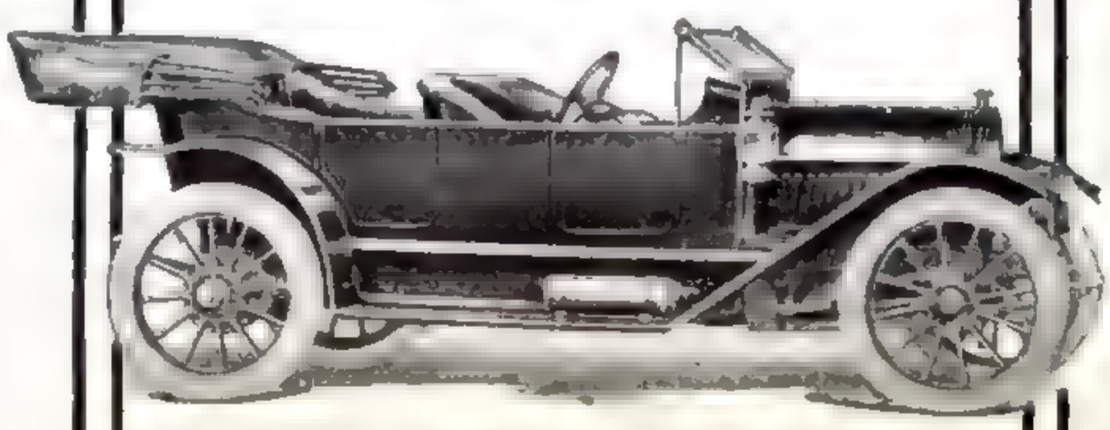

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Your jeweler can supply a Hamilton Movement to fit your present watch case if you desire.

This is the Hamilton 12-size thin model. Pronounced by jewelers everywhere the most phenomenally 12-size watch made.

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a handsome book in which we have told the story of the Hamilton Watch, and illustrated and described the various movements. Sent gladly to any one desirous of purchasing an accurate watch

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Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept 2358, Davenport, Iowa

the job I was ashamed of was worth sticking at, if at the end I was to become nothing better than a Driggs.

Nor was it without a reason. I felt keenly I had cause to be ashamed. Whether it was a good cause I leave to your own conclusions.

Hark now! By chance have you ever thumbed the pages of a college graduate directory? I dare say there are more inspired writings, though I recall none—that is, unless it might be the Apocrypha, or its mate, the Congressional Directory. Anyway, in the class-book that came to me year by each individual appeared as his own historian, so that not infrequently the reading matter was far more entertaining than perhaps even the biographers themselves suspected.

The book was of a piece with all its kind. In it, on one hand, bombast boomed and blustered; on the other, there was a like egotism cloaked in self-conscious modesty, blushing, as shrinking as a violet. None seemed to have failed. All were rising in the world. Each with his wagon hitched to a star appeared to have been towed sky-high. Of course there was here and there an entry in which the writer struck the note of rugged, robust simplicity, but as a rule these that played Boswell to their own Johnson spared little in dressing up their hero. Taking it in all, the book from cover to cover was a veritable flower-bed, a bit of life's garden bright with thriving, vigorous blossoms—paper blossoms, let me say.

I append one or two of the best examples.

"Abbott, A. B., '98. After graduation, decided to look over the field carefully before embarking on a career. Finally concluded that the law offered the most excellent opportunities, so out of many offers at length accepted position of trust with Hamilton, Hamilton, Morgan & Hill, corporation law. Recently was nominated for office on the judiciary ticket. Unmarried. Address, Terre Haute, Ind."

I knew Abbott. He roomed across the entry from me. He had crisply curling hair and the back of his head was shaped exactly like the end of an egg—the pointed end. As for his biography, had he been rubber he might have stretched himself to fit it. Boiled down to the facts, his position of trust consisted in looking up references, serving processes and taking care of the stamp drawer. The nomination on the judiciary ticket was that for justice of the peace—something like it anyway. He was defeated at the polls by a shocking majority.

Across on the next page appears the opposite of Abbott's brass trumpeting.

"Ainsworth, H. N., '98. Address Lippett & Ainsworth, Providence, R. I."

Just that, nothing more! It was like Ainsworth. He was center rush on the 'Varsity eleven of which I was captain and quarterback. Every one liked Ainsworth. He was a big, grave chap who had worked his way through college by waiting on table at a students' eating club. Ordinarily he was about as loquacious as a cigar-store Indian. "What are you going to be, Ainsworth?" I asked him the day we left college. "Me? Why, rich," answered Ainsworth. "I know that," I laughed; "but what are you going to do?" "Work like hell," answered Ainsworth solemnly.

He had been as good as his word. Behind that rescript—"Address Lippett & Ainsworth, Providence, R. I."—stood the fact, unmentioned by him, that he was the firm's junior partner, that already he had piled up half a million.

And there, too, in the A's stood another entry.

"Agnew, James, '98. With Bloodgood & Ousley, coal operators."

I suppress the address. Aside from this, though, my given biography stands complete. No doubt in its lack of telling anything it displays an egotism of a patch with that of the egg-headed Abbott. I, too, lied by inference; for to confess myself nothing but a hireling was beyond me.

Do not think we were all Abbotts and Agnews. More than one Ainsworth appeared among those pages. I, who could read between the lines, knew well enough that many were succeeding. The book, this catalog, was to me more than a mere directory of names. It was a mirror up to which I held myself. I saw in it my own image, that and the figures of many others. They were getting on, I was not, or so at all events I thought. Nor was it alone in the catalog that I read my apparent failure. I, in fact, saw it thrown back at me, like a reflection, out of the prosperity of many other friends. These were the associates of my boyhood, friends of the time when I and my family had been rich. They had money still; I hadn't. To be sure none happened to have made it himself; theirs was inherited wealth; but having it behind them they had forged up in the world high above my head.

Let me add now one last biography.

"Oglebay, Francis, '98. Banker and Broker, N. Y. Stock Exchange. Address Oglebay & Prentiss, Broad Street, New York."

Oglebay plays a top-line part in the staging of my career. He was my roommate at college, to begin with. No man in his class was more popular. He was manager of the eleven, a member of the prom committee, and had his choice of both junior and senior societies. Even the grinds admired Oglebay; to use the college lingo "Oglebay could have anything he wanted." What is more, he got it. In fact, Oglebay himself saw to it that he did.

"Mr. Agnew," said Ousley—he still had his eyes on me as if to search me through and through—"Mr. Agnew, you're not only ashamed of your job but if I'm not mistaken you're ashamed of your trade as well."

Again he had hit the nail on the head. It was so. Not only my job but my trade besides I felt had in a way declassed me. Men that I knew—my collegemates and others, friends of the time when I and my family had been wealthy—these friends had gone into other occupations. Wall Street had the choice—that is, the banking and brokerage business. Par excellence it was considered the gentleman's calling, though, of course, others looked as favorably on the law, medicine, and so on and so forth. Besides, there was the steel and iron trade; in this business community from which I sprang it had long stood as *ukase*, the real *kudos*, in our aristocracy of money-getters. However, while formerly our young sprigs would have nothing but a future of pigs and billets, now they looked as kindly on one of stocks and bonds.

Indeed, Wall Street is a gentleman's occupation. To get into it—that is, if you mean to shuffle and deal—undoubtedly requires money.

I had no wealth to become a Wall Street gentleman. Hobson's choice had made me take the first job offered. As for coal being a gentleman's occupation——

"Well?" said I to Ousley, smiling covertly.

I saw his lips jerk themselves together.

"I'd better be plain with you, Agnew. If I'm not mistaken you demand not only more pay but more authority. Is that it?"

"Exactly, Mr. Ousley."

"In other words, a higher place all round?"

"Yes," I answered.

Ousley for a moment intently regarded me; then he smiled.

"I admire your spunk, Agnew. No clerk has ever talked to me as frankly as you have. As a matter of fact, I've always admired your directness, and if there was one man in the office I wished to see get along it has always been you."

He smiled again; in return I smiled at him. I began to see that Ousley was coming round. Moreover, it was the first time I'd ever known him to show me any friendliness.

Ousley suddenly arose. "You have the offer of another place, haven't you?"

My own smile suddenly faded. I'd said nothing about any other place.

"Or tell me," said Ousley; "by any chance have you made up with your Uncle Jessup?"

My Uncle Jessup! Since the day of my father's funeral I hadn't even so much as had a word with my father's niggardly brother. But what did Ousley know about him? By the same token, what affair was it of his to ask me such a question?

"What do you mean?" I demanded roughly.

"Nothing, nothing," Ousley answered crisply. "I merely wondered whether some windfall had not made you so contemptuous of your work. . . . But there, there!" he said abruptly; "no need to say anything further on that score. You dislike your work, and that's all there is to it. Now about this raise of yours."

He broke off there. Again I saw he debated, or rather that he seemed to debate.

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An old proverb says "the proof of the pudding is the eating," and this is also true of

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Then, with his eyes on the carpet, he pulled out a cigar and deliberately bit its end.

"Well?" I inquired, as brusk as himself. "Do I get it?"

Another pause followed. After it Ousley looked up, his lips tightly clenched upon his cigar. With a face devoid of all expression he slowly and deliberately shook his head.

"No," said Ousley, and calmly struck a match.

I could have knocked him down. I felt, indeed, as if I had been played with as a cat trifles with a mouse before the *coup de grâce*.

"No, indeed," he added, and puffed out a cloud of smoke.

"Is that flat?" I asked, somehow controlling my voice.

"Flat as a pie-plate!" snapped Ousley, his manner again brisk and brusk. "So long as you're ashamed of your job, Agnew, you'll get nothing out of me. If in the future though ——"

I cared nothing about any future possibilities he might have to suggest; with a word I cut him short.

"Good night!" I said.

He answered me quite pleasantly. "Good night, Agnew. I won't make it goodby, for I hope you'll take time to reflect."

"Thanks, but I've already reflected!" I announced.

His lips again snapped together like the jaws of a trap. "Then goodby!" he retorted curtly, and turned his back on me.

As I closed the door behind me he had returned already to the task of signing his letters.

Only a few belated guests remained at the garden party when I at length arrived there. The servants, in fact, were beginning to take in the chairs and tables scattered about on the grass and here and there among the shrubbery. However, I felt I'd missed little. Tea and toast, cakes with pink icing, a wishy-washy punch and all that sort of trash are hardly the stuff to cosset a man who felt as weak in the knees as I did. What is more, I was in no state of mind to gabble hilariously in a key with the hilarious gabble that one hears at such affairs. Chatter socially sociably? I should say not! The thing I wanted most was solitude—some nice, quiet place where I could sit with the shades drawn and reflectively nibble my fingers.

For I was out of a job. The place I'd despised was no longer mine even to despise. As little as I'd liked it, though, the fact that I'd lost it seemed somehow to augment, to magnify, its advantages. Few men resign any sort of a place without some sense of emotion. It would be folly for me to say now I lacked a feeling of regret. I was even conscious of a little twinge of fear, of trepidation. It was the clerk in me having its last fling at my clerkishness!

They were removing the tea-table now. Jennie had arisen, and she in her modest gown stood among a group of women whose costumes, in contrast, as I had foreseen, seemed almost gorgeous. However, there was one other woman as modestly, as simply, attired as my Jennie. My eye darkened as it fell upon her. It was Mrs. Ousley—*his* wife—and she had her hand on Jennie's.

I am striving now to rush this, the first act, to its curtain. Mrs. Ousley, however, I cannot overlook. She was a tall, thin woman with a nervous, agitated manner, the direct opposite of her husband. In his presence, moreover, she seemed impelled to chatter endlessly. I am convinced, however, that as the Ousleys rose in life the wife's manner changed. She talked less, appeared to have more poise, repose, and would have passed anywhere as a woman whose well-bred bearing was inborn. Ousley's hand I saw in this. It was another instance of the fact that marriage rarely means spontaneous teamwork from the beginning. Either the man makes the woman, or the woman makes the man. Self-made himself, Ousley ultimately made his wife. Even at this early stage of their career he had seen to it that she was not overdressed like one or two of those about her.

I cared little for Mrs. Ousley. In the way I'd looked down on him I looked down on his wife. She seemed to me a dowd, gawkishly simple, ignorant of the best ways to use her husband's money. I would have avoided her now had I been able. Jennie, however, had seen me, and, besides, there stood laughing and chatting with these women the one man I wished to see.

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Bounded by Toasted Walls

These curious foods Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—have these peculiar qualities

Each grain, by a steam explosion, is puffed to eight times normal size. Made four times as porous as bread.

Within each grain are a myriad cells, each surrounded by toasted walls as thin as fairy wafers. These walls are crisped by a fearful heat, yet they melt in the mouth like delicate flakes. The millions of food particles in each dissolve, because they are blasted to pieces. Digestion begins before the grains reach the stomach.

Like Toasted Nuts

The taste of the grains is like the delicious taste of toasted pecans and almonds. They are used like nuts in a dozen ways, including candy making.

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. No other process applies so much heat to a cereal. No other method makes grain so digestible.

And never before were wheat and rice made nearly so enticing. The people who like them better than anything else now eat 20,000,000 dishes monthly.

Ways to Serve

The morning way is with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit. Try them with sliced bananas.

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They are served in soup for dinner. Chefs use them to garnish ice cream. Children at play like to eat the grains dry, salted like nuts.

Those are twenty ways to serve nutlike grains to-day—and to-morrow as Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And every way delightful.

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(247)

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Always look for the name "*Shackamaxon*" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't *Shackamaxon*.

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However remote, whether in the adobe house on the Rio Grande, on the Montana sheep ranch or in the isolated New England farm house, the Bell telephone is an open doorway to the Universal Bell System.

From each Bell outpost run lines that connect it with the central office—that nerve center of the local system.

Long distance and toll lines connect these nerve centers and furnish clear tracks for telephone talk throughout the land.

12,000,000 miles of wire are the highways over which 20,000,000 telephone talks are carried daily.

The Bell System binds together the social and business activities of a people in a shoulder-to-shoulder march of progress.

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One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

It was Oglebay, my roommate at college. I walked toward him with a quickened step. He was still chatting and laughing when I wet my lips and spoke.

"You're on, Oglebay!" I said tersely, meaningly, and with a toss of my head I snapped my jaws together as I'd seen Ousley snap his.

"Eh, what?"

For a moment Oglebay stared at me uncertainly. That he should fail to grasp my meaning struck on my sense like a little shock. It was as if some one had dashed cold water in my face.

"Last night, don't you remember it?" I added meaningly.

Then it dawned on him. "Oh—well, all right," he answered lightly; "I thought you'd come round."

That was all. A moment later he was again laughing, bantering, with the women that surrounded him.

I dare say it was all pretty raw and abrupt. Jennie stared at us curiously; then, as the other women, too, had begun to stare, she quietly made a diversion.

"Mr. Oglebay's been telling us something of life in New York," she laughed. "It seems very complicated."

Mrs. Ousley raised her chatter.

"I'd be fussed to death," she announced, both her hands and face working together, nervously agitated. "Just imagine, sometimes folks give big dinners every night in the week—at home too!" added Mrs. Ousley, gasping as if shocked.

Here a hostess rarely entertained at home. Hers might be the biggest of the big houses that made up Millionaires' Row, yet one rarely saw its inside. If she gave a dinner, a dance, a luncheon or what not, however grand or however simple, it was almost invariably given at her husband's club. Home hospitality was too involved. If given at the club one had merely to sign a check. Even at this lawn party—a startling novelty, by-the-way—the club steward had taken charge.

"And just imagine too!" cried Mrs. Ousley, now desperate. "They often bring home a perfect stranger to dine!"

At this astounding revelation, not only Mrs. Ousley, but all the others, clucked and nodded impressively. One and all they were duly scandalized—that is, all but Jennie.

"Oh, well," laughed Jennie, "possibly I'd live through it—that is," she added still lightly, "that is, if I didn't lose my head about the bills."

Oglebay was watching when she spoke. I saw him grin lightly at her words. Some one else spoke then and I touched Jennie on the elbow. At the look in my face she started. "Come away," I whispered to her quietly.

"Jim!" she exclaimed.

"Come, hurry!" I again whispered.

Out on the driveway I broke the news to her.

"We must begin to pack tonight," I said.

"Pack!" gasped Jennie.

"Yes," I answered lightly; "I've thrown up my place with Bloodgood & Ousley. You and I are going to New York."

Jennie turned as white as a calla lily. "New York!" she echoed faintly.

"New York it is, Jennie! Oglebay's offered me a position as manager of his uptown office. . . . Now what's the matter with you?" I demanded sharply.

She had one hand on her breast and her breath was coming fast.

"Oh, but, Jim! Jim!" she faltered. "New York—why, I'm almost scared to death!"

"Nonsense!" I retorted contemptuously; "I know exactly what you mean; it's the bills. All right! then put this in your pipe and smoke it: Oglebay's paying me five thousand dollars a year!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

His Fears Confirmed

A VIRGINIA darky got a job as waiter at an Atlantic City hotel. The glare of the sun on the beach affected his eyes and the manager of the hotel sent him to an oculist.

The sufferer was leaving the specialist's office after the first treatment when his eyes fell on a large and glittering machine.

"Boss," he asked, "whut is that?"

"That," said the oculist seriously, "is an ophthalmometer."

"Yes, suh," said the darky—"that's whut I thought it wuz frum the fust!"

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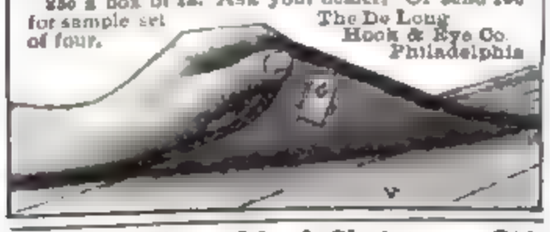

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The AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, O.

Will Panama Revive the Merchant Marine?

(Concluded from Page 7)

clear and right—ten million dollars yearly loss is a mere bagatelle compared to a ship subsidy of hundreds of millions a year! Another point is equally important: The Government could not collect ten million dollars a year on heavy, bulky commodities; for, under the minimum toll of a dollar a ton, bulky commodities cannot be shipped from coast to coast. The price at which they sell will not justify a freight rate to which one dollar has to be added for canal toll; and these commodities will not be shipped at all!

"For instance, lumber will carry a rate through the canal of about seven dollars and a half a ton; but add a canal charge of a dollar and a half and you are going to increase the price to the buyer or diminish profits to the seller, so that the shipments will shrink. Manganese ores used in tremendous quantities by steel factories are a still better example. They will stand a freight rate of five dollars a ton; add a toll rate of a dollar and a half and you put them at a figure which neither buyer nor shipper can afford. They simply will not be shipped. The same of infusorial earths and granite and graphite and borax and salt, and other low-grade bulky commodities—they cannot stand even the lowest freight charge of the railroads; but, with free tolls through Panama, they would afford a good profit to a merchant marine! In return, the vessels enjoying free tolls could bind themselves to be turned over to the Government, in case of war, at cost, less depreciation. On these terms the vessels could be built and manned in the United States in spite of the differences in cost and labor."

"What do you think of the proposed flat rate of a dollar and a half?" I recently asked an eminent army engineer who had studied the problem thoroughly.

"I think," he answered bluntly, "that a flat rate of a dollar and a half will drive all the benefits of Panama to the shipping interests of other nations."

The Trust-Busters

We've smashed the Ice Trust up here flat,
We lawed 'em up and down
And got injunctions on 'em that
Will drive 'em out of town;
So we get Independent ice
By fightin' this trust game,
And justice reigns—although the price
Is purty much the same.

And Justice Ezry Emmer found
The milkmen here had made
A combination all around
In clear restraint of trade;
So then we lawed 'em and their ilk
And made th' fur to fly,
Till we got Independent milk
But jest about as high!

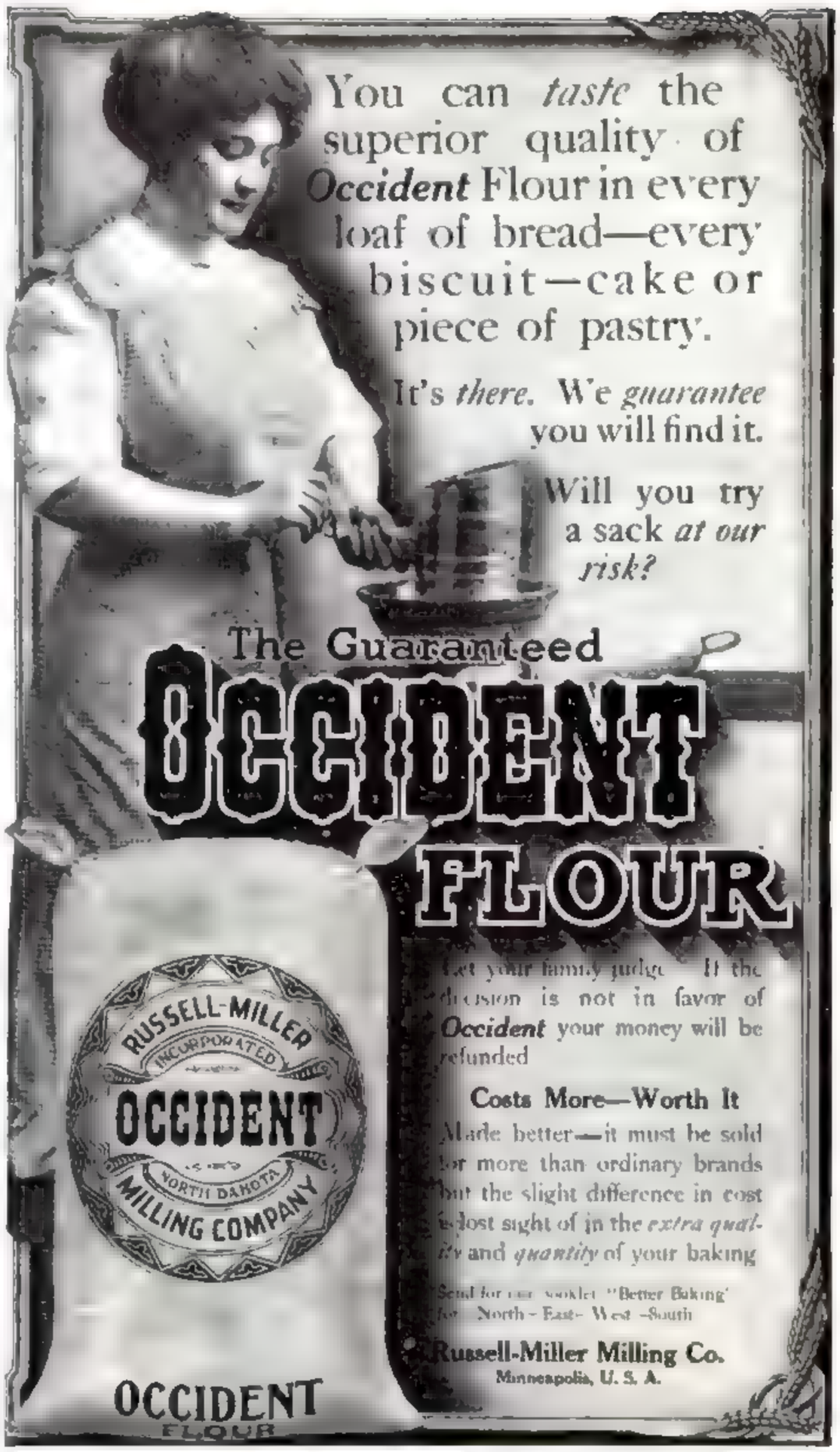
And then, by jing! Hi Peters learns
The woodyards here last fall
Was all a-mergin' their concerns
Without no leave at all,
So we lawed them as best we could
The big part of a year,
Till we got Independent wood
But jest about as dear!

And all the groc'ry stores, by jing!
Was operatin' by
A price agreement on each thing
A feller went to buy;
So we went at 'em spoke and hub,
And stopped that little game,
And we get Independent grub
By payin' jest the same.

And we cleaned out the village board
By battlin' for reform,
We had our ammunition stored
And made about as warm
A fight as you would want to see
When we cleaned up the town,
But even now we've licked 'em we
Can't get the taxes down.

It ain't so much the price we pay
Or how high taxes are;
It's principle—that's what we say,
We've hitched up to a star;
We want to show them Trust upstarts,
And show 'em, too, we will,
That revolutionary hearts
Is beatin' in us still!

J. W. Foley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Means that you do not have to sacrifice style for comfort. Here you have style *and* comfort,—complete shoe satisfaction.

No nightmare haunts *any* Stetson Shoe,—the snappiest *style* or the most conservative last,—but if comfort be the dominant consideration ask to see ***The Stetson Corndodger.***

The Red Diamond marks the Stetson agency and the Stetson Shoe. Write today for *The Book of Dreams,* a unique book of Fall styles, and name of nearest dealer.

THE STETSON SHOE

"Stetsons cost more by the pair—less by the year."

New York, 7 Cortlandt Street; Springfield, Mass., 170 Worthington Street; Cleveland, Ohio, 6 Hollenden Arcade; Pittsburg, Pa., Jenkins Arcade Bldg.; 1230 Market Street, Philadelphia.—A. H. Gesting Company.

The Stetson Shoe Company, South Weymouth, Massachusetts

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Put it on—Stoop in it—Sit down in it—Stretch in it. It won't gap in the seat—won't bind or bunch. The "Lap without the Gap" does it. There are no flaps, no buttons. Just a simple method of construction—but it has made this union suit perfect in every way. Any good dealer will sell you a suit.

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Send us your name and address on a postal and we shall send you this illustrated book showing actual samples of all the best fabrics at all prices. Write today.

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO., Dept. C, Piqua, Ohio

Superior Union Suits retail for $1.00 and up. Look for the red Superior label. It is your guarantee of fit, finish and service unsurpassed.

Yipsi Indian Shoes

Luxurious, Hand Sewn "Foot Resters" of Correct Indian Design

The above shoes are all made from genuine buckskin—a rich cream color—soft and pliable as thick velvet, warm as heavy felt, durable as rawhide. No. 830 is trimmed with Wampum Beads, the other two burnt and tinted with real Indian dyes. No. 810 (below) is similar but has a flexible Elk sole, sewed on.

PRICES POSTPAID FOR MEN (5½ to 10) $2.25 FOR LADIES (2½ to 7) $2.00 FOR BOYS (2½ to 5) $1.90 OR ASK YOUR DEALER

Ideal Den Slippers—Dainty Dressing Shoes—"Dandy" Play Shoes

Everybody, young and old, likes the "YIPSI." Men like them to smoke in. Mothers find them silent and warm to slip on at night. Travelers put a pair in the grip. "Boy Scouts" declare them "just the thing." Children play in them.

For Indoors—For Outdoors YIPSI **For Comfort—For Service**

There are a dozen other uses for this novel, practical footwear, and a dozen other patterns and designs. Many are made in a darker leather, Ypsilanti Moosehide, with soles of Flexible Elk, sewed on. No. 900 A (below) is one, especially for gymnasium use, for running, for camping, canoeing, etc. The prices (postpaid) are:—$2.50 for Men's, $2.25 for Ladies' and $2.00 for Boys' sizes.

See Your Dealer or Our Catalog (mailed free). Any Department Store or Shoe Store can get "Yips" Indian Shoes for you if they haven't them in stock. Write today for our catalog and name of nearest dealer. We will fill your order if that is most convenient to you. We guarantee to please you or refund your money.

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1160 Cross St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

DEALERS—Better get posted on our big advertising and selling plan if you are not handling our line. Ask for wholesale prices.

No. 810 No. 900 A

A JUDGMENT COME TO DANIEL

Concluded from Page 15

my skull I heard them go bumping down the steep stairs. I think there were ten distinct bumps.

David Pryor, one of our policemen, was sitting almost directly in front of me. He had been a policeman only two or three months and was the youngest of the three who policed the town at nights. When old Mr. Gid Irons knocked Daniel the Mystic down David Pryor bounced out of his seat and called out something and started to run toward them.

Old Judge Priest blocked his way on the instant, filling the whole of the narrow aisle.

"Son," he said, "where you aimin' to go to?"

"Lemme by, Judge," sputtered David Pryor; "there's a fight startin' up yonder!"

Judge Priest didn't budge a visible inch, except to glance quickly backward over his shoulder toward the stage.

"Son," he asked, "it takes two, don't it, to make a fight?"

"Yes," panted David Pryor, trying to get past him, "yes, but——"

"Well, son, if you'd take another look up there you'd see there's only one person engaged in fightin' at this time. That's no fight—only a merited chastisement."

"A chesty which?" asked David Pryor, puzzled. He was young and new to his job and full of the zeal of duty. But Judge Priest stood for law and order embodied, and David Pryor wavered.

"David, my son," said Judge Priest, "if you, a sworn officer of the law, don't know what chastisement means you oughter. Sit down by me here and I'll try to explain its meanin's." He took him by the arm and pulled the bewildered young policeman down into a seat alongside his own and held him there, though David was still protesting and struggling feebly to be loose.

This I heard and saw out of a corner of my mind, the rest of me being concentrated on what was going on up on the stage among the overturning chairs and those scattering recruits in the cause of mesmerism. I saw Daniel the Mystic scramble to his feet. He was wildly, furiously pained and bewildered. It must be painful in the extreme, and bewildering too, to any man to be suddenly and emphatically smitten in his good right eye by one who seemed all peace and elderly sedateness, and to behold an audience, which though cold, perhaps, had been friendly enough, arise in its entirety and most vociferously cheer the smiting. How much more so, then, in the case of a Seer of the Unseen, who is supposed to be able to discern such things ahead of their happening?

Old Mr. Gid Irons was frightfully quick. His hands shot out with hard, fast dabbing motions like a cat striking at a rolling ball, and he planted his fists wheresoever he aimed.

Daniel the Mystic's long arms flew and flailed wildly in air and his mane of hair tossed. He threw his crossed hands across his face to save it and Mr. Irons hit him in the stomach. He lowered his hands to his vitals in an agonized clutch and Mr. Irons hit him in the jaw.

I know now in the light of a riper experience of such things that it was most wonderfully fast work, and all of it happening much faster than the time I have taken here to tell it, Mr. Gid Irons wading steadily in and Daniel the Mystic flopping about and threshing and yelling—he was beginning to yell—and the chairs flipping over on their backs and everybody standing up and whooping. All of a sudden Daniel the Mystic went down flat on his back, calling for help on some one whose name I will take oath was not D. C. Davello. It sounded more like Thompson.

Doctor Lake dropped his walking stick and ran out from the wings.

"It would be highly improper to strike a man when he's down," he counseled Mr. Irons, as he grabbed Daniel the Mystic by the armpits and heaved him up flappingly. "Allow me to help the gentleman to his feet."

Mr. Irons hit him just once more, a straight jabbing center blow, and knocked him clear into and under his black calico cabinet, so far in it and under it that its curtains covered all but his legs, which continued to flutter and waggle feebly.

"Get a couple-a chairs, Gideon." This advice came from Mr. Howard Thurston who jumped up and down and directed an imaginary orchestra of bass drummers with his umbrella for a baton—"Get a couple-a chairs and stand on the son-of-a-gun's stomach. It does the subcheck no harm and the subcheck feels no pain. As a favor to me, Gideon, I ask you, stand on his stomach."

But Mr. Irons was through. He turned about and came down the runway and passed out, rearing back and jarring his heels down hard. If he had spoken a single word the whole time I hadn't heard it.

It must have been just about this time that D. C. Davello worked his way out from underneath the hippopotamously vast bulk of Fatty McManus and started running back up the stairs. But before he reached the door the city marshal, who had been standing downstairs all the time and strange to say, hadn't, it would appear, heard any of the clamor, ran up behind him and arrested him for loud talking and disorderly conduct. The city marshal obtusely didn't look inside the door for visual evidences of any trouble within; he would listen to no reason. He grabbed D. C. Davello by the coat collar and pulled him back to the sidewalk and had him halfway across Market Square to the lock-up before the captive could make him understand what had really happened. Even then the official displayed a dense and gummy stupidity for he kept demanding further details and made the other tell everything over to him at least twice. This also took time, because D. C. Davello was excited and stammering and the city marshal was constantly interrupting him. So that, by the time he finally got the straight of things into his head and they came back to St. Clair Hall, the lights were out and the stairs were dark and the last of the audience was tailing away. The city marshal stopped, as if taken with a clever idea, and looked at his watch and remarked to D. C. Davello that he and his friend the Professor would just about have time to catch the 10:50 accommodation for Louisville if they hurried; which seemed strange advice to be giving, seeing that D. C. Davello hadn't asked about trains at all.

Nevertheless he took it—the advice—which also necessitated taking the train.

Even in so short a time the news seemed to have spread with most mysterious speed, that Daniel the Mystic had canceled his second night's engagement and would be leaving us on the 10:50. Quite a crowd went to the depot to see him off. We boys tagged along, too, keeping pace with Judge Priest and Doctor Lake and Major Joe Sam Covington and certain other elderly residents, who, as they tramped along, maintained a sort of irregular formation, walking two by two just as they did when the Veterans' Camp turned out for a funeral or a reunion.

There must have been something wrong down the road that night with the 10:50. Usually she was anywhere from one to three hours late, but this night she strangely came in on time. She was already whistling for the crossing above Kattersmith's brickyard when we arrived, moving in force. D. C. Davello saw us from afar and remembered some business that took him briskly back behind the freight shed. But Daniel the Mystic sat on a baggage truck with a handkerchief to his face, and seemed not to see any of us coming until our advance guard filed up and flanked him.

"Well, suh," said Judge Priest, "you had a signal honor paid you in this community tonight."

Daniel the Mystic raised his head. The light from a tin reflector lamp shone on his face and showed its abundant damages. You would hardly have known Daniel the Mystic for the same person. His gorgeousness and grandeur of person had fallen from him like a discarded garment, and his nose dripped redly.

"I—had—what?" he answered, speaking somewhat thickly because of the swollen lip.

"A mighty signal honor," said Judge Priest, in his thin, whiny voice. "In the presence of a representative gatherin' of our best people you were licked by the most efficient and the quickest-actin' scout that ever served in General John Morgan's entire cavalry command."

But the reply of Daniel the Mystic, if he made one, was never heard of living man, because at that moment the 10:50 accommodation came in and her locomotive began exhausting.

Adler's Collegian Clothes

GREATER skill in clothes making could not be employed than that which produces Adler's Collegian Clothes. Our untiring attention to details—the correct curve to the lapels, the proper flare to the coat, the perfect set to the collar, uniform buttonholes, even stitching, smooth, flat edges, etc., give to Adler's Collegian Clothes prestige among well dressed men. In the Adler's Collegian daylight shops these details assume large proportions and receive the same conscientious care and thought that are given to the fabrics, designing, style and other workmanship. Go to the store that sells Adler's Collegian Clothes—usually the best in town—try on a suit and see how much these details count. Price range $15 to $30.

Our new style book, an authentic fashion-guide of men's correct clothes for Fall and Winter, mailed to any address on request.

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IN Regal Shoe windows you will see two left shoes (or two right shoes) side by side on same pedestal.

One is a Regal $3.50.

The other is a Regal $5.00.

Each is stamped on the sole with the *Makers' Price*, up to which Wear, Comfort and Satisfaction to Consumer are guaranteed.

There is the full difference of $1.50 in retail *value* between these two pairs of Regal Shoes.

But, can *you* tell (without looking at the price on the sole) *which* is the $3.50 shoe and which is the $5.00 shoe in the window?

And, if you *can't* tell the difference, (through the finish) how are you to *know* values in shoes that are *not price controlled by the Makers* (through their valuation being stamped on the soles *at the factory*)?

Ninety per cent of all other shoes are today sold on their mere outward appearance.

That "appearance" is largely a matter of *lasting* and *finish*, quite independent of Material or Service to Consumer hidden under the finish.

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You run no risk of paying $4.50 to $5.00 for a $3.50 shoe (*with a $5.00 finish*), if you make sure that this *Regal* Shoe brand is stamped on the sole with the Regal Shoe *price*.

That price includes a mere 5% profit for Regal Shoe factories, as per Auditor's Statement seen in Regal Stores and Agencies.

Compare value in all other shoes with that in

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You will be comfortable, healthy and happy in a uniformly heated home if you have a

Minneapolis Heat Regulator

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Determine exactly the degree of warmth you want during the day, indicate at bed time the temperature for the night and secure automatically at the getting up hour a resumption of the day time temperature.

Latest Model—Clock Improvements

Clock swings in complete circle—also detachable—all windings with same key Receiving Socket for holding key.

The "Minneapolis" has been the standard for 28 years. Used with hot water, hot air steam or natural gas heating. Sold by the heating trade everywhere under a positive guarantee of satisfaction. Send for our booklet.

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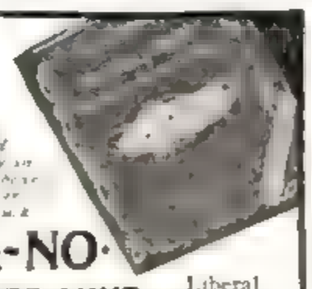

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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

Continued from Page 23

you up and trying to decide which was best for you—St. Lazare or a happy death."

I reached over, took her hand and kissed it several times.

"Neither," I answered. "I want life. I only started it a little while ago. Bloodletting is good for hotheaded young men. I feel as fresh as a daisy!" As a matter of fact, I didn't feel that way at all. "Where did you get that bandage?" I asked.

"Never mind," said Rosalie, and turned very red. "And what are we going to do now?"

"The first thing," I answered, "is for me to get out of these tweeds and back into my *soutane*. What if somebody should come along?"

"Somebody has come along already," said Rosalie. "It was a *garde-champêtre* with a police dog. I went to meet him and said: 'Monsieur le Comte begs that you will not disturb him while he finishes his poem and asks me to give you this louis.' He grinned, then made a sort of barnyard joke and went away."

"If I weren't badly wounded," said I, "your cheek would have no reason to criticise your hand. You are a darling and a wonder, and I don't care if I didn't manage to kill Chu-Chu. It's been worth it just to know you. Now if you'll kindly step over there in the bushes and gather a few bluets and poppies for the car——"

"They don't grow in the woods," said Rosalie demurely.

"Then carve your initials on a beech while I crawl out of these tourist's clothes. Then we'll bury 'em and go to Paris. At the octroi I'll get another cab and go to where I live."

"No, you won't," said Rosalie—"I'm going to take you to Sœur Anne Marie."

"*Jamais de la vie!*" I answered.

"But I am! You won't feel so gay tomorrow."

"Maybe not; but I'd feel a lot worse if I thought I was running you into a possible mess."

"See here!" said Rosalie with a little jerk of her head. "I don't know what your name is and you tell me you've been a crook; but you've been mighty square with me and you are a countryman of mine and are badly hurt, and I'm not going to leave you in such a fix as this. That arm of yours will be a good many days getting well, and there's no telling about the hole through your shoulder; and if you go to a hospital, or even to a private doctor, somebody might get to talking and give the game away. There's bound to be a tremendous sensation over this thing and every wounded man in Paris is apt to be overhauled. Now, Sœur Anne Marie and I have got a nice little apartment, and there's a little room looking on a garden that you can have until you are fit to be about again. So don't let's have any more nonsense!"

"But what would Sœur Anne Marie say?" I asked rather weakly. "And what are you going to tell her?"

"Exactly what you've told me. She's not the kind to lie to. The neighbors can think that you are a missionary who has come home ill—a relative of hers, or something of the sort. Sœur Anne Marie was once a surgical nurse in one of the hospitals, and I'd rather trust myself to her than to most surgeons."

So at last I agreed—and mighty thankfully, too, you can bet; and I managed to get out of my sporty knickerbockers and into the taxi. Rosalie made a bundle of the tweeds and promised to go to the little hotel the next day where I had been stopping and square up for me and fetch away my things. Then off we went, going in through Suresnes and the Bois, down the Champs-Elysées and across the Alexandre Trois Bridge, finally to pull up at the entrance of an *impasse* on the Rue Vaugirard.

"It's not much to look at from the outside," said Rosalie as I got out, "but it's not bad."

She nodded and smiled and said a few words to some of the people sitting outside their little shops, and they smiled and nodded back. It was plain enough that Rosalie was a local favorite and quite a celebrity in her quarter. I noticed, too, that the manner of a couple of women she stopped to speak to was mighty respectful. There was none of the free-and-easy *bonhomie* of the cabmen.

Individuality

This smart new Triangle Madras Collar offers a pleasing change and wins the approval of the well groomed man who seeks novel, refined effects in dress.

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Madras Collars
15c each—2 for 25c

are made of finest white Madras with [illegible] stripes of the same [illegible] are ordered with the [illegible]

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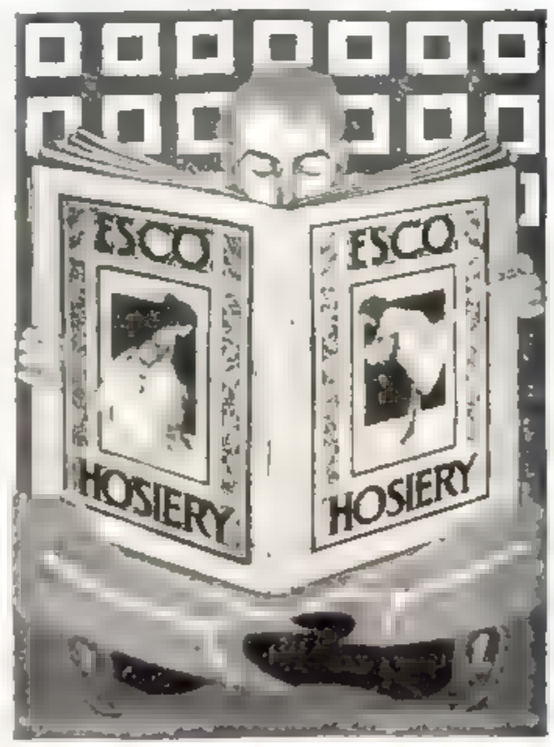

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Style **100** *Men's highly mercerized lisle sock, triple heel and toe, double sole, black, tan, gray and navy. Per pair . .* **35c**
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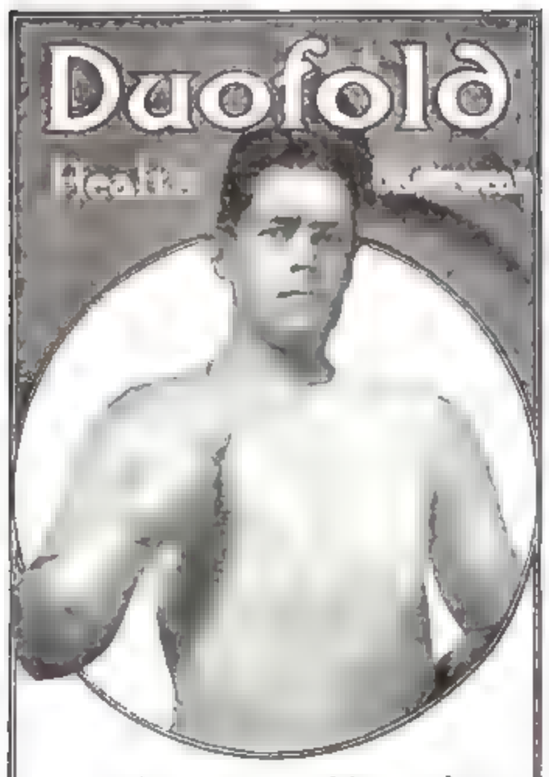

A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in Duofold.

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one

Can anything be more scientific and sensible?

Delightfully smooth on the skin; well-ventilated; keeping the body always at an even normal temperature

Duofold gives the warmth of wool without the "itchy" sensation of wool against the skin, for the sticky effect of a solid cotton garment. Duofold is always smooth, dry, light and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and [illegible] weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upwards.

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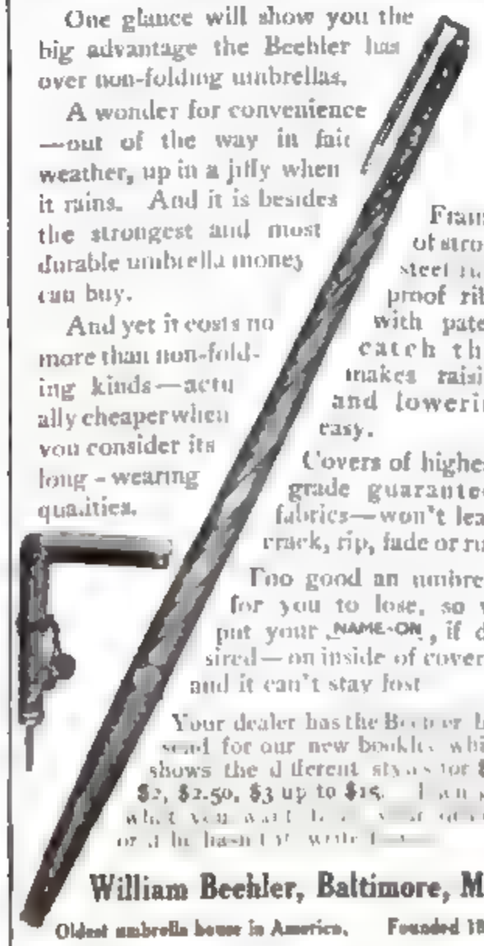
One glance will show you the big advantage the Beehler has over non-folding umbrellas.

A wonder for convenience—out of the way in fair weather, up in a jiffy when it rains. And it is besides the strongest and most durable umbrella money can buy.

And yet it costs no more than non-folding kinds—actually cheaper when you consider its long-wearing qualities.



Frames of strong steel rust-proof ribs, with patent catch that makes raising and lowering easy.

Covers of highest-grade guaranteed fabrics—won't leak, crack, rip, fade or run.

Too good an umbrella for you to lose, so we put your NAME-ON, if desired—on inside of cover—and it can't stay lost

Your dealer has the Beehler but send for our new booklet which shows the different styles for $1, $2, $2.50, $3 up to $15. Tell us what you want in your dealer, or if he hasn't it, write us.

William Beehler, Baltimore, Md.

Oldest umbrella house in America. Founded 1828.

Folds and fits into a suitcase

My arm and shoulder were quite numb now and felt as if turning to stone, and I guess I was pretty white and pinched-looking. Rosalie led the way and I followed her into the *impasse*, then across a little paved court and up some dark, dilapidated stairs; but the house was clean enough and the people we met seemed to be of a very decent class.

We went to the top then

"Here we are," said Rosalie, and whipped out a key and opened the door. "Where are you, Mother?" she called.

"I am here, deary!" came a cheerful voice from down the corridor. Rosalie turned to me.

"I will go and tell her. I won't be a minute. Go right in, Mr. " She paused, smiling

"Clamart," I answered "Frank Clamart."

"Thanks. I won't be long." She gave me a nod and hurried off

The room where she asked me to wait was a small studio, high-ceilinged, with a skylight and a long window that looked out on some fruit gardens. It is amazing the amount of cultivated ground there is behind the houses in all parts of Paris! Some of the sections between streets hold young farms. These gardens belonged to some old mansion of the nobility, and the family had probably grown their fruit and vegetables there for several hundred years

Rosalie's was one of those little, old fashioned studio apartments of which there are so many in that quarter. There was nothing *bourgeois* about it, for the few pieces of furniture were old and massive and pure-style, and were the sort you might expect to find in the residence of a prelate. There were some big, richly framed pictures which appeared to be old and valuable copies of some of the Old Masters—among them Murillo's Virgin of the Conception, after the one in the Louvre; Tintoretto's Crucifixion, and a small but very beautiful copy of Michelangelo's Kneeling Angel. There were also some smaller paintings, two landscapes and a Madonna.

The most valuable article in the studio was a large and very handsome tapestry which looked to me like a genuine Gobelin, though the colors were of deeper and more neutral tints than you generally find in this manufacture. I judged that Sœur Anne Marie must have had at one time a little money, and that when the Church goods were confiscated she had bought back in different sales some of the articles that had grown dear to her.

Here and there Rosalie's touch brightened the place. This was not always in keeping, but it was cheerful and it looked as if Sœur Anne Marie tolerated the frivolous bits through her love for the girl. On an ancient piano in one corner lay a violin; and I hoped that the two played together, for I loved music.

Altogether, my friend, it was not a usual situation. Here there were about to live for some days under the same roof—for I knew Sœur Anne Marie would take me in—a devout Mother Superior, who was likely enough the daughter of some old and noble family; an American girl from Wichita, Kansas, the daughter of an Irish cab-driver and divorcée of a French count who had never so much as kissed her, she now earning a good living as the chauffeuse of a taxicab; myself, an ex-burglar and confidence man, coming there red-handed from a sincere and conscientious effort to kill an enemy, badly wounded and feeling on the verge of physical collapse. We were an assorted trio, now, were we not?

These thoughts were going through my head to the accompaniment of a subdued but steady babble of talk from what seemed to me an interminable distance, for I had lost an awful lot of blood and there was a humming in my ears that seemed to put other sounds 'way beyond. I was drowsy, too, and horribly thirsty; and all that I wanted was a long drink of water and to be allowed to sleep. I was almost sorry I had come there, since there had to be so much palaver—and then something tickled the palm of my hand. I thought it was a fly and wriggled my fingers; but the tickling increased and I looked down and saw a thin stream of bright red blood crawling like a wicked little snake from under the rim of the bandage. I slapped my arm—and it was wet through.

Thought I: "Here I am, bleeding to death while those women talk and talk and talk!" It would be a mean trick on Rosalie

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"44" seven-passenger, fore-door Touring Car

I ought to know, because I have had a new car every year, and the last three have been Abbott Detroits."

The above is a portion of a statement made by Mr. B. G. Arden, a prominent Detroit business man, to whom we delivered one of our 1912 models last month.

Mr. Arden is an insurance adjuster a good judge of values—has driven for eight years, and owned seven different cars, two of them much higher priced than his last one

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4½ in. x 5½ in. long stroke Continental Motor; Dual Ignition System with Magneto; Gray & Davis Bullet Electric Head Lamps, Gas Gas and Electric Side and Tail Lamps, Tungsten Lamps, 180 ampere hour Lighting Battery—body of lamps black enamel with nickel plated trimmings; Horn and Tools; Tires 36 in. x 4 in., Universal Demountable Rims, Three-speed Transmission and Multiple Disc Clutch, Two-pedal Control, Clutch and Brake; Wheel Base 120 inches; Ventilated Fore-door Bodies.

Seven-Passenger, Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, less Top, Windshield, Speedometer and Auxiliary Seats . $1800

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Auxiliary Seats, per pair $50

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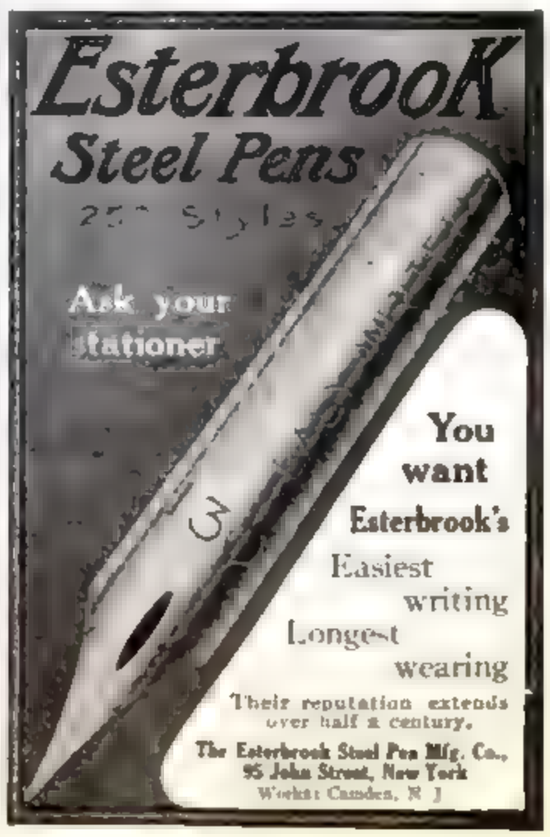

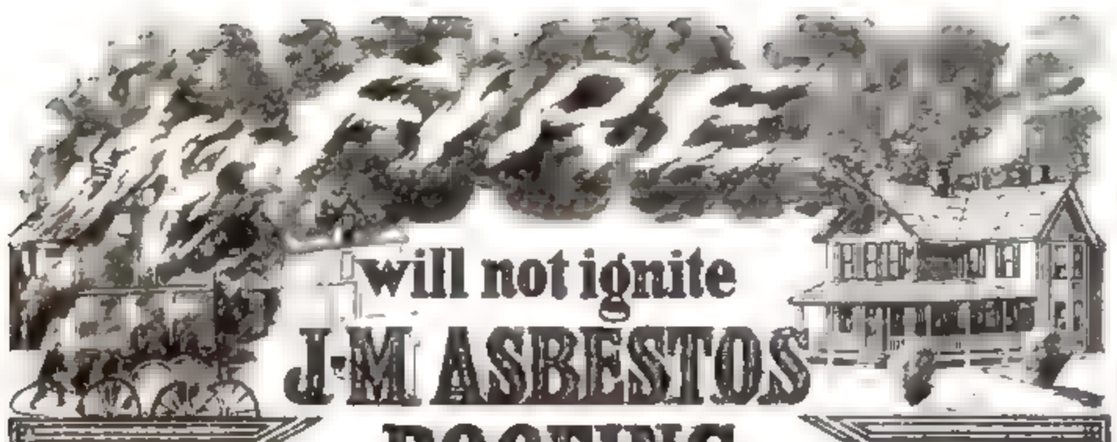

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How We Can Do Your Christmas Shopping for You

BETWEEN now and Christmas almost everybody will make from one to a dozen "shopping" trips. Lists in hand they will make their way through the crowded stores looking for suggestions, comparing prices and striving for the attention of sales people. They will return to home or office tired and disgusted. What's the use?

Wouldn't you rather have a year's subscription to a good periodical than most of the presents which you receive? Well, most of your friends feel just as you do.

Just sit down and make out a list of those to whom you want to send presents of a year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post;* mail a check to us and we will attend to the rest—you needn't even write to your friends.

The Post's way of announcing the gift adds immensely to its value. This year we have prepared a beautiful reproduction of Emlen McConnell's picture in all the soft, dainty colors of the original. This is "tipped" on the third page of the four-page announcement and can be removed and framed if so desired. The first page bears this announcement in illuminated design:

At the direction of

we have entered your name upon our list for a year's subscription to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

and we hope that the copies we shall have the pleasure of mailing will prove to be pleasant reminders of the friend who sends you this Holiday Remembrance.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

One of these announcements, bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription, will be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas Day by each person for whom a subscription is ordered along with the current copy of *The Post.*

Give your own name and address as well as the names and addresses of the recipients.

Order at once, sending $1.50 for each subscription. Do not delay. Many thousands of orders will be received between now and Christmas. By sending promptly any possible delay will be avoided. The announcement will be held and mailed, however, so as to be received on Christmas.

Subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal* may be ordered in the same way. *The Journal* announcement has the same beautiful colored reproduction on the third page, but the decorations are entirely different and of course it bears the name of that magazine.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

to bleed to death in her house, and I was just going to call out when the curtains parted and there came into the room the sweetest little lady with those clear, wonderful eyes that make you feel about six years old and glad that you are still a child. Her face was very smooth, with wonderfully few wrinkles; her cheeks were a delicate pink and her hair as silvery white as moonlight on the snow.

I couldn't see her very clearly; nor was I quite sure that she was real, as it seemed to me I'd already noticed two or three people come through those curtains—and one I thought was Aunt Fifi until she smiled at me and disappeared. Besides, I'd pictured Sœur Anne Marie as big and full of that sort of goodness that seems to say: "Here is virtue enough for myself and all hands who happen to need it—and most of you do."

Behind Sœur Anne Marie came Rosalie; and as her eyes fell on my face she gave a gasp.

"*Ma mère!*" she cried. "But look!"

And then I fell asleep.

My friend, did you ever die and float round for a while in that fleecy-clouded between-world, finally to be dragged back to your troubles by the slack of your angel pants? Most people have.

A wounded hero, however, who has lost a lot of red ink trying to assassinate an enemy, comes to earth very easily; and I flittered back as lightly as Mr. Paulhan to find myself in a sweet, cool bed with a sheet over me, some ruffles round the elbow of my free arm, a cool breeze wafting in the window and a *merle* in a cage singing away from somewhere, while from the distance came the bad blending of yelps that Paris makes, just as London makes a baritone rumble and New York a bass growl.

I was all alone in a pretty little room with chintz curtains and primrose wall paper. There was an old *armoire*, an enameled washstand and a little ivory night-table beside my bed, which was of enameled iron with brass knobs. I took a look at myself and judged that the fleecy-cloud effect might have been suggested by the cambric nighty I was in, which I strongly suspected to be a part of Rosalie's trousseau for which she had conceived a distaste. However, it was just the thing for a wounded burglar.

When I stirred there came a rustle from the next room, and there in the doorway stood Sœur Anne Marie—and Whistler could never have painted her! She was looking at me with the least bit of a smile on her lips, and there was something about her face that struck me as so familiar that for a moment I was almost startled. She saw the look, I think, for the wonderful eyes gathered me in and put me at my ease again; but I had already found out why her face or her expression—or whatever it was about her—had struck me as so familiar. It was the same look that Edith had—that "Don't be afraid; it's not so bad as you think" look. Mothers have it, I think, for their little boys. Aunt Fifi had a little of it; but of course she wasn't my mother.

"Rest tranquil, my son!" said she—that's the literal translation, and I don't know of anything that so expresses it.

"I do, *ma mère,*" I answered. "I was startled when you came in."

"And why should you be startled?"

"I took you for my other best friend. I think that all good women must have the same look. Did Rosalie tell you how I got hurt?"

"Yes. We will talk about that another time. Now try to sleep again; but, first, drink this."

She gave me one of those wonderful slushy combinations that modern doctors laugh at and that the French are so fond of. There must have been something good in it, for I felt better right off.

"Where is Madame Rosalie?" I asked.

"She is asleep. She was up all of last night and has had no sleep today. Just at present Paris is full of Americans and she is always in demand at the big hotels—but you yourself must sleep now. You have lost a great deal of blood." And after a few motherly directions she left me, drawing a curtain to keep out the glare.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Some Gas Mantles are not *Welsbach*

The Century Dictionary says a gas mantle is the "Cylinder used in the incandescent gas light of *Auer von Welsbach*."

It is true that more than half the mantles sold are *Welsbach* mantles.

But at least four-tenths of them are not *Welsbach*. They are imitations, deceptively similar in outward appearance, but utterly lacking in the essential *Welsbach* quality—that of service.

The reason we sold 31 million mantles last year is because the 27 million we sold the year before made good.

If you want a brilliant, durable mantle that will give excellent service—buy the genuine *Welsbach*. Look for the "Shield of Quality" on the box. This trade-mark is our guarantee and your protection against imitators.

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Sold by all gas companies and most dealers.

Ask your dealer for our free booklet, "Making a Mantle."

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PETER'S CHOCOLATE

so much is because it has the most exquisite true chocolate flavor that has ever been obtained in candy making.

This is due to the fact that the cocoa beans and the milk and cream are of the finest, and the process, which was invented by Mr. D. Peter, of combining them has never been equaled.

It is a food and candy combined.

You can get it either in the plain or nut cakes.

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Anyone can build a boat by the Brooks System. We furnish all materials shaped. Send for free boat catalog.

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THE NEXT BIG ITEM—LOOKS

(Concluded from Page 13)

In another case a manufacturer of low-price goods came with his season's samples. For his first-quality product that year he had got hold of a fairly graceful design; but his second-quality stuff, though durable and honest in workmanship, was altogether ugly. The buyer ordered liberally of this manufacturer's second-quality product, but stipulated that the materials be made up on his first-quality model. That store, like others, has a basement salesroom where cheaper grades of merchandise are sold. The combination gave the buyer an attractive novelty for his basement trade.

It has been the common practice among both manufacturers and buyers to take a high-class article and work toward lower selling price by cheapening the materials and processes. Thus a fine grade of underwear will be "designed down" to a lower price by substituting less expensive yarns, cutting out little niceties of finish, and so forth. When the new product is ready for market it offers something superior in quality, but most of the attractive points in design have disappeared. Recently, however, it has been found that better results are secured when the designing is done upward instead of downward. A cheap grade of underwear is taken in hand. Materials and workmanship are usually the best that can be sold for the price, because the manufacturer has been compelled to center all his ability on quality for a given price. His product lacks nothing but good looks. This cheap line is then built up by taking from better grades of underwear all the refinements and improvements that can be incorporated into it without greatly increasing cost. Shape is improved here and finish there. The outcome is a garment of decidedly better selling value.

The Bridge Across the Seine

Good looks are strikingly definite from a market standpoint. Points of technical worth, of superior materials and better processes may have to be explained to the public; but good design tells its own story at a glance. The appeal to the eye is certain. After the manufacturer, the buyer and the designer have all concluded that it would be useless to make a given product too beautiful, because the public will never appreciate the refinements or pay for them, it is the safe course to embody every point of grace and harmony. The public sees them immediately.

The public in this matter is like a certain American engineer who visited Paris. He was a man of severely practical training, and his work had been chiefly on great, unlovely concrete structures for strictly utilitarian purposes. An engineer friend asked him what he wanted to see in the French capital and he said there was only one thing. The museums and pictures, the boulevards and parks, the statues, monuments and historic places did not appeal to him at all—all he cared about was the Alexander III Bridge.

This bridge is notable for its engineering. It had to be kept low to preserve a magnificent view across the Seine and at the same time clear traffic in the river at a point so narrow that there was room for only a single span. The result was an arch that is among the most beautiful architectural accomplishments in the world.

The concrete engineer went over the structural points of the bridge, and while he was doing this the arch captured him. Presently he led the way to a place on the bank where the arch could be seen without obstruction and sat silently for half an hour, gazing at it, filling his eye with its aerial, living curve. Finally he sighed and rose.

"What do you think of it?" asked his friend.

"Well," replied the concrete engineer, "I guess that's about right!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by James H. Collins.

This is a Crescent gold-filled watch case enlarged to show detail. You will find "gold-filled" watches sold by all sorts of jewelers at all sorts of prices. If you buy on price or *guarantee* stamp you are pretty sure to get a shoddy case.

You can tell a reliable case by the depth of the engraving and engine-turning—and by the "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" trademarks stamped inside.

Deep engraving always indicates a thick gold-wearing surface. In a trashy case the gold is not thick enough to stand deep cutting. The design is shallow cut or merely burnished on.

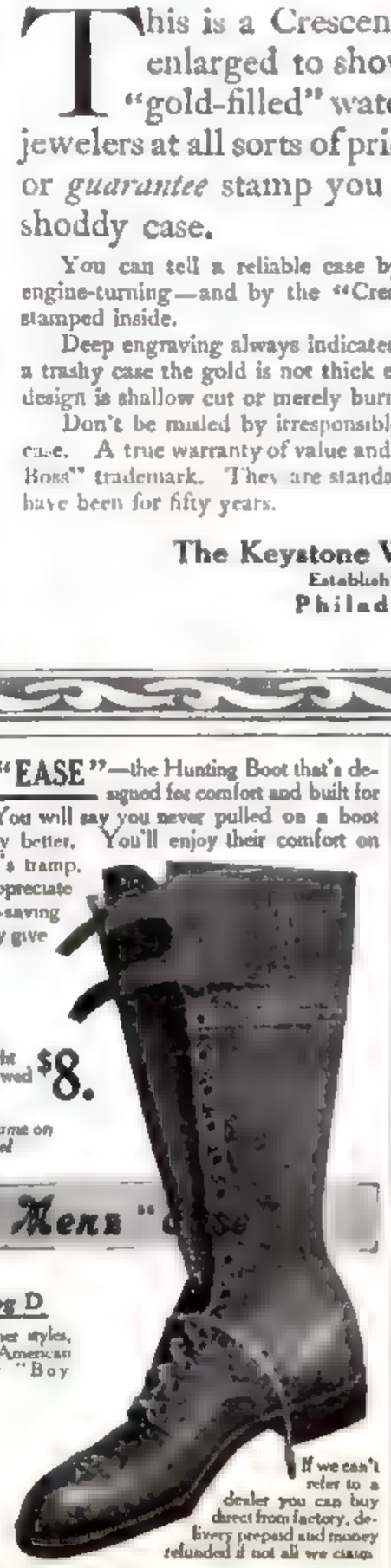
Don't be misled by irresponsible "guarantees" stamped inside the case. A true warranty of value and service is the "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" trademark. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
Philadelphia

MENZ "EASE"—the Hunting Boot that's designed for comfort and built for service. You will say you never pulled on a boot that fit any better. You'll enjoy their comfort on an all day's tramp, and will appreciate the money-saving service they give you.

16-inch height Goodyear sewed double sole **$8.**

Look for Name on Yellow Label



Catalog D

describes other styles, also the "American Boy" for "Boy Scouts."

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Next time try the effects of the flexibility of the Pro-phy-lac-tic *flexible handle* Tooth Brush. It fits every curve and hollow of the gums, so as to prevent that irritating friction which makes them swell, bleed and become sore. The tufts of the

Pro-phy-lac-tic
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as with every other Pro-phy-lac-tic, are so peculiarly shaped as to reach all the crevices in and between every tooth, cleaning them thoroughly. *"A clean tooth never decays."*

Packed in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. Rigid handle if you prefer.

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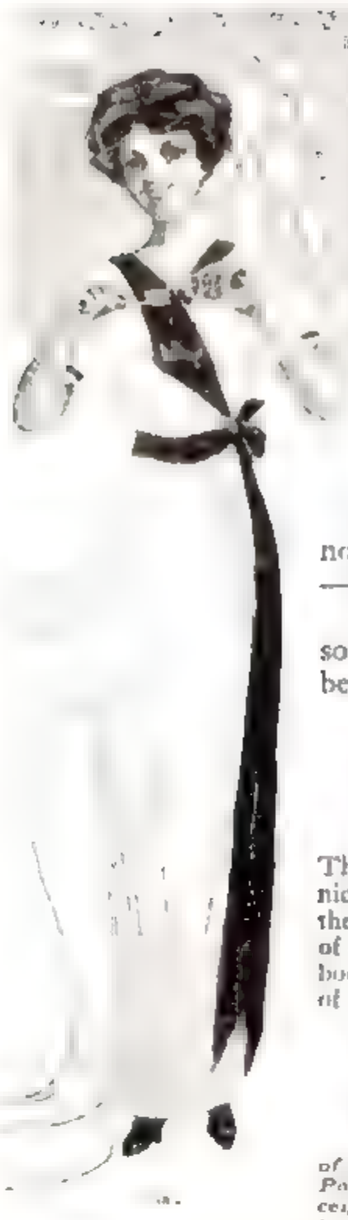

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Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, coral lips—and now for the final touch to unspoiled beauty—glistening *white* teeth.

The pure, unacid mouth and the clean, sound teeth that influence these things are best preserved by

SANITOL
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There's the very freshness of youth about the nice cleanness and cool, delightful after taste of these most efficient tooth preparations. The use of either by young and old—anybody and everybody—is the longest step towards an assurance of sound, white teeth and a pure, clean mouth

Keep the mouth and teeth clean and free from acid by with Sanitol Powder or Paste. You can depend on them. Do not neglect to go to your dentist at least once a year—two times is really preferable. The result is bound to be tooth health.

Trial Size Package

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Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis, Mo.

ON MAIN STREET—I IS FOR IBEX

(Concluded from Page 11)

Dave—that's David Belasco—which recalls some good advice that he handed out recently to C. F.—C. F. being Charles Frohman—which naturally brings to mind a letter that K. & E. wrote him just last week, in which they practically went down on their knees and begged for a chance at his next work. Any Broadway Ibex who doesn't begin calling Klaw and Erlanger by the shorter and sweeter title of K. & E. within two weeks after he strikes town is no true Ibex—that's all; and he might as well go back where he came from and start all over again.

No rising or risen pugilist may be said to have attained the height of his career until he joins the Ibex rookeries. He may be as full and as yellow as a vanilla éclair and have a punch that wouldn't jar a fly from the brow of a sleeping babe; but if he is a good instrumental soloist on Broadway's favorite musical instrument—the big bass I—he need have no fear. Somebody will soon be starring him in drama or signing him up for vaudeville. Dear Old Broadway certainly does admire the manly art of self-pretense.

Fowl Affectation

And as for the actors—well, truly, the ranks of the Ibexes would be frightfully depleted if it weren't for the actors! Under almost any circumstances it seems easy for an actor to become passionately addicted to himself. It is one of the commonest vices of his profession—and on Broadway the habit is literally forced upon him and soon grows chronic and incurable. He makes a hit and becomes a star, and for almost thirty minutes he is perfectly happy; but suddenly he discovers that his managers have deceived him. They are putting somebody else's name on the billboards in letters larger than those his name is printed with. It is not a thing to be borne in silence—at least it never is borne in silence. He tells his friends about it in impassioned language, merely using due care to see that each new sentence starts in the proper way—to wit, with a capital I. He breaks his contract or threatens to. He has even been known to rent space in the newspapers at preferred advertising rates to tell a sympathetic public of the outrage that has been put upon him. In the case of an actress, all this goes double and then some—the loud cries, the broken contracts and the piece in the paper. Does Broadway laugh at this? Broadway does not. Broadway feels that there is nothing else for the aggrieved one to do and applauds the stand he has taken. Three loud cheers for the Ibex!

Even the dumb animals catch the disease just as the dumbless humans do. There is the case of the troupe of educated fleas, who, after playing their first vaudeville engagement on Broadway, refused to take the road again unless they could travel on their own private dog.

Then there was a rooster who was imported from the provinces, as we say on Broadway, to take part this season in the barnyard scene of a musical comedy. He was only a small-part rooster, and he deported himself as any plain Dominique rooster should until he made a hit and caught the contagion and developed the artistic temperament. First he got jealous of the laughs that a Muscovy duck was getting and threatened to quit and walk out unless the stage manager fired the duck and gave him the duck's lines.

Then he insisted that a certain brown pullet, an ingénue pullet, was crabbing his big scene; and he served warning that one or the other of them must leave the company. It got so he didn't go to roost until three o'clock in the morning, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays they could hardly get him up in time for matinées; and frequently he didn't begin crowing for day until half past two o'clock in the afternoon.

After the third week he also quit crowing for day. It kept him busy crowing for himself.

"That feels fine!"
"I'm refreshed, invigorated, buoyant."

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Packer's Tar Soap

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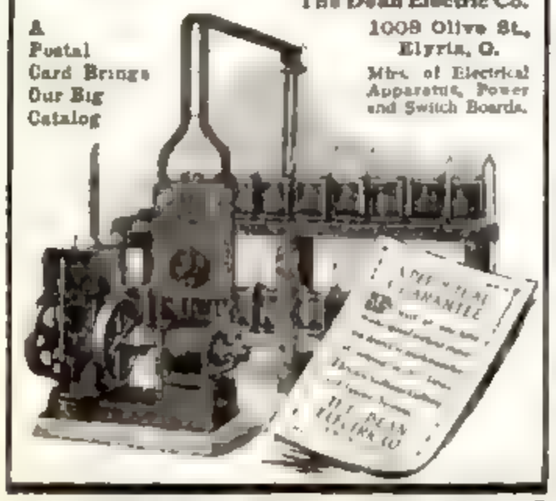

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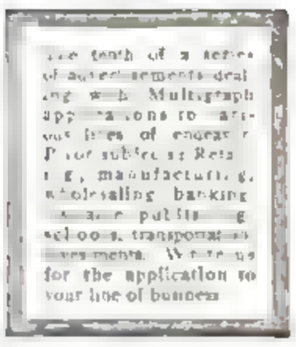

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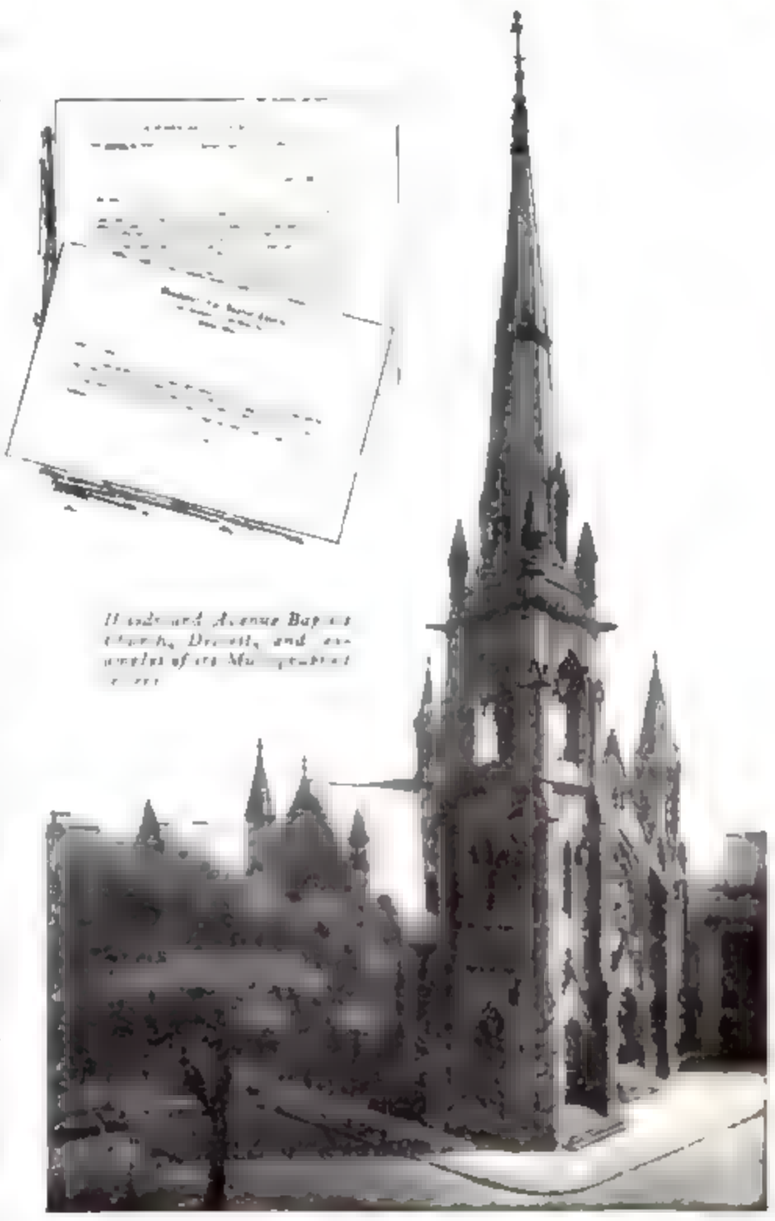


Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, and examples of its Multigraphed letters

How the Multigraph Aids the Work of Many Organizations

THE Ancient Order of Gleaners is a protective, benevolent and co-operative fraternity with headquarters in Detroit—in the substantial structure illustrated above.

Its membership is largely made up of farmers, to whom it is striving to be of great practical benefit by circulating Multigraphed market reports and information as to crop conditions, and by co-operative buying of supplies. Its assistant secretary writes thus: "The machine has become a necessity in our business. We have for several months been carrying on a special publicity campaign, and have issued many thousands of circulars, letter forms, reports, etc., at a great saving in printers' bills."

Aiding Church Work

The Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, illustrated at the right, is one of many churches using the Multigraph as briefly outlined above.

Aiding Foreign Missions

Writing of the work of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church in the United States, Mr. D. W. Guthrie, of Nashville, makes the following statement concerning Multigraphed letters: "One hundred twenty-five letters, in nineteen days, produced $10,720. One-hundred-eighteen answers to a letter we sent out October 25th were received up to November 7th. The contributions received from the churches to which that letter was sent amounted, in that length of time, to $9,266. One letter collected thirty-eight past-due accounts in thirty-seven days."

Aiding a Funeral Benefit Association

The secretary-treasurer of the American Funeral Benefit Association, with headquarters in Baltimore, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to any who desires to save in printing matter of every description that the Multigraph is the greatest saving machine for an office that can be purchased."

Aiding the Salvation Army

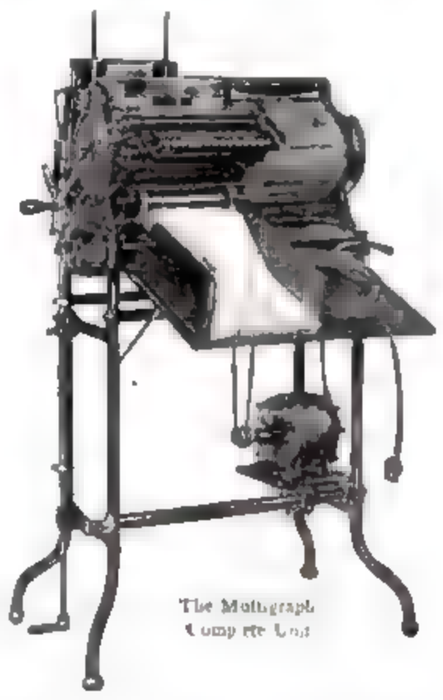
The general secretary of the Provincial Office of the Salvation Army at Cleveland says: "We consider it indispensable. From a standpoint of time, labor and expense, it has no equal. . . . We could not get along without our Multigraph."

Electing a Moderator

Rev. James F. Black, then pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Detroit, sent me a Multigraphed letter of which he said: "One thousand of these went to the right spot elected our man, or helped to, . . . the Presbyterian Church."

Aiding a Chamber of Commerce

The Chamber of Commerce of Binghamton, N. Y., issued an annual report produced throughout, with the exception of the cover, on the Multigraph. The report contains the following statement: "A Multigraph has been purchased for the purpose of printing the daily bulletins containing the records of the County Clerk's office, also the members' bulletins which may be sent out from time to time, and the many circular letters which the office is compelled to send in connection with the various departments that have been established. As an illustration of the work which is being done the Annual Report for this year is printed thereon at a very great saving to the organization."



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It occupies about the floor-space of the average typewriter-desk, and can easily be operated by your own employees.

As a printing-machine it does real printer's printing at 25% to 75% less than printer's prices. It prints from its initial equipment of typewriter or Gothic type, from special hand-set type, or from electrotypes that reproduce any size or face of type desired, besides line-cuts, borders and ornaments.

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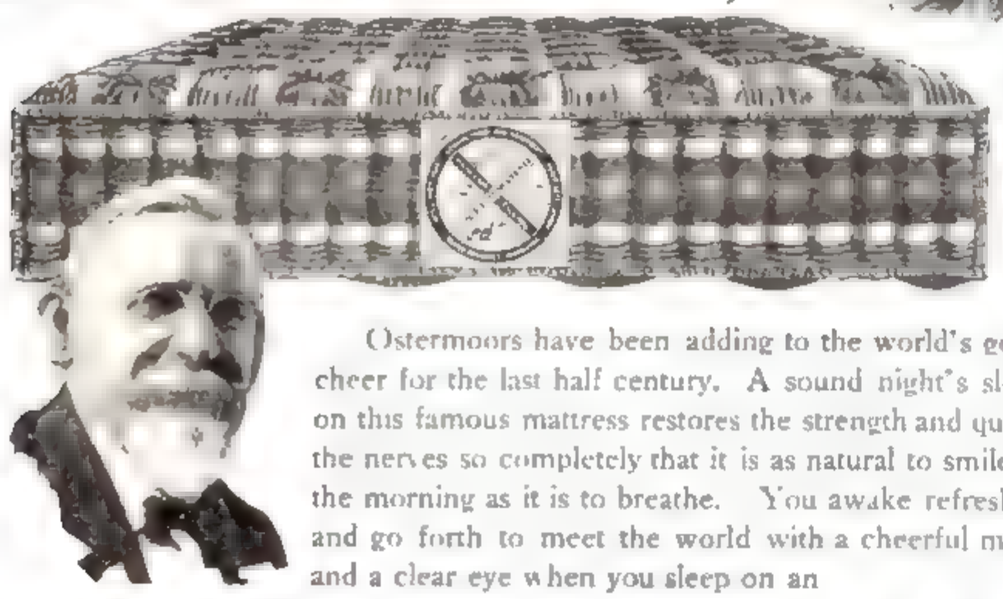

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Write for 144-page Book and Samples—FREE

It tells you about real rest and nerve-renewing sleep. It shows you how the Ostermoor is built of thousands of interwoven layers of downy cotton, by a process owned and used exclusively by Ostermoor. Read it and you will realize why the Ostermoor has that fluffy, permanent softness, and why imitations haven't.

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Best Blue and White Ticking	
4' 6" — 45 lbs	$15.00
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(E. C. & H. T. Co., Props.)

FIND X

Continued from Page 10)

The Colonel laughed—sneered. Then he spoke quietly.

"Just cut out that talk, will you? It don't fool anybody—it don't fool me, anyway, Mary. You think you can't land him—that's all. Take it from me, Mary, you act different tonight or I'm through with you. And if we split it's back to the chorus and twenty a week for yours, and in a couple of years you'll be down and out. This is pretty easy money for you"—he waved his hand round the room—"and there's plenty more of it. Next year we might go to Europe and see what we can do there. Anyway"—and he glanced at her guardedly—"you needn't worry about your Mr. Bill Barnett. He was telling me last night about some widow he had on the string in Portland and this afternoon he's got a girl from the hotel out in my machine."

As a matter of fact, the Colonel's machine, had Miss Vandemeer cared to look at that moment was standing at the curb downstairs, and Mr. Bill Barnett was making a personally conducted tour of the stockyards—but Miss Vandemeer did not look.

"I don't believe it!" she said.

"All right," answered the Colonel. "Think it over. Take a good think while you're about it. We'll be round at six."

. . . . . .

Once in a long while Miss Graham extracted some money from her hatbox on the top shelf of the closet, where she kept the loose change hid against burglars, and gave herself and her mother a treat. Sometimes it was an evening at Riverside Park; sometimes a Sunday in the country. On this particular evening they went to hear the Apollo Musical Club in The Messiah. Still thrilling with the stirring tumult of the last chorus, they went out into the streets toward the Elevated. As they crossed State Street a motor car whirled sharply past them and Miss Graham looked for an instant into the flushed face of the man from Oregon. He was laughing wildly. His arm was round a fur coat and in the fur coat was a figure that Miss Graham recognized at once. The Colonel sat on the front seat.

"What's the matter, dearie?" asked Miss Graham's mother anxiously. "Did you know those people?"

"No," said Miss Graham, lying to her mother for the first time in her life. And then, with some vindictiveness: "They're just—just joy-riders."

. . . . . .

By all the laws of fiction and space this story ought to end here. You know that next morning, or the next, or the next at the very latest—for the North American Matrimonial Agency had others besides the man from Oregon to engage its attention—by three days, then, at the most, Mr. Bill Barnett waked in his room in the hotel to a blinding headache, a dull, slow, confused review of the events of the past few days, and finally to a bitterness of heart that only disillusioned youth can feel. Long before the Ancient Mariner broke the closed-season law on albatross-shooting, sadder and wiser men were rising the morrow morn. And, if the weather prophets would stick to the cold gray dawn of the morning after, the Ananias Club would lose its charter members.

Mr. Bill Barnett awoke to all the symptoms—bacchic and cardiac—above described. He lay for a long while, thinking. Then he rose, rang, paid tribute to a bellboy and received his cup of cold water, and dressed slowly. He packed his suitcase, ordered a taxicab and left the room.

Promptly at eleven o'clock Colonel Fiskett entered the portals of the North American Matrimonial Agency, smiling, confident, arrayed as the lilies of the field. He greeted Miss Graham with high good-humor and passed on into the private office. Presently he called her.

"If that gentleman from Oregon should call up or come in today," he said, "just tell him I've gone to New York for two weeks."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Graham, and retired.

As she sat down at her typewriter again, the gentleman from Oregon opened the door and walked in. He carried a suitcase.

"I want to see Colonel Fiskett," he said, smiling a little; but the smile did not hide the fact that his face was white and rather

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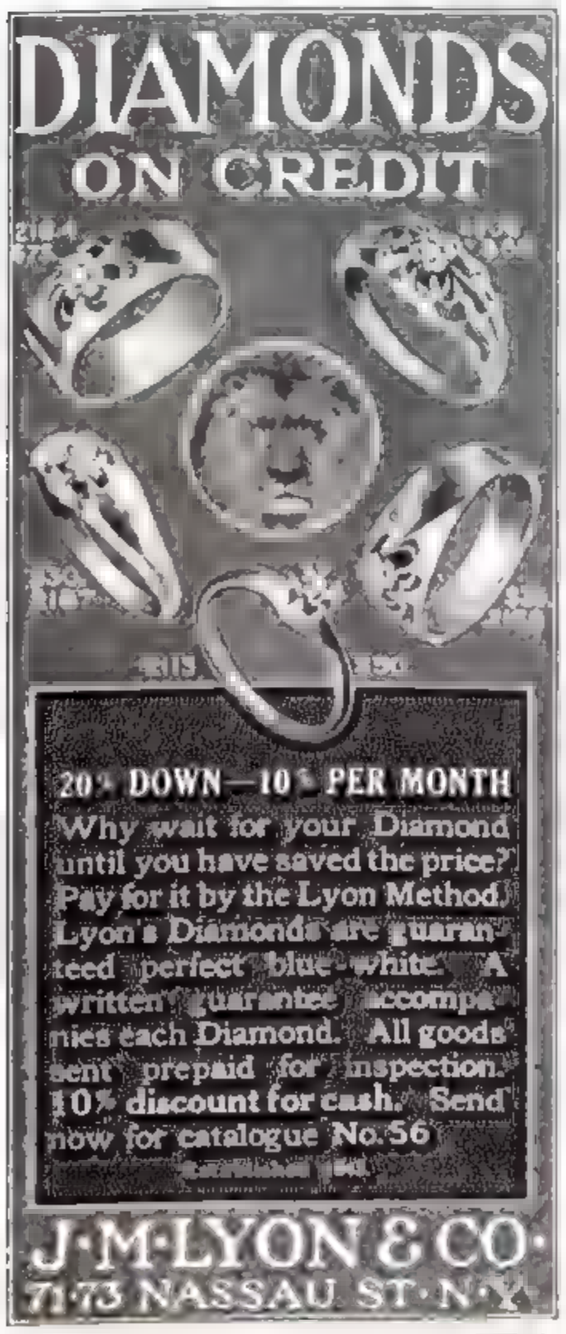
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tired, and to Miss Graham it did not seem exactly the face of the man who had come from Oregon a week before.

"Colonel Fiskett left word this morning that he had gone to New York for two weeks," said Miss Graham, rigidly truthful.

"I'm sorry," answered Mr. Barnett. "I had some things I wanted to tell him." He set down the suitcase and came toward her. "I'm going back home today," he said, smiling again, "and I came to congratulate the Colonel. You needn't look surprised. I know you're on, all right. It's a pretty clever game."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Graham coldly. "I don't understand you."

Mr. Barnett moved closer. "Yes, you do," he said. "So did the Colonel and Miss Vandemeer—if that's her name. You all had me down right. I'm what they call an easy mark." He laughed shortly. "I thought, because I could come East every year or two and go back without carrying home a trunkful of gold bricks, that I was pretty wise. I suppose it's done me good to find out just how big a fool I am." He rose, smiling again, and held out his hand. "So long as the Colonel isn't here, let me congratulate you. Tell him for me it was smooth work. I want to be a good loser."

Miss Graham rose, too, but she did not take his hand. Instead, she looked out of the window.

"Don't!" she said; "please don't! I'm sorry—I'm more sorry than I can tell you."

"That's all right," said the Westerner. "Don't worry about me. Go and spend the money." His voice hardened.

It has been recorded somewhere before that Miss Graham had eyes of deepest blue; and now suddenly these were filled with real tears.

"I'm sorry because—because it hurt you, not because of your money!" cried Miss Graham. "And I'm sorry because you think I'm with them. I'm not. I'm his stenographer—that's all. And I'll never be again after today. I don't want you to go away thinking—that. Goodby!" And, sitting down at her typewriter without another look at Mr. Barnett, she began banging the keys furiously. She might have been trying for a speed record. The eyes of deepest blue did not look up; and Mr. Barnett, not being superhuman, did not know of the tears mentioned above. He stood gazing down at her a moment, turned, picked up his suitcase and walked out, followed by the clatter of the typewriter.

After the door closed, the clack of the keys became slower and slower until it ceased altogether. Miss Graham stared very hard at the door. Presently her shining head went down on the desk and tears fell from the eyes of deepest blue. Even a stenographer on a small salary may indulge in a good cry.

As Colonel Fiskett heard the door close on the Westerner, he smiled with the agreeable expression a well-fed wolf might be supposed to assume, lit a fat cigar and tiptoed cautiously to the door of the outer office. Silence. A minute after Miss Graham's head went down on the desk—enter the Colonel.

Miss Graham raised her head and exhibited two slightly reddened eyes and a small nose from the tip of which every speck of powder had been washed. She rubbed her eyes with an absurdly small handkerchief, adjusted her office cuffs and laughed faintly.

In that moment of weakness she resembled not at all the collected, business-like stenographer who took dictation from the Colonel at the rate of two hundred words a minute. She looked all at once small and forlorn and helpless; and the Colonel, with the wolf-smile still on his lips, moved quickly to the desk and put his arm round her.

"There—there, girlie!" he said. "What's the matter?" And he attempted to kiss her.

Miss Graham jumped up and retreated toward the other end of the room, her face flaming.

"Don't—don't!" she gasped.

. . . . . .

Mr. Bill Barnett, disgorged from the elevator, stood at the entrance of the building with his suitcase. He looked at his watch. He had half a day to catch his train for the West. Were this a regular romance, I should write down that he went to Jackson Park and spent a bitter hour by the side of the lagoon, contemplating the frailties of mankind and the wages of sin. He had a fleeting idea of going again to the stockyards for a glimpse of friendly bovine

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Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

faces; but the thought of a pair of troubled blue eyes and a small and agitated voice would not leave him.

"I guess that girl is on the square," he said to himself; and, with the words still framing themselves, he turned and started back to the elevator. "I'll go up and apologize anyway," he thought—and the cage shot upward to the seventeenth story.

As Mr. Bill Barnett entered, with an apology on his lips, Colonel Fiskett had just succeeded in cornering Miss Graham. Neither heard the Westerner. Miss Graham, pleading, trying to cry aloud, struggling with face turned away, suddenly saw Mr. Barnett's right fist connect with the Colonel's jaw and the Colonel bite the dust of the office floor.

Wipe off Sapulpa, Oklahoma, from the right map! Put down Oregon and a brand-new "White Hope." Followed two minutes that Mr. Barnett spent in scientifically demonstrating to Colonel Fiskett that Mars hath his victories as well as Cupid.

The Colonel arose from the floor in time to receive a straight left on the bridge of his aristocratic nose that brought the claret and curses; he staggered forward from a violent collision with the wall and, falling toward a clinch, was doubled up by a shattering right swing to his aristocratic stomach. He was deluged in a flood of blows, tossed in a whirlwind of hooks, jabs, crosses and punches; and when, sobbing and sputtering bad words and false teeth, he collapsed on a desk and begged for mercy, he was lifted bodily in a mighty grip and tossed into his private office, to lie crumpled on the floor.

This done to his entire satisfaction, Mr. Barnett straightened his coat, picked up an overturned chair and looked at the girl.

"I'm sorry to start a row with him in here," apologized Mr. Barnett, "but I can't stand that kind of a man!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you came!" cried Miss Graham unevenly. "I—I can't thank you enough!"

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Barnett, seizing the psychological moment by the forelock—"and I'll tell you how." He took a long breath. "I came back to apologize for thinking you were one of—his bunch. And I made up my mind between the first floor and this one that I'm going to stay in Chicago and get to know you and take you back out home with me—if you think you could ever care to. Do you?" he asked. "Will you let me stay here and find out?"

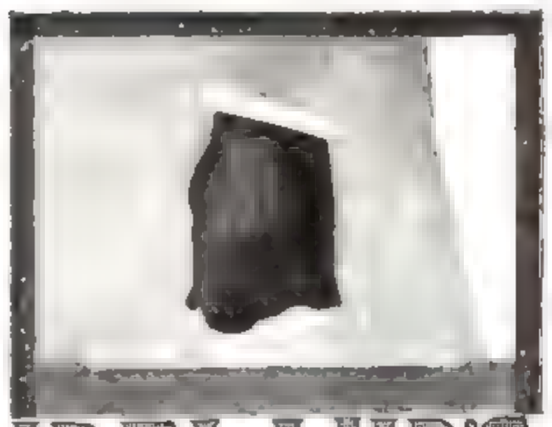
As was said when this story started, Love is an unknown quantity. It bloweth whither it listeth. The descendant of a hundred earls may look at a goosegirl—and why not a man from Oregon at a Chicago stenographer? Find the *x*, O ye of little faith!

The Climbers

AS THE number of travelers increases each year the following advice may be of use to the many who delight in climbing high mountains.

It takes energy to climb in the mountains and that means food. As you cannot carry much bulk and, perhaps, in our country will not have porters to take along tinned fruit, spirit lamps and the like, as they do in select Alpine circles, you might take along some chocolate and a handful or so of raisins. They will not hurt you for a day or so if you cannot get other food. It is a mistake in any athletic performance to change your daily habits at the time when you need your strength and your nerves. It will do you no good to cut off tea or coffee—or, indeed, any other stimulant—on the supposition that this will give you additional strength. Whisky does not climb mountains. The best use for it in a mountain camp is to rub it on your feet if your lower extremities are badly chilled and not really frozen. Most of the Rocky Mountain hunters drink little or not at all while on a march over snow, and it is absolutely forbidden to begin eating snow. Some say that a drink of cold water now and then does no harm, but it certainly lowers the heat of the body and usually it will cause a man to slow up very quickly.

Beyond a few such simple rules as to equipment and practice, your natural mental attitude, your health, your physique and your experience will alone prove of value in making you a finished performer at high altitudes. To succeed, you must be sound of wind and limb, and you must take the thing seriously enough really to desire success.



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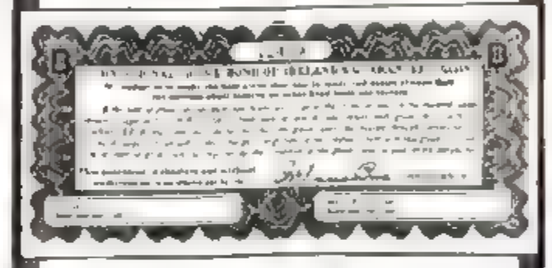

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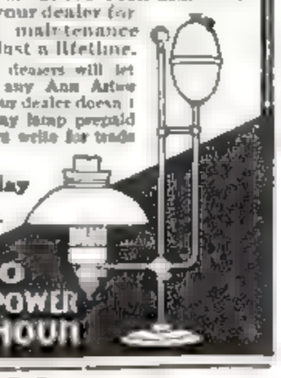

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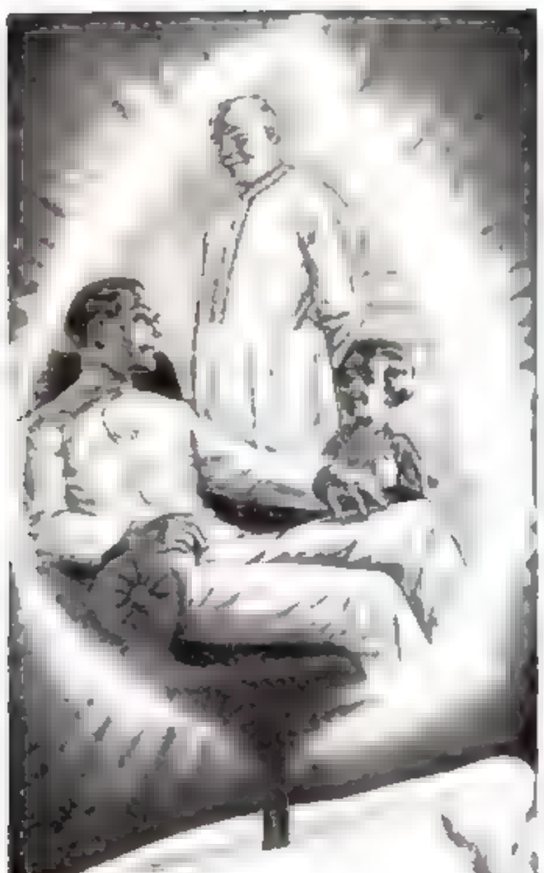

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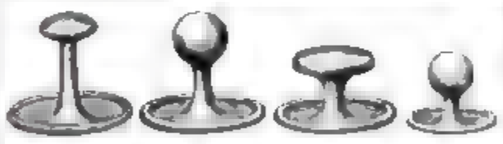

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THE JOKERS OF NEW GIBEON

Continued from Page 19

improvised a litter for the dead man. Wallenstein was afflicted with paroxysms of true German sorrow and contrition. The tears were frankly in his eyes by the time he ceased from lamenting and began to swear. The wrath that flared up was as truly German as the oaths, and when he tried to seize Worth's shotgun a fleck of foam had appeared on his lips.

"None of that!" Grief commanded sternly. "Straighten up, Wallenstein. Don't be a fool."

"But are you going to let him escape?" the German cried wildly.

"He has escaped. The bush begins right here at the river. You can see where he waded across. He's in the wild-pig runs already. It would be like the needle in the hay-stack, and if we followed him some of his young men would get us. Besides, the runs are all man-trapped—you know, stake pits, poisoned thorns, and the rest. McTavish and his bushmen are the only fellows who can negotiate the runs, and three of his men were lost that way the last time. Come on back to the house. You'll hear the conches tonight and the war-drums and all merry hell break loose. They won't rush us, but keep all the boys close up to the house, Mr. Worth. Come on."

As they returned along the path they came upon a black who whimpered and cried vociferously.

"Shut up mouth belong you!" Worth shouted. "What name you make 'm noise?"

"Him fella Koho finish along two fella bullamacow," the black answered, drawing a forefinger significantly across his throat.

"He's knifed the cows," Grief said. "That means no more milk for some time for you, Mr. Worth. I'll see about sending a couple up from Ugi."

Wallenstein proved inconsolable until Denby, coming ashore, confessed to the dose of essence of mustard. Thereat the German Resident became even cheerful, though he twisted his yellow mustache up more fiercely and continued to curse the Solomons with violent oaths.

Next morning, visible from the masthead of the Wonder, the bush was alive with signal-smokes. From promontory to promontory, and back through the solid jungle, the smoke pillars curled and puffed and talked. Remote villages on the higher peaks, beyond the farthest raids McTavish had ever driven, joined in the troubled conversation. From across the river persisted a bedlam of conches; while from everywhere, drifting for miles along the quiet air, came the deep reverberations of the great war drums—huge tree trunks hollowed by fire and carved with stone and shell.

"You're all right as long as you stay close," Grief told his manager. "I've got to get along to Guvutu. They won't come out in the open and attack you. Keep the work gangs close. Stop the clearing till this blows over. They'll get any detached gangs you send out. And, whatever you do, don't be fooled into going into the bush after Koho. If you do he'll get you. All you've got to do is wait for McTavish. I'll send him up with a bunch of his Malaita bushmen. He's the only man who can go inside. Also, until he comes, I'll leave Denby with you. You don't mind, do you, Mr. Denby? I'll send McTavish up with the Wanda, and you can go back on her and rejoin the Wonder. Captain Ward can manage without you for a trip."

"It was just what I was going to volunteer," Denby answered. "I never dreamed all this muss would be kicked up over a joke. You see, in a way I am responsible for it."

"So am I," Wallenstein said.

"But I started it," the supercargo urged.

"Maybe you did, but I carried it along."

"And Koho finished it," Grief said.

"At any rate I, too, shall remain," said the German.

"I thought you were coming to Guvutu with me," Grief protested.

"I was. But this is my jurisdiction partly, and I have made a fool of myself in it completely. I shall remain and help get things straight again."

V

AT GUVUTU, Grief sent full instructions to McTavish by a recruiting ketch that was just starting for Malaita. Captain Ward sailed in the Wonder for the

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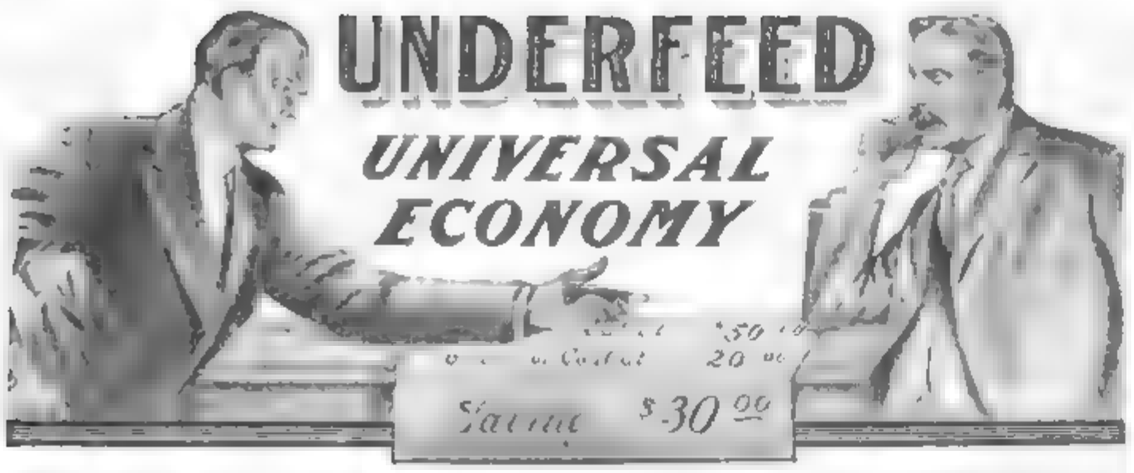

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Santa Cruz Islands; and Grief, borrowing a whaleboat and a crew of black prisoners from the British Resident, crossed the channel to Guadalcanar to examine the grass lands back of Penduffryn.

Three weeks later, with a free sheet and a lusty breeze, he threaded the coral patches and surged up the smooth water to Guvutu anchorage. The harbor was deserted, save for a small ketch, which lay close in to the shore reef. Grief recognized it as the Wanda. She had evidently just got in by the Tulagi Passage, for her black crew was still at work furling the sails. As he rounded alongside, McTavish himself extended a hand to help him over the rail.

"What's the matter?" Grief asked. "Haven't you started yet?"

McTavish nodded. "And got back. Everything's all right on board."

"How's New Gibbon?"

"All there, the last I saw of it, barrin' a few inconsequential frills that a good eye could make out lacking from the landscape."

He was a cold flame of a man, small as Koho, and as dried up, with a mahogany complexion and small, expressionless blue eyes that were more like gimlet-points than the eyes of a Scotchman. Without fear, without enthusiasm, impervious to disease and climate and sentiment, he was lean and bitter and deadly as a snake. That his present dour look boded ill news Grief was well aware.

"Spit it out," he said. "What's happened?"

"'Tis a thing severely to be condemned, a shame, this joking with heathen niggers," was the reply. "Also, 'tis very expensive. Come below, Mr. Grief. You'll be better for the information with a long glass in your hand. After you."

"How did you settle things?" his employer demanded as soon as they were seated in the cabin.

The little Scotchman shook his head. "There was nothing to settle. It all depends how you look at it. The other way would be to say it was settled, entirely settled, mind you, before I got there."

"But the plantation, man? The plantation?"

"No plantation. All the years of our work have gone for naught. 'Tis back where we started, where the missionaries started, where the Germans started—and where they finished. Not a stone stands on another at the landing pier. The houses are black ashes. Every tree is hacked down, and the wild pigs are rooting out the yams and sweet potatoes. Those boys from New Georgia, a fine bunch they were, five score of them, and they cost you a pretty penny, Mr. Grief, and not one is left to tell the tale."

He paused and began fumbling in a large locker under the companion-steps.

"But Worth? And Denby? And Wallenstein?"

"That's what I'm telling you. Take a look."

McTavish dragged out a sack made of rice matting and emptied its contents on the floor.

David Grief pulled himself together with a jerk, for he found himself gazing fascinated at the heads of the three men he had left at New Gibbon.

"I don't know how it happened," the Scotchman's voice went on drearily. "But I surmise they went into the bush after the old devil."

"And where is Koho?" Grief asked slowly.

"Back in the bush and drunk as a lord. That's how I was able to recover the heads. He was too drunk to stand. They lugged him on their backs out of the village when I rushed it. And if you'll relieve me of the heads, I'll be well obliged." He paused and signed. "I suppose they'll have regular funerals over them and put them in the ground. But in my way of thinking they'd make excellent curios. Any respectable museum would pay a hundred quid apiece. Better have another drink. You're looking a bit pale. . . . There, put that down you. . . . And if you'll take my advice, Mr. Grief, I would say set your face sternly against any joking with the niggers. It always makes trouble, and it is a very expensive divertisement."

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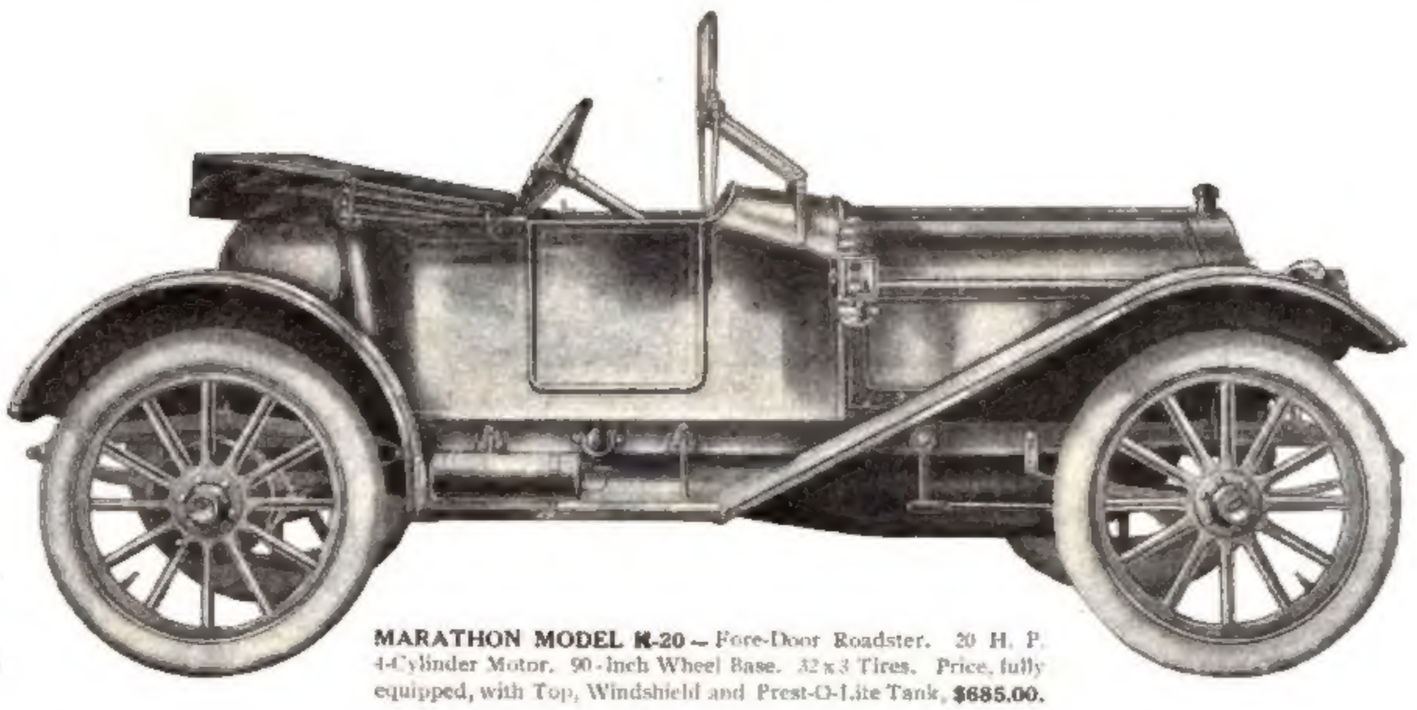

MARATHON MODEL K-20 — Fore-Door Roadster. 20 H. P. 4-Cylinder Motor. 90-Inch Wheel Base. 32 x 3 Tires. Price, fully equipped, with Top, Windshield and Prest-O-Lite Tank, **$685.00.**

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Naturally you will wonder how we can give such astonishing value for the money. The reason is very simple. We have been building cars for several years. Have a splendidly equipped factory, capable of turning out several thousand cars a year. We are building three larger sizes, and making a fair profit on them. This car was built solely to "carry the line." To advertise the big cars. Our profit on it is so small that it is hardly worth our consideration. But it means a great deal to you. It means that we are practically selling this car to you at cost, in order to let it tell the story of **Marathon** reliability. If we were dependent on the profits from it we would fail in a short time. But we're not. The other, bigger cars pay a large enough dividend to satisfy our stockholders.

Our Silent Salesmen

If you buy one of these little cars and like it, you'll tell your friends. Some day some of them will be in the market for a bigger car. Won't their decision be influenced by what you have to say? Won't they be inclined to think that if you got such wonderful value in your car, there must be even more value in the larger models? There's the whole thing in a nutshell. These cars are going to be our silent salesmen. They are going into every community where the automobile is known, and we expect a whole lot of business to come from them. And so we are putting into them the best materials and workmanship that go into any car. We are just as proud of them as we are of our big "Fifties." They represent our knowledge of automobile design—and our years of experience should mean something to you. Those who have seen them say they will prove one of the sensations of the automobile year.

Where the Value Is

The value of these little cars is not in quantity of production—for only one thousand of them will be built. It is not in unrivaled factory equipment, although we have equipment and facilities for quantity manufacture that will compare favorably with any automobile factory. It is in the fact that no overhead expense is charged to these cars; that the actual cost, plus a modest agent's commission, is the selling price; that all the dominant qualities of **Marathon** construction have been incorporated in them. And you can see how close we have figured. Even the agent's commission is smaller than usual. They realize what it means to have these little cars running about the streets in their territory, and they are content to sell them on the same basis as we are—an advertising proposition, pure and simple.

Big Car on a Smaller Scale

There is nothing cheap about these little cars but the price. Nothing has been omitted in their make-up that would tend to lessen quality. The same type of unit power plant is used that the best cars have. The multiple disc clutch is of the same design and materials that enter into the big car construction. The sliding gear transmission is mounted on ball bearings, and the gears are cut from forged blanks. The springs are of the best oil-tempered spring steel that money can buy. The upholstering is of the best, and the seats are deep and roomy. No prettier Fore-Door Roadster has ever been designed. Remember that our reputation is behind these little cars. We are backing them to the limit.

Marathon Cars for 1912

MARATHON MODEL N-50, including 45-horsepower motor, 121-inch wheel base, and 36 x 4 tires, with Firestone demountable rims, is made in the following styles: Limousine, Fore-Door Touring and Fore-Door Roadster. Complete equipment includes mohair top, windshield and Prest-O-Lite tank. The Roadster has spare tire and trunk. Prices: Limousine, **$3,250**; Fore-Door Touring, **$1,800**; Fore-Door Roadster, **$1,800.**

MARATHON MODEL M-40, is built in Torpedo Touring, Fore-Door and Torpedo Roadster; 35-horsepower motor, 118-inch wheel base, 120-inch on Torpedo Touring; 34 x 4 tires, with Firestone demountable rims and complete equipment, including top, windshield and Prest-O-Lite tank. Prices: Torpedo, **$1,600**; Fore-Door, **$1,500**; Roadster, **$1,400.**

MARATHON MODEL L-30, is built in Fore-Door Touring and Fore-Door Roadster, completely equipped with top, windshield and Prest-O-Lite tank, 30-horsepower motor, 116-inch wheel base, and 34 x 3½ tires. Prices: Fore-Door, **$1,200**; Roadster, **$1,000.**

MARATHON MODEL K-20, is built in Fore-Door Touring and Fore-Door Roadster; 20-horsepower motor, 96-inch wheel base on Touring and 90-inch Roadster, 32 x 3 tires. Fully equipped with top, windshield and Prest-O-Lite tank. Prices: **$850** for Fore-Door and **$685** for Roadster.

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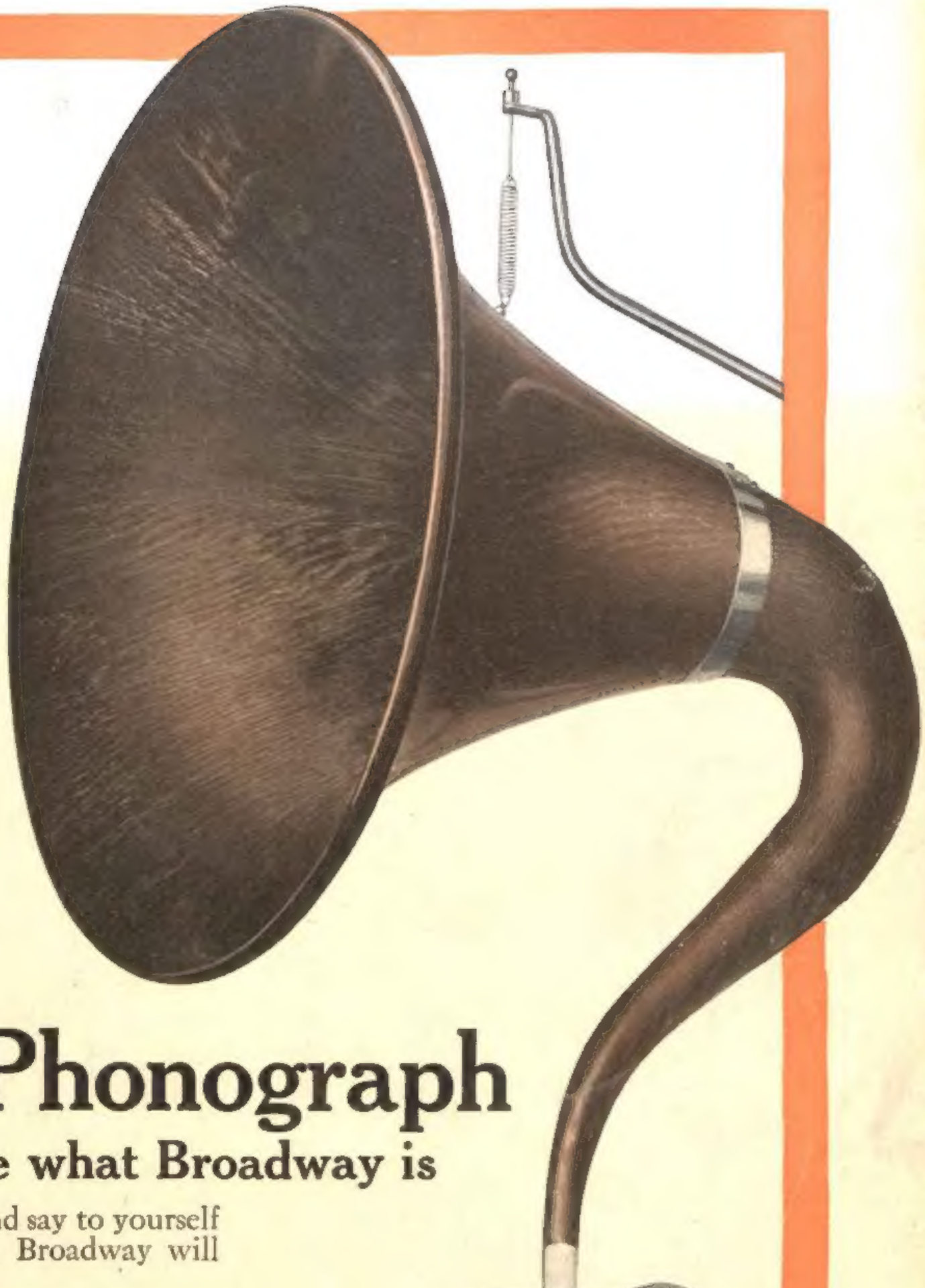

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